

# PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING;

OR,

*PRACTICAL SELF-CULTURE:*

Moral, Mental, and Physical.

BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF

"THE SECRET OF SUCCESS," "WOMAN'S WORK AND WORTH," ETC. ETC.

"His life is neither tost on boisterous seas  
Of troublous worlds nor lost in slothful ease;  
Pleased and full blest he lives when he his God can please."  
*Phineas Fletcher*

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PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

“Plain Living and High Thinking.”

*Frontispiece.*



IN  
PROFOUND AND RESPECTFUL ADMIRATION  
OF  
A NOBLE CAREER AND A STAINLESS CHARACTER

*This Volume*

INTENDED AS A HELP TO PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING

IS BY PERMISSION

INSCRIBED

TO

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P., LL.D., &c.

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

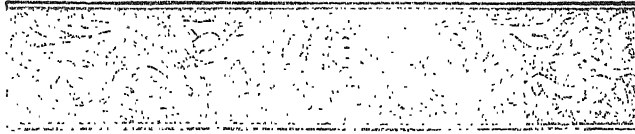
BY

HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT

THE AUTHOR.

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“To those who have opportunities of culture placed within their reach, these are the instruments of the divine discipline. It is part of that discipline to put large opportunities in men's hands, and to leave it to themselves whether they will use or neglect them. There shall be no coercion to make us turn them to account. Occasions of learning and self-improvement come, stay with us for a while, then pass. And the wheels of time shall not be reversed to bring them back once they are gone. If we neglect them, we shall be permanent losers for this life. We cannot say how much we may be losers hereafter. But if we do what we can to use them while they are granted, we shall have learnt one lesson of the heavenly discipline, and shall be, we may hope, the better prepared for the others, whether of action or endurance, which are yet to come.”—*Principal Shairp.*

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" Make your books your friends,  
And study them unto the noblest ends ;  
Searching for knowledge, and to keep your mind  
The same it was inspired, rich, and refined."  
— BEN JONSON.

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## Part III.

## PHYSICAL SELF-CULTURE.

"A man cannot be kept healthy merely by attending to his stomach. If the body, which is the support of the curiously complex fabric, acts with a sustaining influence on the mind, the mind, which is the impelling force of the machine, may, like steam in a steam-engine, for want of a controlling and regulating force, in a single fit of untempered expansion, blow all the wheels and pegs and close-compacted plates of the machine into chaos. No function of the body can be safely performed for a continuance without the habitual strong control of a well-disciplined will. . . . Therefore, if you would be healthy, be good; and if you would be good, be wise; and if you would be wise, be devout and reverent; for the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."—*Professor Blackie.*

## "MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO."

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## PREFACE.

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So many and such admirable Manuals of Self-Culture are before the public, that at the first glance it may seem a work of supererogation to bring forward another. And yet it is my hope that the reader, after a careful perusal of the present volume, will be ready to admit that it occupies a place of its own, has a plan of its own, and is neither a rival nor an imitation of its predecessors. In the first place, it is more comprehensive ; for it treats of Self Culture in its widest range, follows it into society, into business, into the home circle ; illustrates the laws of health as well as those of duty ; is scarcely less concerned with the manners than with the mind. In the second, it is more practical ; for it endeavours to assist the student in that work of mental cultivation which it earnestly recommends ; provides him with an introduction to the art of Composition, and aims at teaching him the art of Reading. A glance at the Table of Contents will show that it considers Self-Culture under three principal aspects—Moral, Intellectual, and Physical. In the part devoted to Moral Self-Culture, it deals with the young man's life at Home ; with his duties, opportunities, and responsibilities as Son and Brother ; with his life Abroad, and his duties, opportunities, and responsibilities in Society and in Business ; with Character, and the higher qualities which should distinguish it, such as Self-Reliance, Self-Restraint, Moderation, Courtesy, and Chivalrousness ; and with Conduct, and the principles which should regulate it, such as Punctuality, Patience, Thrift, Method, Purity. In the second part, on Mental Self-Culture, much practical

advice, based on the wide and varied experience of years of literary labour, is given in connection with the formation and expression of opinion. The chapter on English Composition constitutes in itself a complete text-book, compact if brief, which will perhaps be sufficient for the wants of most young students, or, at all events, will prepare them for Professor Alexander Bain's and other elaborate treatises. Much pains have been bestowed on the chapters which comprise a Course of Reading in English Literature. In these it has not been my object to include *every* English writer, but every *famous* English writer, and I trust that I have omitted from my enumeration no name of real importance. The various sections take up History, Biography, Poetry, Fiction, Theology, Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics, Voyages and Travels, Physical Sciences, and the Belles Lettres. Under these different heads the young student is told what he *must* read, what he *ought* to read, and *how* it should be read; they present, therefore, a digest of all that is good in English Literature. Critical comments are interspersed and biographical notes. References are given to the best editions and to the most trustworthy critical authorities. In a word, I have steadily kept in view the wants of young men who are seeking to educate themselves, whose means are limited and whose opportunities few, though they glow with a noble ardour, "yearning in desire to follow knowledge." The third part presents a brief summary of the conditions under which health of body is obtained and preserved. There, as everywhere, the advice given is practical, and the result of personal observation and experience.

I am deeply indebted to Professor E. Dowden, G. Prothero, Esq., M.A. (King's College, Cambridge), the Rev. Julius Lloyd, and the Right Rev. the Bishop of Edinburgh, for their kindness in revising the sections devoted to English Literature. To Professor Erasmus Wilson I owe my thanks for revising the chapter on Physical Self-Culture.

It is possible that, notwithstanding the care which has been bestowed on the preparation and revision of these pages, some errors, typographical or other, may have crept in. To obtain

perfect accuracy, where so vast an array of names and figures is concerned, is most desirable but not always possible. The critic, if his microscopic eye detect any errata, is assured that they will be at least as annoying to the author as to himself.

The same "harmless, necessary" judge will no doubt be disposed to repeat that old accusation of "truisms" and "platitudes" which is always brought up against a writer whose business it is to enforce the ordinary laws of morality and advocate the ordinary principles of duty. But what may be a "truism" and a "platitude" to the experienced observer, to the mature thinker, is often a new, fresh truth to the young and inexperienced. At all events, it is only by constant repetition that even the ordinary commonplaces of moralists can be impressed on the minds of young men. The nail, if you would drive it home, must be struck again and again. With the rising generation the labour must be repeated that our fathers underwent for the benefit of us, their sons. It would be difficult to say much that is new, I suppose, on such subjects as industry, and perseverance, and fixity of purpose; and the new might very probably not be the true; but that is no reason for not incessantly commending them to the consideration of the young. I do not presume to think that I have said anything startlingly original; but I have sought to put some useful counsel before my readers and to render it acceptable by illustration and anecdote. I have endeavoured to place before them "plain living and high thinking" as the "motive" which should govern all their conduct. I have endeavoured to inspire them with a consciousness of the noble work that each one of them may do for God and their fellow-men in their respective spheres of action, if they will but cultivate the faculties that have been given to them for this purpose. I have endeavoured to show them such a view of the possibilities, capabilities, and aims and ends of life, as may enable them to return a wise and thoughtful answer to the much-debated question, "Is life worth living?" Yes, it is indeed worth living if we can appreciate its opportunities for self-culture, for thinking lofty thoughts and doing generous

deeds. It is indeed worth living if we resolve to use it as a gift from Heaven, to be returned, like the five talents, with an abundant interest. It is indeed worth living if we avail ourselves of it to develop in our mind, our soul, our heart, our body, their best and brightest faculties. Let us aim, then, friends and readers—young men for whom the following pages have primarily been composed—let us aim at the expansion and growth of a true Christian manhood: “The manhood of an understanding open to all truth, and venerating it too deeply to love it except for itself, or barter it for honour or for gold; of a heart enthralled by no conventionalisms, bound by no frost of custom, but the perennial fountain of all pure humanities; of a will at the mercy of no tyrant without and no passion within; of a conscience erect under all the pressure of circumstances, and ruled by no power inferior to the everlasting law of duty; of affections gentle enough for the humblest sources of earth, lofty enough for the aspirings of the skies. In such manhood, full of devout strength and open love, let every one that owns a soul see that he stands fast; in its spirit, at once humane and heavenly, do the work, accept the good, and bear the burdens of his life.” In the attainment of such a manhood I humbly hope this book may advise, assist, and encourage you.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS



## Part I.

### MORAL SELF-CULTURE.



“You thought by efforts of your own  
To take at last each jarring tone  
Out of your life, till all should meet  
In one majestic music sweet ;  
And deemed that in your own heart's ground  
The root of good was to be found. . . .  
But, thanks to Heaven, it is not so ;  
That root a richer soil doth know  
Than our poor hearts could e'er supply.”

—*Archbishop Trench.*

“To those who have opportunities of culture placed within their reach, these are the instruments of the divine discipline. It is part of that discipline to put large opportunities in men's hands, and to leave it to themselves whether they will use or neglect them. There shall be no coercion to make us turn them to account. Occasions of learning and self-improvement come, stay with us for a while, then pass. And the wheels of time shall not be reversed to bring them back once they are gone. If we neglect them, we shall be permanent losers for this life. We cannot say how much we may be losers hereafter. But if we do what we can to use them while they are granted, we shall have learnt one lesson of the heavenly discipline, and shall be, we may hope, the better prepared for the others, whether of action or endurance, which are yet to come.”—*Principal Shairp.*

“An employment, the satisfactory pursuit of which requires of a man that he shall be endowed with a retentive memory, quick at learning, lofty-minded and graceful, the friend and brother of truth, justice, fortitude, and temperance.”—*Plato, “The Republic.”*

"In the affairs of life, what is said and what is thought are almost of more importance than what is done."—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

"Strive to heal yourself, to change your nature; put not off the work till to-morrow. If you say, 'To-morrow I will take heed to myself,' it is just as though you said, 'To-day I will be mean, shameless, cowardly, passionate, malicious.' See what evil you allow yourself by this fatal indulgence. But if it be good for you to be converted, and to watch with heart and soul over every action and desire, how much more is it good to do so this very moment! If it is expedient to-morrow, how much rather is it to-day! For beginning to-day, you will leave more strength for it to-morrow, and you will not be tempted to leave the work to the day after."—*Epictetus.*

"And from the soul itself there must be sent  
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element."

—*Coleridge.*

"The high-born soul  
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing  
Beneath its native quarry."

—*Akenside.*

"If to be true in heart and just in act are the first qualities necessary for the elevation of humanity, if without them all else is worthless, intellectual culture cannot give what intellectual culture does not require or imply. You cultivate the plant which has already life; you will waste your labour in cultivating a stone. The moral life is the counterpart of the natural, alike mysterious in its origin and alike visible only in its effects."—*J. A. Froude.*





## CHAPTER I.

### AT HOME.

**I**N that most delightful book, "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," Dr. John Brown includes a touching and eloquent sketch of his father, an eminent Scottish divine, one passage of which it is impossible to read without emotion. "After my mother's death," he says, "I slept with him. His bed was in his study, a small room with a very small grate; and I remember well his getting those fat, shapeless, spongy books [the German *Exegetics*], as if one would sink in them, and be bogged in their bibulous, unsized paper; and watching him as he impatiently cut them up, and dived into them in his rapid, eclectic way, tasting them, and dropping for my play such a lot of soft, large, curled bits from the paper-cutter, leaving the edges all shaggy. He never came to bed while I was awake, which was not to be wondered at; but I can remember often awaking far on in the night or morning, and seeing that keen, beautiful, intense face bending over these Rosenmüllers, and Ernestis, and Storrs, and Kuinoels, the fire out and the grey dawn peering through the window; and when he heard me move, he would speak to me in the foolish words of endearment my mother was wont to use, and come to bed and take me, warm as I was, into his cold bosom." This anecdote seems to put before us an ideal of the relation of love and trustfulness that should subsist between father and son; the son watching the father with the gaze of vigilant affection, the father taking the son to his heart with a deep and earnest sympathy. It is not the relation that binds mother and son; for in that there is less of command on the one side and of obedience on the other; but if there be less tenderness, there is more confidence; if less of passion, more of reason; if less of sweet dependence, more of wise equality. The father may not know so much of his son's heart as his mother does, but he will know more of his mind; he will stand to him in the three-fold capacity of guide, philosopher, and friend. Such an intercourse as that which passed between Dr. John Brown and his father was in the highest degree good for both. The father's

feelings were adequately stimulated and nourished ; he was kept from falling back within himself, from sinking behind an outwork of reserve and coldness ; while as for the son, it was an educational process, a development of his intellectual and moral nature, besides being a source of lasting joy. "From a wise and good father we learn more than from all our teachers; nay, such an one is our best and truest teacher, whose lessons we are constantly learning; not only the lessons dropping from his lips, but the lessons inculcated by his life and character. To return for a moment to Dr. Brown. Can we over-estimate the value to him of the years of close companionship which he enjoyed with a man not only of remarkable mental powers but of the highest spiritual gifts? His power of self-control, his patience, his deep and tender nature, his chivalry of feeling, his fine courtesy of manner, his strong, strenuous, fervid piety; all these qualities daily and hourly set before his son's eyes could not but persuade and control and permanently influence. There was much to be gained from his fine literary taste, and the boy's heart and mind both expanded when his father read aloud, with his own admirable elocution, the story of Joseph or passages in David's history, and Psalms vi., xi., and xv., or the 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th, 63d, 64th, and 40th chapters of Isaiah, or the Sermon on the Mount, or the journey to Emmaus, or our Saviour's prayer in John, or Paul's speech on Mars Hill, or the first three chapters of Hebrews and the latter part of the 11th, or Job, or the Apocalypse ; or, to pass from these divine themes, Jeremy Taylor or George Herbert, Sir Walter Raleigh or Milton's prose, such as the passage beginning "Come forth out of thy royal chambers, O thou Prince of all the kings of the earth!" and "Truth indeed came once into the world with her Divine Master;" or Charles Wesley's hymns, or, most loved of all, Cowper, from the rapt "Come Thou, and, added to Thy many crowns," or "Oh, that those lips had language!" to the Jackdaw, and his incomparable Letters; or Gray's poems, Burns's "Tam O'Shanter," or Sir Walter's "Eve of St. John" and "The Grey Brother."

But to profit by this domestic and informal teaching there must be a certain "receptiveness" on the part of the listener, an affectionate willingness to learn, a prompt and quick apprehension. It is to be feared that the attitude here indicated is one to which our youth nowadays do not readily adapt themselves. The family bonds have grown looser than they were of old ; even into the Home has spread the general tendency to exaggerate individual freedom and the revolt against authority. Our songs and dramas, always a tolerably faithful mirror of the time, show convincingly that the parental and filial relations have of recent years undergone an unfortunate declension; that too often the father has ceased to be the revered teacher to whom his sons listen with loving admiration, the trusted friend to whom they resort in any difficulty for the counsel they know to be always helpful and



wholesome, the ruler whose lightest wish they hold as a command. The change that has taken place may easily be understood by comparing some of our modern plays with those of the Elizabethan dramatists. I do not mean that graceless youths are never to be found in Shakespeare or Ben Jonson, any more than that true and faithful sons are never to be found in our Victorian playwrights ; but that the dominant conception of the positions occupied by father and son is wholly different. Take, for example, Polonius and Laertes. Hot, boastful, and choleric as is the latter, he never fails in the minutest respect towards his garrulous father, and listens to his shrewd worldly advice as to the utterances of an oracle. Observe, too, in "Cymbeline" the deference exhibited by Guiderius and Arviragus towards Belarius ; and in "Lear," while the whole tragedy turns upon the wrong done to a father by his undutiful children, Edgar, with his generous devotion and courageous tenderness, stands forward as the embodiment of the highest filial virtues. Even when the dramatist puts on the stage a wronged and neglected father, he invests him with all a father's natural dignity : the figure is one which demands our attention ; we look upon it almost with awe. But in our modern plays the father is usually the target at which the playwright discharges the arrows of his ridicule. He is exposed to the laughter of the audience ; like Pantaloon, he is outwitted, maltreated, and dishonoured. To cheat or circumvent him, to defy or insult him, is represented as an exquisite stroke of humour. He is a monster of vulgarity, whom his son treats with open contempt ; or a would-be despot, whom it is represented as something chivalrous and noble to disobey ; or a puny weakling, whom it is necessary to rule with a rod of iron.

Such was not the way of our ancestors. There were bad or foolish fathers and disobedient sons then as there are to-day, but the *ideal* of parental authority was higher. Sons listened then where they question now. Look at the great Lord Burleigh and his son, or at the two Cokes, or consider the relations that subsisted between Sir Philip Sidney and his father. The hero of Zutphen and author of the "Arcadia" regarded with an affectionate reverence the noble father from whom he derived, in no small degree, his comeliness of person and gallantry of spirit, his vigour of intellect and chivalry of disposition ; while the father was lovingly proud of his brilliant son, whom he styled "*lumen familiæ suæ*." Lord Lytton, in his "Caxtons," has revived this ideal relationship in the persons of Pisistratus Caxton and his father, the one so full of wisdom and patience and tenderness, the other so full of admiring love and dutifulness. "Often," says the young Pisistratus, "I deserted the more extensive rambles of Uncle Jack, or the greater allurements of a cricket-match in the village, or a day's fishing in Squire Rollick's preserves, for a quiet stroll with my father by the old peach wall ;

sometimes silent, indeed, and already musing over the future while he was busy with the past, but amply rewarded when, suspending his lecture, he would put forth hoards of varied learning, rendered amusing by his quaint comments and that Socratic satire which only fell short of wit because it never passed into malice." It is to his father that he resorts in all his difficulties, who is his stay in his hours of sorrow, into whose ear he pours all his hopes and aspirations. At the crisis of his greatest trouble, when an immovable cloud seems to his fevered imagination to have settled down on his young life, he sits musing, absorbed, unhappy; and looking up, he sees his father's eyes fixed upon him with quiet watchful tenderness. But then, for a son to have such a father, it is necessary that the father should have such a son! There must be an exchange of sympathy, an equality of affection. And on the part of the son there must be a consideration for the father's years, his greater experience, his trials, and his sacrifices; there must be a frank and loving acknowledgment of the superiority that lies inherent in the parental relationship. There are sons, not wholly bad or disobedient, not wholly wanting in affection, who behave towards their father with an unseemly familiarity, as if he were a boon companion, a member of the same club, addressing him in the slang of the day, and withholding from him the courteous treatment they would probably vouchsafe to a stranger. This ungracious disrespect is almost worse than deliberate defiance, at the bottom of which, it is just possible, some strong principle may be rooted.

I write for young men who desire to live a life worth living, to turn to the best and highest advantage such gifts and endowments as God has bestowed upon them, and to leave the world, when their work is ended, something the better for their existence, so far as their sphere of action, whether large or limited, is concerned. I invite them to begin, if they have not already begun, the noble labour of self-culture, of the education of their faculties and the discipline of their passions. Jeremy Taylor says, "Life is like playing at tables; the luck is not in our own power, but the playing the game is." I invite my readers to learn *how* to play the game. A distinction is rightly drawn between talents and acquirements; between what we receive from Nature and what by our own efforts we become possessors of. And yet the distinction is frequently a very thin line indeed; so thin that I am sure a young man who wills strongly and acts strenuously may efface it. In other words, a man's talents seem to lie very much in his own power: intelligence may be regarded as the fruit of industry, and a clear, sound judgment as the product of careful training. No doubt this was Dr. Arnold's feeling when he wrote:—"If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority

of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly and zealously cultivated." So, too, Fowell Buxton says:—"I am sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases." Or take the saying of Ary Scheffer:—"In life nothing bears fruit except by labour of mind or body. . . . With a strong soul and a noble aim one can do what one wishes to do, usually speaking." If many young men fail from presumption and over-confidence, I am persuaded that many more fail from an excess of timidity, a self-mistrust which paralyses all their energies and takes the pith and substance out of their efforts. It is an old adage that one never knows what one can do till one tries. We must make a good start, and then push forward with resolute purpose. We must make a beginning, for it is certain that each one of us can do something, and something we shall do if we are not daunted by our early failures. Palissy would never have discovered the secret of enamelled ware if he had thrown his pots and pipkins aside when they first cracked in the furnace. Lacordaire, the great French preacher, would have been what the Scotch call "a stickit minister" if he had been disheartened by his initial breakdown in the pulpit of San Roch. Look at Edmund Kean; how brilliant a legacy of genius would have been lost to the world if he had abandoned the stage after his provincial defeats and disasters! This, then, is the secret of it all: we must embrace every opportunity—we must utilise every faculty—we must advance and ascend in a hopeful, vigorous, unrelenting spirit. So must the work of self-culture be accomplished.

But on this point more will be said hereafter. Let us now assume that the young man has chosen his part, has resolved to live nobly, and to make the most of "the divine gift of life." He has entered upon the great task of self-education. Well, he must begin at home. He must begin as son and brother. In those capacities he must practise the self-denial, the submissiveness, the truthfulness, the transparent honesty which will prove his best arms and armour in the battle of life. The lessons thus mastered at home will stand him in good stead abroad. The sweet home-influences will accompany him like unseen angels as he fares across the rough bleak desert of the world, will stay his feet from stumbling, will fill his ears with hopeful music, and clothe the sky above him in cheerful sunshine. And for this reason I have opened my book with some illustrations of happy parental relationships, of the intercourse that ought to exist between father and son. [The promise made by the man to the woman when he takes her as his wedded wife, the promise to "love, honour, and obey," signalises also the three great duties of the son towards his father—love, honour, obedience.] It may, indeed, be asserted that there can be no love where there is neither obedience nor honour; and certainly that half-selfish, half-customary affection which is all that many children give to their

parents—an affection which by no means inclines towards a prompt submission or a ready forethought, which exacts everything and yields nothing—has no kinship with that pure, deep, filial love which it is a son's privilege to offer and a father's pride to receive. When a young man grows weary of his home, or when he shrinks from pouring his confidences into his father's ears, let him at once halt in the course on which he has, perhaps insensibly, entered, for assuredly it is one that will lead to ruin. He cannot desire a safer or surer test for any pursuit or pleasure he embraces than this: Can he submit it to the home scrutiny? Can he talk of it to his father and mother? Will it bear to be sifted and examined in the family circle? The component parts of certain chemical substances, when once their union is dissolved, recede farther and farther from each other, as if animated by as strong a repulsion as formerly they were governed by a strong attraction; and so, unhappily, when once youth separates from the home, he rapidly drifts to an ever-increasing distance from it. Unless he checks the recession at once, he will have no power to do so at all. The wider the gulf that opens between him and his family, the more reluctance and shame will he feel in attempting to cross it. In going down-hill, the velocity increases as we get farther from the starting-point. When a young man awakes to the consciousness that the old roof-tree has no longer for him the attraction it once possessed, let him immediately look into his heart and seek there the reason *why*. There is a certain school of "fast young men" whose maxim is the old "Nil admirari" in its worst sense. They reverence nothing, they love nothing. To them a love of home is the sign of weakness of character, and a son who honours his parents is a milk-sop—that is, if he be not a knave, engaged in subtle and continual deception. With such young men the student who has undertaken the noble work of self-culture, and has formed a high conception of the duties, aims, and opportunities of life, must hold no communion. Their heads will be as empty as their hearts; for a want of reverence is generally accompanied by a deficiency of intellectual power, and from their society he will gain nothing intellectually, while morally his loss will be fatal. I cannot insist too strongly on the fact that the cultivation of the home affections is the best principle of all self-culture, on account of their purity, their elevating influence, their permanency.

When we look around us, the lesson we seem to see written upon everything is—Mutability. Flowers fade and leaves fall; and though fresh blooms live in the lap of spring, and new leaves make green again the woods, they too pass away as others have done. "Withered hopes on hopes are spread." Our feet crush beneath them the promise and fruition of each succeeding year. The days come and go. The present, just as we begin to recognise it and to fancy that it is ours, glides into the past; and we are forced, if we would not look back, to look forward into that future

which is ever narrowing its limits, because there is no *real* present. It reminds us of that old legend of the cup of gold which is to be found wherever the rainbow touches earth; but he who goes in search of it discovers that the rainbow moves before him as he advances, constantly eluding his painful efforts, until at last its bright colours are resolved into the air. So bubble after bubble disappears in the depth of the all-absorbing wave. Yet there are some things that do not die, over which Time never writes those melancholy words, *Hic jacet*. Our household affections, our domestic tendernesses, the generosity and self-sacrifice of love—these gather and accumulate in a precious store, an inexhaustible treasure, which neither moth nor rust can corrupt—a treasure eventually to be absorbed into the Eternal Love. What is best of us survives the grave; the heart is as immortal as the mind. Our feelings will live on like our thoughts, for they are part of ourselves, and without them our identity would be marred, would necessarily be imperfect. What would Cordelia be without her filial affection? That wife who threw herself before the murderous spears to save her husband, what would she have been without her deep, strong, passionate love?

Is not, then, this immortality of the affections an argument for their careful cultivation? If those sweet and serene sympathies which bind together parents and children, sisters and brothers, in a relation so close and yet so delightful, exist beyond the grave, as we may well believe, shall we not do our best to foster them? This is surely a part of our moral and spiritual training; part of the education by which we are fitted for our great destiny. The family, if we will but see it, is one of God's agencies for building up and purifying the inner life, for deepening and strengthening in our souls whatever "makes for righteousness." That can be no true "culture" which neglects to take account of it. As James Martineau says:—"A certain number of animal lives, that are of prescribed ages, that eat and drink together, and that sleep under the same roof, by no means make a family. Almost as well might we say that it is the bricks of a house that make a home. There may be a home in the forest or the wilderness, and there may be a family, with all its blessings, though half its members be in foreign lands or in another world. It is the gentle memories, the mutual thought, the desire to bless, the sympathies that meet when duties are apart, the fervour of the parents' prayers, the persuasion of filial love, the sister's pride and the brother's benediction, that constitute the true elements of domestic life and sanctify the dwellings of our birth."

It is a trite saying that we are generally insensible of the good we have until we are on the point of losing it. We do not prize old and familiar things, however intrinsically valuable, until we have lost them. The primrose by the river's brim is nothing to him who sees it daily, and sees hundreds like it; but to the

## 10 ON CULTIVATING THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

wanderer in the Australian "bush" the sight of its dead and frayed petals would bring inexpressible emotions; he would see in them stranger and sweeter figures and scenes than Agrippa ever saw in his magic mirror. In like manner, many young men do not prize a mother's love, with all its wonderful self-denial, and patience, and prevision, until it has become only a memory. When they stand by the brink of the open grave, and hear the dull thud of the clods of earth which are rapidly hiding from their wistful gaze what was once a tender and devoted mother, they suddenly awake from their blind indifference, and feel with a sharp, quick pain the greatness of their loss. But why wait for so terrible an awakening? It is true that to the last moment of your own lives you may be the better for the silent but subtle influence exercised by her memory. It may be with you as with John Randolph, the American statesman, who says:—"I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand into hers, and caused me on my knees to say 'Our Father who art in heaven.'" Or as it was with John Newton of Olney, the author of "Cardiphonia," who was converted from his evil ways by the force of the impressions made on his mind in his early life by his mother's pious lessons. But consider how much of true happiness you will have lost, all the happiness that lies in the response and interchange of affection! The fond embrace, the loving glance—the glance which conveys the assurance of mutual intelligence—the sympathising smile, the correspondence of thought and feeling—all are gone, and gone before we understood what they might have done for us.

From a selfish point of view, as well as in obedience to the higher motives, we should learn to cultivate the domestic affections; and, happily, this cultivation is the complete safeguard against selfishness. If we begin by thinking of our own happiness, we shall end by thinking of the happiness of others. We are justified, therefore, in speaking, as we have done, of the family as an educational agency, a help to, and a mode of, self-culture. (For the very first condition of home-happiness is that each member should practise *Self-restraint*. If every one want his or her own way, insist that his or her wishes shall be preferred to those of all the others, put forward as of paramount importance his or her partialities or prejudices, true domestic peace can never be attained. One outburst of temper will render the whole household uncomfortable; the disturbed atmosphere will act upon every person living in it, will produce a general feeling of unrest and irritation.) A young man may do much to promote the easy working of the domestic relations by setting a constant example of self-control, by keeping down the hasty word, by smoothing the furrowed brow, by letting fall the soft answer that turneth away wrath. Peradventure one righteous man might have saved Sodom,

one golden-tongued member of a household, like one good singer in a chorus, will keep all the rest in time and tune. Whatever cause of irritation he may have found in his day's intercourse with the world, whatever there may have pricked and wounded him, the young man should enter the charmed region of the family circle with the benediction of peace and goodwill. He should subject himself to a rigid moral discipline, keep watch over his eyes, put a padlock on his lips. Ah! those stern, sullen glances! Ah! those hasty, passionate words! Young men are very subject to the temptation of saying "smart things." Often they indulge in sarcastic replies or satirical insinuations more from a love of self-display than from any actual bitterness of heart; but this is a failing which they cannot too earnestly endeavour to get rid of. The wounds given by the tongue heal slowly. When you feel tempted to say something ill-humoured, petulant, sarcastic, bethink yourself of the enduring irritation that will follow the temporary triumph. "It is better to remain silent," says St. Francis de Sales, "than to speak even the truth ill-humouredly, and so spoil an excellent dish by covering it with bad sauce." Some families get into a habit of "nagging," of retorting upon one another with irritable, ill-tempered utterances, which they cannot conquer even in the presence of strangers. Need we say that it is fatal to domestic peace? "Sarcasm," says Carlyle, "I see to be, in general, the language of the devil; for which reason I have, long since, as good as renounced it." Samuel Johnson in his rough, strong way puts it forcibly:—"A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down."

But the sullenness which shows itself by looks is as bad as the hot temper which finds expression in sneer or sarcasm. We have not only to control the tongue but the passions; to keep down the self-love, the envy, the jealousy, the excessive sensibility, of which temper is the outward manifestation. To govern one's temper is, therefore, to govern one's self; and a genuinely good temper—by which I mean something more than, and something different from, the mere varnish of good nature—seems to me the necessary outcome of a generous heart and pure mind. Pascal says:—"I endeavour to be just, truthful, sincere, and faithful to all men; and I have a tenderness of heart for those to whom God has united me more closely." This is the true philosophy of self-restraint. Justice, truthfulness, sincerity, these are the component parts of a wise man's good temper. Join with these "a tenderness of heart" for those to whom God has united us more closely, and we see at once how the happiness of home may be ensured. We must bear and forbear; we must make allowance for one another; we must act justly and truthfully in our mutual relations; we must be "tender of heart." Like John Hampden, we must be "supreme governors over all our passions and affections." I wonder how

much of his success Wellington owed to his marvellous self-control ! I wonder how much of Napoleon's failure was due to his ungoverned temper ! Into our intercourse with one another as parents and children, brothers and sisters, let us carry that solvent of "self-restraint" which melts away every difficulty. It is the alkali which combines and takes up into harmonious combination the most contrary elements. "In the supremacy of self-control," says Spencer, "consists one of the perfections of the ideal man. Not to be impulsive, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost, but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined—that it is which education, moral education, at least, strives to produce." There never was any man who practised it more resolutely than Sir Walter Scott, and never was any man more happy in his domestic relations. To his wife, his children, his friends, he was always the same ; always just, considerate, kind of heart and speech. Whatever might be his troubles or provocations, he put the burden from off his shoulders when he crossed the threshold of his home. The injuries inflicted by the world he did not retaliate, as so many do, upon the hearts nearest and dearest to them ; their "comfort" was ever his first, his chief consideration. As brother, son, husband, father, he was almost perfect. Lockhart tells us that his executors, on lifting up his desk the evening after his burial, found arranged in careful order a series of little souvenirs, evidently so placed in order that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his work. "There were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilette, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room,—the silver taper-stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee,—a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her,—his father's snuff-box and étui-case,—and more things of the like sort." Numerous similar touches will be found in his biography, all indicating the depth of those affections from which proceeded his noble self-restraint, his power of sacrificing everything that might stand in the way of the love, and peace, and harmony of his home-circle.

Not less essential than self-restraint is that perfection of fine manners which we call *Courtesy*. Here, again, Scott comes before us as a pattern. Captain Basil Hall says :—"I have never seen any person on more delightful terms with his family than he is." Another Abbotsford guest writes :—"I never saw a man who, in his intercourse with all persons, was so perfect a master of courtesy. His manners were so plain and natural, and his kindness took such immediate possession of the feelings, that this excellence in him might for a while pass almost unobserved." The highest courtesy seems always to be a sign of the highest manliness, for



Sydney Smith, who in robustness of intellect and healthy common sense was not inferior to Scott himself, was fully his equal in what Spenser calls "goodly manners." Rich and poor, the members of his family, his servants, his guests, he treated all alike; all with the same consideration, cheerfulness, and affection and courtesy. There is a fine truth in this saying of Tennyson's:—

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit  
Of noble nature and of loyal mind."

I make a distinction, of course, between such "manners" as the poet speaks of and those which vulgar people call "politeness," and profess to study in "books of etiquette." Many who are "polite" to a fault have less good-breeding and know less of good manners, in the higher sense of the term, than the boor who eats his soup with a knife and is as ignorant as a Chinaman of the use of a fork. I mean the "good manners" of him who prefers others to himself—who takes the second place and yields to his neighbour the first—who can listen while others speak—who appreciates and practises the divine virtue of patience: the "good manners" of which the first principle and the second principle and the third is, that we should do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. The finest manners are those of the Christian. Never was there a more polished gentleman than St. Francis de Sales, because never was there a man who had in him a truer equanimity, a more generous spirit, a greater capacity of self-command. Now one of the elements of courtesy is necessarily Humility. The feeling or assumption of superiority is fatal to good manners. In the family circle we sometimes see the son affecting to be superior to his parents, the brother to his sister, on the strength of that superficial knowledge of a superficial world acquired in a few months' mingling with "Society." The young man, confused and excited by the corrupt air he has been breathing, looks down upon his sisters as "dowdies" and pronounces his parents "slow." Hence a certain "loudness" of manner, a want of deference and refinement, creeps into his intercourse with them. He feels it unnecessary to be "civil" towards such very commonplace individuals. But chivalry teaches us to show the greatest reverence and most loyal affection towards women, and Christianity insists that we should "honour our father and mother." Christianity insists that we should yield them a ready obedience in all things lawful; that when their views do not coincide with ours we should willingly defer to their maturer experience; that we should credit them with a judgment cooler and calmer than our own. This humility enters largely as an ingredient into our filial affection as well as into our courtesy. If ever there lived a man of the noblest piety, of character as stainless as he was splendid of genius, a man whose whole life trod in the footsteps of his Lord, that man was Bishop Jeremy

Taylor. He reads us, however, a lesson of humility ; for towards the close of his saintly life, writing to John Evelyn, he thus expresses himself :—"In religion I am yet but a novice. . . . I beg of you to assist me with your prayers." His advice on this subject of humility, confirmed as it was by his practice, will probably weigh with the reader. "The humble man," he says, "trusts not to his own discretion, . . . but relies rather on the judgment of his friends and spiritual guides. He does not pertinaciously pursue the choice of his own will, but lets his superiors choose in those things which concern them. He does not murmur against commands. He is not inquisitive into their reasonableness, but believes the command to be reason enough. He is always unsatisfied in his own conduct, resolutions, and counsels. He is modest in his speech. He gives no pert and saucy answers when he is reproved, justly or unjustly." This cardinal virtue of humility is, I think, the one which the young men of the day most resolutely ignore. It is but an insignificant and shabby-looking virtue for those splendid young fellows who are the self-constituted authorities on every subject under the sun ; who deliver their opinions with oracular decisiveness, and sweep away older judgments and traditions with a fine air of contempt. They cannot condescend to the lowliness of courtesy. How they would laugh at the advice which St. Francis de Sales gave to a friend :—"I would have you be extremely meek and lowly in your own eyes, gentle and tender as a dove. Accept willingly every opportunity of humbling yourself. Do not be quick to speak, but rather let your answers be slow, humble, meek ; and let your modest silence use an eloquence of its own." There is a false impression abroad that a loudness of speech, and an exuberance of gesture, and a generally dictatorial air are the conditions, so to speak, of "manliness," the external proofs and signs of a "knowledge of the world." Well, Raleigh was every inch a man, a brave soldier, a brilliant courtier, and yet a mirror of courtesy. Nobody will accuse Sir Philip Sidney of having been deficient in manliness, and yet his fine manners are proverbial. The truth is, that the manly qualities derive a special grace and polish from the lustre that courtesy throws over them. Sussex was as brave as Raleigh, but we know who made the better figure at court, who makes the better figure in history. The grace and dignity of the manners of Charles the First impressed even the doughtiest Puritans, and there can be no question that braver man never drew sword. It is the courtesy of Bayard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, which has immortalised him quite as much as his valour. The manliest men are the most polished, because their manliness is refined by a becoming humility and a gracious generosity. Arrogance and petulance are not the marks of strength.

But if humility be a chief ingredient of courtesy, so is Generosity. We get the word from the Latin *generosus*, which means

"a gentleman;" and in this way we come to see how courtesy and generosity are nearly identical, and how both are the gifts and graces of a gentleman. The reader will not suppose that by generosity I mean a free use of money. The liberal hand often accompanies a very vulgar nature, whereas only a refined mind is capable of generosity; of the generosity that thinketh no evil, the generosity that defends the feeble and oppressed, the generosity that dismisses unheard the anonymous scandal, the generosity that puts the best construction upon words and deeds, the generosity that never imputes motives, the generosity that never fosters suspicions. When Thackeray says that "a gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think for," it is because he knows how rare a quality this noble generosity is. "What is it," he asks, "to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner."

This large and liberal courtesy, which I have described as founded upon humility and generosity, and as identical with the true spirit of Christian chivalry, I want to see cultivated *at home*. I want to see it pervading, like sunshine, the family circle, brightening, beautifying, and exalting all it touches and shines upon. Why should not every young man aim at becoming a nineteenth-century Bayard, a very model and mirror of knight-hood? And why, before he goes forth into the world intent on doughty deeds, why should he not display his prowess, his chivalrousness, in the household "lists"? There are many young men given to the putting on of "company manners." They can be deferential, gentle, modest in their intercourse with strangers or acquaintances; but they take off the mask as they cross the home threshold. Then the voice grows loud and rough which but a few minutes ago spoke in carefully modulated tones; the manner which, but a few minutes ago, was bland and humble, becomes dictatorial, harsh, and imperious. It seems to be thought that in the bosom of one's family the *bienséances* need not be studied, and that a graceful and refined behaviour is a superfluity in the presence of one's "nearest and dearest relatives;" that towards one's mother or sister it is folly to pay those little attentions and outward marks of civility which one feels bound to offer to the mothers and sisters of others; that it is quite unnecessary to listen to one's own father with the respect which is due to the fathers of others. In plainer and fewer words, one may treat one's father as no gentleman, and one's mother and sisters as no ladies! There can be no greater mistake. It is not only that the exercise of courtesy tends greatly to maintain a happy accord in our domestic relations, but that we become habituated to a generous line of conduct, to a considerate and patient course of action. It is another stage in that moral discipline of which I have already spoken.

Thus, then, by self-restraint and by courtesy a young man may contribute to the happiness of home. But there is a third gift which he may throw with advantage into the common stock, and that is *Cheerfulness*. Mr. Isaac Taylor, in his book on "Home Education," dwells emphatically on the way in which family happiness may be promoted and sustained by "a certain hilarity, and even playfulness, always saving decorum," on the part of parents. "If a mother," he says, "preserves the gloss and brightness of her children's love by indulging them in playful caresses, so may a father render his authority the more intimate by holding it in reserve, while his ordinary manner towards his children is marked by vivacity and a discreet sportiveness. . . . A father," he continues, "who has the species of talent requisite for the purpose, may with advantage, and especially at table, and in hours of relaxation—in the garden and the field—use a sportive style, and give indulgence, under the restraints of good taste, to facetious turns, sudden comparisons, and sprightly apologues." It may be assumed with tolerable confidence that very few parents are able to resort to this elaborate method of entertaining their families, and that very few families would relish such a mode of entertainment if they were. But we accept Mr. Taylor's dictum as commendatory of cheerfulness, and agree with him that it is helpful to family happiness. "Good words," says Herbert, "cost little, and are worth much." Cheerful words are good words, for they encourage hope and confirm patience. But the good merry words must not come from the parents only; they must come also from the son, who, as his parents begin to descend the hill of life, should spring forward, by right of his duty and his love, to lend them his support. Can he not devote some little of his leisure to his family? There may be sickness in the home, or over it may hang the shadow of some misfortune. Let him enter with a brave heart and a cheerful countenance, with a hopeful smile on the lip and a glad look in the eyes; and oh! how the weak will be strengthened, how the depressed will be invigorated, what new life and energy will be infused into the aged! Or if the wheels of life should be working smoothly, not less will his cheerfulness add to the general vivacity: the laughter will be all the readier and heartier if shared by him, the mirth all the more spontaneous and ardent if he help to produce it. Do not let your amusements, however legitimate,—do not let even your studies prevent you from frequent participation in the "evenings at home." Let home be *your* home so long as you can keep within feasible access of it, and let its innocent gaieties and lively humours owe something to *your* cheerfulness. "Mirthfulness and courage," said Luther, "innocent mirthfulness and rational, honourable courage, are the best medicine for young men, and for old men, too; for all men against sad thoughts." Does a young man want to know whether he is pursuing the right path in life, whether his pleasures are innocent and his aims

generous, whether his heart is as pure as it was in his childhood's innocence? Let him consider whether he loves his home with the old love, and whether he can share in the simple home occupations, the unstudied home amusements, with the old cheerfulness. When a young man begins to weary of his home, when the tender domestic intercourse has no longer a charm for him, he may rest assured that there is something wrong, that his conscience is not at rest. Alas! it is time for him then to weep for the innocence and the peace that will never more return.

Lastly, it is necessary for those of us who seek to promote the happiness of home to cultivate *Sympathy*. Izaak Walton says of the admirable mother of the Church poet, George Herbert, that she ruled her family "with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth as did incline them to spend much of their time in her company, which was to her great content." They were drawn towards her by her sympathy with them; and it is this power of sympathy which gives to women in their treatment of the young such an advantage over men. They enter into every taste, feeling, aspiration. Their sympathy is the great Midas charm which turns to gold everything that it touches. And if something of this sympathy young men would infuse into their relations with their families, as George Hughes did in the capacities both of son and brother, as Sir Walter Scott did, and Kingsley did, and the Napiers, and so many great and good men have done, they would be surprised to find what a new colour it would give to their daily lives. Half, nay, more than half the misunderstandings which shake domestic peace; half, nay, more than half the suspicions that poison domestic confidence, originate in want of sympathy. The son stands aloof from his father, wrapped in a half-timid, half-proud reserve; the brother shrinks from his sister, suspecting her of coldness or contempt, and gradually the breach widens and deepens until it swallows up the precious store of family affection. But members of the same family should have no interests apart from each other; their pursuits, pleasures, hopes, ambitions they should have, as far as possible, in common; they should share—

"The inward fragrance of each other's heart."

Jeremy Taylor has a beautiful passage on this wonderful power of sympathy, which can be so cherished and tended as to fill the heart with a living love and to sanctify home with a sacred light:—"Every man rejoices twice," he says, "when he has a partner of his joy. A friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy and makes it double.) For so two channels divide the river and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Sirian star; but two torches do not divide but increase the flame; and though my tears are the sooner dried up when they run on my friend's

cheeks in the fumes of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp, we unite the glories and make them radiant, like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and joy." By carrying this power of sympathy into their intercourse with their family young men may double their pleasures and greatly lessen their cares. They will find a new source of amusement lying close at hand if they can take a genuine interest in the studies of their younger brothers and sisters, in the occupations of the elder, in the objects and pursuits of their parents. Home will acquire a fresh attraction, domestic life will gain a novel character. Their own minds and hearts will be the better for it. In the intervals of study or business this new excitement will act as a tonic and brace up the system for the more vigorous discharge of the daily duty; while the constant exercise of all the best and kindest qualities will happily prevent that deadening of the affections into a frigid selfishness which has blighted so many young men's lives.

At home, too, the young student may learn to *converse*. I suppose this is the one art which nobody teaches and apparently few people cultivate. It is often objected against the English that they are not a conversable people; that they do not talk as well or as willingly as the Americans or the French. We have produced some famous talkers: Selden and Johnson, and Burke and Fox, and Canning, and Sydney Smith, and Macaulay; but they have served only to make more conspicuous the general dumbness of the nation. In our clubs, our social parties, our railway journeys, how few talk at all, and how very few talk tolerably! Go to an evening-party, and you see the guests ranged opposite to one another like platoons of hostile soldiers, and you hear an occasional dropping fire of chance observations or a sudden volley of gossip; but there is no sustained conversation among the whole company or among the groups into which it breaks up. Occasionally some gifted and courageous being takes heart to brave the depressing silence, and by dint of perseverance and good-humour succeeds in starting a subject which proves acceptable or intelligible to the majority and elicits a tolerably animated conversation. But such gifted beings are met with only at rare intervals, and you may attend a long and dreary series of "evening-parties" without gathering a new idea or finding a chance of discussing an old one. It is not that Englishmen do not think, but that they do not learn how to give expression to their thoughts. Yet the man who can talk—I do not say brilliantly, but sensibly—is equipped with a gift which will make him welcome everywhere. The accomplishment is not so difficult to acquire as might be surmised from its rarity. You cannot write well without practice, and you cannot talk well without practice. Begin, therefore, at home; practise in the family circle

When, in the winter evenings, the shutters are closed upon the outside world, the curtains drawn and the lamps lighted—when every dimple smiles upon the cheek of home—take your place in the little ring of happy faces, and endeavour to promote a flow of genial, wise, and good-humoured talk. Shakespeare has told us the indispensable elements. it “should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood.” Or we may take the compound prescribed by Sir William Temple:—“The first ingredient is truth, the next good sense, the third good-humour, and the fourth wit.” You may not be able to be witty—and for Heaven’s sake don’t pretend to it—nothing is more dreary than the emptiness of false wit; but you can be sensible, kindly, natural. You are not to talk, however, for the sake of self-display. Conversation implies that *all* will do their part; and a good “converser” will know how to listen as well as how to talk—how to impel others to join in the harmonious current as well as how to join in it himself. So says the sententious Young, who wrapped up so many nice little maxims in his correct couplets:—

“’Tis a task indeed to learn to hear;  
In that the skill of conversation lies,  
That shows or makes you both polite and wise.”

Do not raise the objection that you are at a loss for subjects in days when the newspapers furnish you with so many. The last new book, the last new play, the last speech of a great statesman, some indication of foreign manners, some new invention of science, some fresh masterpiece in art—such topics as these will agreeably fill up a vacant half-hour, and your family or your friends as well as yourself will profit by the discussion. As Cowper says:—

“The mind, despatched upon her busy toil,  
Should range where Providence has blessed the soil;  
Visiting every flower with labour meet,  
And gathering all her treasures, sweet by sweet,  
She should imbue the tongue with what she sips,  
And shed the balmy blessing on the lips,  
That good diffused may more abundant grow,  
And speech may praise the Power that bids it flow.”

It was said of Varilles, that of ten things which he knew he had learned nine from conversation; and the stores of general information possessed by royal personages who are known never to have studied were acquired in their intercourse with the leading minds of their age and country. As Bacon puts it, conference or conversation makes “a ready man;” it imposes on us the necessity of keeping our knowledge close at hand, so that we may be able to draw upon it without difficulty. Bacon goes on to recommend that variety of subjects which knowledge renders possible.

"It is good in discourse," he says, "and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, to jade anything too far." And he points out how conversation may be made profitable for self-culture:—"He that questioneth much shall learn much and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge." In another way conversation may be turned to good account; it may be made to act as an incentive to study, if you feel that it is your duty to play that part in conversation which you expect others to play, to entertain and inform them as you desire them to entertain and inform you. Conversation is a game in which everybody ought to put down a stake, because everybody shares in the profits.

Home is the place where you may best deal with the æsthetic side of self-culture. At school you may have taken "lessons in drawing," and acquired a certain facility in making bad copies of good models; or in "music," and have hammered your way through a number of pianoforte "morceaux" and "fantasias." This superficial knowledge you may conveniently deepen and extend at home. Probably some member of your family may be able to direct your studies; if not, "practice makes perfect," and numerous facilities in the way of art-education are now offered, at a wonderfully cheap rate, by the Government and various public bodies. I would strongly recommend every student to cultivate at least *one* branch of art, not only for the high and pure enjoyment it will afford, but as a relief and a relaxation from his graver pursuits. There is no true rest in idleness, but there is in a wise change of occupation; and after assiduous application to some scientific pursuit or to the day's business, or perhaps the mastery of a foreign language, I know no better method of refreshing and reinvigorating the mind than by sitting down to the piano or organ, or joining with friends or family in part-singing, or making a "fair copy" of some masterpiece by a great painter. That intellect must necessarily be imperfectly cultivated of which the imaginative and emotional side is neglected, and a whole region of faculties and perceptions is opened up by the study of art. Shall we close our ears to all that the great musicians would teach us by their mighty harmonies and subtle melodies? Shall we shut our eyes to the wise and beautiful and generous things which the great painters have put upon their eloquent canvas? The love of art so appeals to our deepest emotions, to all that is best and purest in our nature, so gratifies the imagination while it contents the judgment, so stimulates the power of reflection and quickens the critical faculty, that it is of the highest importance to develop and cherish and educate it. Mr.



Herbert Spencer divides the leading kinds of activity which constitute human life into five classes :—First, those activities which directly minister to self-preservation ; second, those activities which, by securing the necessities of life, indirectly minister to self-preservation ; third, those activities which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring ; fourth, those activities which are involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations ; and fifth, those miscellaneous activities which fill up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and feelings. In the last class must be included the pursuit and cultivation of art ; but though it thus occupies a subordinate position, I must still insist upon its importance. Man cannot live by bread alone. The imagination must be inspired, the fancy awakened, the feelings aroused. The sense of beauty is in a great degree coincident with the sense of truth and purity ; and though it is certain that the artist may lead an immoral life, his art must thereby suffer, and the highest art will always be the truest and purest. Both as a moral and mental discipline, not less than as a rest and refreshment for the brain, wearied by much study or by the cares of life, the study of art must be strenuously recommended. If you feel no capacity for the practice of music, take up drawing or painting ; or, if that be uncongenial or impossible, carve in wood, mould in clay—do anything which will keep alive in you a love of the beautiful. For myself, I know no art which is more delightful in itself or elevating in its effects than music. With Bishop Beveridge I have found it “the best recreation both to my mind and body.” The same motion that the hand makes upon the instrument, the instrument seems to make upon the heart. It revives the spirits, composes the thoughts, delights the ear, recreates the mind, and so “not only fits me for after-business, but fills my heart at the present with pure and useful thoughts ; so that when the music sounds the sweetliest in my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind.” To Sir William Herschel, the astronomer, it was a source of profound pleasure. Milton soothed his weary spirit, when he had fallen on evil days and evil tongues, with the lofty strains of the organ, and to others he recommended what had brought such great gain to himself. “The interim of convenient rest before meat,” he writes, “may both with profit and delight be taken up in recruiting and composing the travailed spirit with the solemn and divine harmonies of music heard or learned, either while the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descant in lofty figures, or the whole symphony, with artful and unimaginable touches, adorns and graces the well-studied chords of some choice composer ; sometimes the lute or soft organ stop waiting on elegant voices either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have great power over dispositions and manners to smooth and make them gentle from

rustic harshness and distempered passions. The like also would not be inexpedient after meat to assist and cherish Nature in her just concoction, and send their minds back to study in good time and satisfaction." The student to whom these pages are addressed must be his own organist or pianist, violinist or flutist, and supply his own recreation, as did Goldsmith with his flute. Gray, the author of the immortal "Elegy," performed upon the harpsichord; and it is recorded that he sung to his own accompaniment on that instrument with fine taste and much feeling. Goethe studied music at eighty-one. The "chiefest recreation" of George Herbert, the Church poet, was music, "in which heavenly art," says Izaak Walton, "he was a most excellent master, and composed many divine hymns and anthems while he sat and sang to his lute or viol." Canon Kingsley, when addressing the students of Berkeley College, advised them, amid the pursuits of a technical education, "to cultivate the æsthetic faculty," a taste for music and the fine arts. He himself was defective in the musical organisation, but his love of art was intelligent and sincere; and when planning with his future wife the occupations of their happy wedded days, he was careful to provide that "in the evening" they should "draw, and feed the fancy." There is a theory, as Sir Arthur Helps says, which has done serious mischief to the cause of general culture, namely, that it is impossible to excel in more things than one. "Avoid music; do not cultivate art; be not known to excel in any craft but your own," says many a worldly parent, thereby laying the foundation of a narrow, greedy character, and destroying means of happiness and of improvement which success, or even real excellence, in one profession only cannot give. And therefore I say, let one of your amusements at home be the pursuit of some branch of art.





## CHAPTER II.

### LIFE IN THE WORLD.

**W**HEN a young man leaves the shelter of the paternal roof-tree and goes forth into the world, the first difficulty he experiences lies in the choice of friends. Unless circumstances should place him in a position of exceptional solitariness, acquaintances will quickly throng around him, and before long he will have admitted one or more of them to a closer intimacy. In due time the intimacy will ripen into friendship. Upon the wisdom and propriety that have governed his selection will probably depend his success in life, so great is the subtle and unostentatious influence exerted upon our character by the companionship we keep. (We enter society and begin to play our part upon the stage while the mind is still plastic, still open to every impression, while the feelings are undisciplined and before the habits are matured.) The strength of our passions and the real tenderness of our nature are unknown even to ourselves; we resemble the clay statue which waits the master's touches to mould it into a hero or a slave, into something godlike or something debased. It is ill for us, perhaps, to come into contact with a will stronger than our own, for then we submit unresistingly to its guidance; it is worse to meet with one which readily acknowledges a superiority in ourselves, for then we lose that moral check and support we seriously need. The dangers that in either case surround us are not the less because we do not easily discover them, and can be neutralised only by a discretion which young men are slow to exhibit. How strange it is that while a man will display the most anxious vigilance in choosing a horse, demanding a warranty, and closely criticising its points, he will take to himself a friend without the pretence of an inquiry into his antecedents or his characteristics! He accepts his credentials with implicit confidence, perhaps dispenses with them altogether. A gay, light bearing, a confident manner, a merry laugh, a show of skill or courage; some of us ask no more than this of the man whom we hasten to call our friend. We never ask ourselves what is the object of friendship, or whether in the economy of life it has any value; it never occurs to us that it is perhaps one of the agencies

by which the process of self-education may be greatly facilitated. ("A faithful friend," says an old writer, "is a strong defence, and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure." And why? Because "a faithful friend is the medicine of life." We want of our friend that he shall confirm as in all our good resolves and persuade us out of all our faults and failings; that he shall strengthen in us the love of truth and purity and honour; that he shall warn us when we are straying from the right path and encourage us when our knees are feeble; that in all things he shall help us to live "a life of noblest breath.") Friendship, says Lord Charendon, has the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother. That, at least, is the kind of friendship which a young man should endeavour to cultivate.

"At school," says the author of "Coningsby," "friendship is a passion. It entrances the being; it tears the soul. All loves of after-life can never bring its rapture or its wretchedness; no bliss so absorbing, no pangs of jealousy or despair so crushing and so keen! What tenderness and what devotion; what illimitable confidence; infinite revelations of inmost thoughts; what ecstatic present and romantic future; what bitter estrangements and what melting reconciliations; what scenes of wild recrimination, agitating explanations, passionate correspondence; what insane sensitiveness and what frantic sensibility; what earthquakes of the heart and whirlwinds of the soul are confined in that simple phrase—a schoolboy's friendship!" But as the young man's friendship must be stronger, calmer, and more equable than the schoolboy's, so must the friend of our riper years differ in many things from the friend of our earlier boyhood. I suppose that most of us form in our fancy the ideal of the friend we covet, but I suspect it is not an ideal that we can carry into the wear and tear of actual life. A happy talent, a gracious presence, a free and chivalrous disposition; something more and higher must distinguish the friend whom we expect to stand by us in "the battle and the march." He must not be a Bayard, whom we admire rather than love; nor a Boswell, for whom we feel a scarcely disguised contempt while accepting his humble offices; but a guide in whom we can trust, and a brother in whom we can place our best affection. (Between us and our friend must exist a true and living sympathy; that sympathy which forms a constant bond of communication between two friends: that sympathy which cements a thorough and permanent unity of interests. It is not needful that our pursuits or tastes should correspond; similarity of character is by no means indispensable, perhaps not wholly desirable.) In temperament and disposition Dickens differed widely from John Forster, yet the friendship between them was as real as it was lasting. Except in a love of truth, and in that close, deep sympathy of which I have already spoken, there was little resemblance between

John Sterling and Archdeacon Hare, yet each gave to the other his confidence and affection. The grave, phlegmatic, sober-minded Atticus would seem to have had few points of contact with the restless, impulsive, brilliant Cicero, yet they were bound together in the bond of a devoted and unwavering friendship. The old adage that "birds of a feather flock together" is true, I think, only of foul and unclean birds. We do not find in society that men of similar tastes and characters "forgather," as the Scotch say; there is an attraction in *contrast*. We naturally seek in our friend that which we ourselves do not possess—the "other half of our soul," to use the old Platonic fancy. The moody nature seeks the brighter, the weak falls back upon the stronger, the phlegmatic is drawn towards the ardent. William III. finds a friend in the impetuous Bentinck; William Pitt is attracted by George Canning; Charles James Fox sits at the feet of Edmund Burke.

{The duty of a friend has been thus stated :—"To support you in high and noble pursuits, raising your spirits and adding to your courage, till you outdo yourself." } He who would fulfil this duty must needs be strong in mind and true in heart, and hence we are led to the conclusion that in seeking our friends we must seek loftier natures than our own. We must look up to them, as Lord Brooke looked up to Sir Philip Sidney, or Xenophon to Socrates, or Kingsley to Maurice. They must be honourable and pure, gentle yet manly, truthful and refined; so that we may be able to trust to them our weaker selves, in the assurance that they will not betray us. Then they will stimulate us as Faraday stimulated Professor Tyndall, who speaks of his friendship as "energy and inspiration." "Example," said Burke, "is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other." Says Mark Antony :—

"For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men."

In the Life of General Nicholson, the Indian hero, who did so much to crush the great Sepoy Mutiny, it is very touching to read of his deep sense of the debt he owed to Herbert Edwardes; how he felt that his friendship had nurtured and developed all that was best in his character; how he longed to be always under the influence of his elevating and ennobling example. Oh! there are friends who make men's lives nobler and better, rescuing them from the slough of vice and folly, and lifting them up into the pure mountain air! There are friends who have ever the word of counsel and the helping hand at the service of those whose stay and comfort and hope in life is their generous, ready devotion. There are friends who know how to waken the slumbering conscience and to stimulate the sense of duty. There are friends who can bind up the bleeding heart and steady the tottering feet. There are friends who can put forth such a potency of aim and

purpose as to make themselves and others, not in word or opinion, but in life and action, good and great. To the friendship of such friends may justly be applied the words of Emerson: it is in very truth a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined, more strict than any other of which we have experience. "It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the homes of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity." "Friend!" let us say, "give me thy hand; it is for life and in death. I am to be made better by thee, yet will not all the debt be mine, for thou thyself wilt profit by the good work thou doest. Be true, be honest, be brave; for if thou failest, I too must fail. Wherever thou goest, I too must go. As thou prosperest, I too shall prosper. Bear thyself bravely in the battle, for remember I carry thy shield."

As with friends, so with "acquaintances;" the student who devotes himself to the work of self-culture must be jealous of the character of his associates, must be careful that they reach a certain moral and intellectual standard. Generally speaking, we must avoid subjecting ourselves to any influences which will lower our tone of thought or confuse our views of right and wrong. What is the meaning, my friend, which you attach to life? Do you look upon it as a stage of preparation for the future? Do you look upon it as a trust placed in your hands, of which you must render an account to God and your own conscience? Do you desire that the ten talents, or the five talents, or the one talent at your disposal should be multiplied an hundredfold, or returned without increase or profit to the Giver? If life be a comedy or a farce, through which you can rattle with song and laughter, the seriousness with which I discuss its responsibilities is, I grant you, extravagant and absurd; but if it have its tragical scenes and its solemn issues, what then? For my own part, I think that under any circumstances I would try to spend life as a Themistocles rather than as an Alcibiades. I would rather be one of Cæsar's veterans than of those "curled darlings" in Pompey's army who shrank from the shock of battle lest they should be slashed and scarred in their comely faces. I wish to support, however, neither a pessimistic nor an optimistic theory of life, but to put it forward as a time allowed us for the performance of certain duties—a time in which we should fit ourselves as best we can for that great Hereafter which we know to be inevitable. We have before us the example of men who have thought nobly and acted worthily; and as Demosthenes said to the Athenians, so may we say to ourselves:—"If occasion be wanting, and we cannot act like our ancestors, let us at least think like

them, and imitate their greatness of soul." Therefore, in homely phrase, we must be careful what company we keep. It is not so much that the world will judge us by our companions, as that their companionship will help or hinder us in the work we have to do. His must indeed be a strong mind which can always preserve its tone unaffected by that of the men with whom he constantly associates. Depend upon it that cannot be done! Unconsciously to yourself, you will be raised or lowered, encouraged or depressed, by the influence they will daily and hourly bring to bear upon you. A soldier might as well resolve to "mark time" only in the midst of a regiment of men steadily marching; in spite of himself he would be carried along with them. When Antisthenes was asked what learning was most necessary for man's life, he answered, "To unlearn that which is nought;" and unless we act wisely in choosing our acquaintances we shall always be unlearning.

"A crowd," says Bacon, "is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." In choosing our acquaintances, we must display a certain selfishness; they must be persons from whom we can gain something; persons who will help us to make our lives better and brighter, though in a less degree than our friends and intimates can do. Life is short and we have no time to waste. If A. and B. and C. can do nothing for us, cannot say a wise thing or a witty, cannot suggest a good thought or do a good action, cannot strengthen or move us by their sympathy, cannot share in our wholesome pleasures, cannot keep ever before us the idea of duty, for Heaven's sake let us have none of them! We do not want to gather about us "a gallery of pictures" or to fill our ears with the empty sounds of "tinkling cymbals." It is easy enough to pick up acquaintances; any young man can find other young men who will go with him to the theatre or the music-hall, or join him in a bank-holiday excursion, or accept his invitation to "a little supper." There need be no harm, though there can be little good, in such acquaintances; but the mischief may be great, nay, irreparable, if these acquaintances belong to the "fast" or would-be "fast" school of young men, nowadays so unhappily numerous—idiotic young men who ape the follies and vices of their social superiors, who mimic the inanities of the "crutch-and-toothpick" class, who buy the photographs of loose women exposed in shop-windows, who noisily applaud the coarse and stupid ditties roared out by "the lions" of the music-halls, who infest the streets with their silly laughter and rank tobacco-smoke. No life, I think, is so sad, so utterly a blank, so dreary a tragedy, as the life of a fast young man. He is a stranger to all innocent pleasures, to all wholesome enjoyments. For him the poets have never sung, for him great men have never lived. Not for him have heroes done those deeds, or great writers put on record those thoughts, which have nerved the hearts of

nations. Not for him is the glory in the grass or the splendour in the flower, the beauty of God's heavens, the music of murmuring streams, the mystery and majesty of the ocean. Not for him is the joy of honest endeavour or the rapture of the strife. Not for him the happiness of a pure love or the confidence of a tender heart. A conscience seared by incessant self-indulgence, a mind degraded and debased by the lowest associations and coarsest motives—who will not pity this poor fool who stumbles on in the blackness of darkness to certain ruin? No such companion will the young student select who is faithful to the idea of self-culture. Bacon tells us that Demetrius, king of Macedon, would at times withdraw from business, and, in the company of men like-minded as himself, give up his days and nights to the pursuit of pleasure. On one of those occasions he made illness a pretence for his seclusion. His father, Antigonus, paying him an unexpected visit, met a gay youth coming out of his chamber. When Antigonus entered, "Sir," exclaimed Demetrius, "the fever left me just now." "Aye," answered Antigonus, "I think it was he whom I met at the door." The fever of bad company is fatal to all continued effort; it weakens not only the moral sense but the intellectual powers. A young man's associates, according as they are ill or well chosen, will be the millstone that, hung about his neck, drags him downward, deeper and ever deeper, or the steadying and supporting arms which faithfully and tenderly assist him in his upward progress.

Richard Baxter speaks of it as a blessing that he narrowly escaped getting a place at court in the early part of his life. Most men, I suppose, would have grieved over it as a misfortune; but Baxter knew that he would have been thrown among companions who would have checked his spiritual growth. Unhappily, there are individuals with whom it is impossible to associate, even for an hour, except to your moral injury; things will be said which you ought never to hear, impressions will be made fatal to your piety of heart. One would almost believe in the eternity of evil, apart from theological considerations, if it were only for the fact that the memory seems to retain indelibly everything that is ill. We all know that a coarse jest or a vulgar song is remembered much more easily than words of higher meaning or beauty. A friend once told me that a wicked saying which he had accidentally heard in his boyhood would constantly recur to his recollection, in spite of all his efforts to "sink it deeper than did ever plummet sound." Thoughts which we would gladly exorcise, memories which we would willingly banish, again and again start up before us to throw a shadow over our path and wound us with the sting of conscience. Therefore be on your guard; rank not among your companions any who seek to raise a laugh by utterances impure, profane, or vulgar. Be all the more vigilantly on your guard, because you will be tempted at first to make light of the offence, to hope or believe that it will not occur again, or that



your superior morality will overawe and convert the offenders. Not so ; when a man has once soiled his feet with mire he cares not where or into how much he wades. You will find your sense of disgust grow weaker with custom ; you will cease to reprove because you will get to think that there is no cause for censure ; your moral sensibilities will be deadened until you can no longer distinguish between good and evil, and until you come to the fearful resolve that evil shall be your god. The way, then, to preserve your whiteness of heart unsullied is to avoid the contagion of bad company. If you pass through the fire, your garments will smell of it though you should escape being burned.

But it must not be thought that I would deter the student from "entering into society." On the contrary, social influences *of the right kind* will assist him in his task of self-culture. It is a grave misfortune for young men who come up from the country to earn their livelihood in London or any other great city, that they are thereby shut out, at least for a time, from the innocent pleasures of social intercourse, and compelled to choose (very often) between solitude and uncongenial companions. To some extent the evil may be avoided by joining a Literary Institute or Mutual Improvement Association, but neither teaches that self-knowledge which it is so important for a young man to acquire. By going out into society we learn our true value. We discover that we are not the very clever fellows which in the silence of our quiet studies we thought ourselves ; that to many men there are many gifts, and that if one excel in this another excels in that ; we find that we are continually in need of indulgence and excuse, and thus are led to make allowance for others ; and we are taught by sharp experiences a useful lesson of politeness and subordination. If these are negative advantages, be it remembered that there are also positive gains ; for social intercourse quickens our intelligence, sharpens our judgment, widens our views of men and things, and deepens our sympathies. It accustoms us to the quick handling of our weapons. (Society is the drill-ground where we learn to march and countermarch, to keep step with our fellows, to obey the word of command.) Still more valuable lessons does it indirectly, if not directly, teach us—lessons of consideration and generous self-sacrifice, of respect for the great virtues, of admiration of unassuming graces. The student must not underrate the value of those good manners which society imposes upon its members as a condition of their membership. An easy and graceful deference towards superiors, an unflinching good-humour towards equals, an unassuming courtesy towards inferiors, these are the three outward signs of the true gentleman. Now it is certain that almost all of us delight in what is refined and beautiful, that we feel an instinctive pleasure in watching a graceful carriage, that we are well pleased by a courteous and polite address ; it puts us upon better terms with

ourselves, it appeals to that sense of the becoming which education necessarily develops. We must not laugh at the French lady who declared that she could not read her prayers with comfort except from a finely-printed and finely-bound prayer-book. We are all of us pained when a boor with rough manners and a boisterous voice thrusts himself into our company.

What makes the gentleman? The question is often put and often answered. I have hinted at it in the preceding chapter. Here let me say that if culture supply nine parts of the making, society, I think, must contribute the tenth. There may be wit and wisdom, generosity of heart, elevation of sentiment, and a liberal education, but the polish of manners can be given only by society. The diamond must be applied to the lapidary's wheel before the lustre that is in it will be visible to every eye. According to Emerson, the word "gentleman" is a homage to personal and incommunicable properties. "Frivolous and fantastic additions," he says, "have got associated with the name, but the steady interest of mankind in it must be attributed to the valuable properties which it designates. An element which unites all the most forcible persons of every country, makes them intelligible and agreeable to each other, and is somewhat so precise that it is at once felt if an individual lack the masonic sign, cannot be any casual product, but must be an average result of the character and faculties universally found in man. It seems a certain permanent average, as the atmosphere is a permanent composition, whilst so many gases are combined only to be decomposed. *Comme il faut* is the Frenchman's description of good society—as we must be. It is a spontaneous fruit of talents and feelings of precisely that class who have most vigour, who take the lead in the world of this hour, and, though far from pure, far from constituting the gladdest and highest tone of human feeling, is as good as the whole society permits it to be. It is made of the spirit more than of the talent of men, and is a compound result into which every great force centres as an ingredient—namely, virtue, wit, beauty, wealth, and power." I recognise a considerable exaggeration in this definition. It is not wit, or beauty, or wealth, or power that lies at the root of the true idea of a gentleman—it is *sympathy*; the power of accommodating one's self to those with whom one mixes so that they shall feel no galling sense of inferiority, shall be set completely at their ease, shall be maintained and encouraged in their self-respect. It was thus that Louis XIV. in his happier years could make those admitted to his presence forget the king and remember only the gentleman. It was thus that Marlborough prevailed over crabbed generals and suspicious politicians; his sympathetic air disarmed their hostility, and a refusal from him was more willingly accepted than would have been the assent of a man of less exquisite address. When Clement XIV. became Pope, the ambassadors of the several

states represented at his court waited upon him with their congratulations. As they were introduced and severally bowed, he bowed also with so much grace that each felt as if he had received a personal compliment. The master of the ceremonies told his Holiness afterwards that it was contrary to etiquette to return the salute. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said he; "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners." He had not conquered the sympathetic impulse which induced him to do what he could to satisfy those with whom he came in contact; he was an adept in the art of politeness, but not in that of etiquette. A poor woman suffering from a grave malady once came to me after an interview with an eminent physician, which I had been the means of procuring her. I found she had little to say of the nature of her illness or the hopes of a cure; all she would discourse upon was, not the physician's ability and knowledge, but his fine manners. "He is such a gentleman," she again and again exclaimed; "he quite felt for me; I could see he was real sorry. Oh, he is a regular gentleman!"

If sympathy be, as I suggest, the fundamental qualification of a gentleman, it is easy to agree with Thackeray that "a gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think for." The great novelist, who himself was as true a gentleman as ever exercised the highest qualities of mind and heart in an outwardly graceful manner continues, "Which of us can point out many such in his circle?—men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated in its degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small. We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the 'inner circles,' and have shot into the very centre and bull's-eye of fashion; but of gentlemen, how many?" It is not enough to dress unexceptionably; it is not enough to commit to memory the rules and directions set forth in manuals of etiquette; it is not enough to talk with ease and grace; you must ever bear in mind, and act upon, the great law of courtesy enumerated by divine lips—(you must do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.) These words contain the essence of all true gentlemanliness. (To be generous, wise, and brave, to be honest and true, to treat old age with respect, and youth with reverence, and women with chivalrous devotion, towards all to show the fine behaviour that springs naturally from a self-denying spirit—this is to be a gentleman.)

Unquestionably the want of society, and of the safeguards which society may bring with it, is an evil that requires consideration. Everybody knows that hundreds of young men are annually withdrawn from the tranquillity and comparative innocence of their rural homes, where they have enjoyed the security of

domestic happiness and the advantage of parental supervision, and thrown into the life-maelstrom of a great city, exposed to all its temptations, all its allurements and perils, with no helping hand to guide them into, or prevent their wandering from, the right path. I think that the risk attending this transplantation is not properly appreciated. The young mind is naturally bold, ardent, and fond of new things; so confident in itself that it will sometimes plunge into temptations in order to show how easily it can accomplish a victory over them; and in the busy hum of men and the innumerable excitements of a great city the still small voice which might warn it of danger speaks unheard. Like the prince in the fairy tale, unfortunate youth sees only the false fruits and beguiling flowers of the wayside, and not the serpent that lurks among them. It is unnecessary to repeat an oft-told tale, or to dwell upon sad experiences which, from their very frequency, have ceased to attract attention; but I would take occasion to protest against the doctrine held by not a few public teachers, and heard too often in the family circle, that "young men must sow their wild oats." If they do, they must reap the harvest! For my part, I hold it wise to believe that young men should have no wild oats to sow. I have no patience with the cant that proclaims it an advantage for the young soul to lose its bloom of innocence, and talks of the lessons gained by "experience," as if a man need plunge into a burning crater to convince himself that a volcano is active! I venture to say that this teaching has been the ruin of many a fine nature and promising intellect; and I confess my inability to understand how Christian fathers can consider it a benefit for their sons to have "seen the world." For what does this mean? Simply that, instead of endeavouring to fit themselves to do their duty as Christian gentlemen, they have been handling forbidden things, have sullied and besmirched their young hearts with the pollutions of sensuality; that they have discarded the ignorance which is youth's most effectual protection. They have "seen the world," and, in seeing it, have grown accustomed to iniquities against which they at first revolted. They have "seen the world," and, in seeing it, have forgotten the quiet paths in which they were once accustomed to tread. They have "seen the world" and the god of this world; and, in seeing so much, have grown dazed, bewildered, blinded, until they can no longer distinguish the evil from the good. When it is said that a young man has "sown his wild oats," how often might it also be said that he has sown with them all his brightest hopes and purest aspirations, and sown them in a soil which can bring forth no other crop than one of tares!

But is it true that this perilous course of education, in which the mind is made to drink poisons, like Mithridates, in the hope that they will eventually lose their efficacy, tends to manliness and a courageous spirit? Biography, at all events, does not

answer in the affirmative. It will be admitted that Cromwell was, as Milton called him, a "chief of men," even by readers who have inherited with their blood the old cavalier strain; and the best of evidence proves that he had no such experience of the world as is conveyed in the phrases I have quoted. After studying the law in London, he married, while yet in his twenty-second year, the woman he loved, and settled down at Huntingdon, "doing the civic, industrial, and social duties in the common way." Milton himself—and to the strength and robustness of his character I need only allude—was so pure of life that his college companions nicknamed him "the lady." Newton, Locke, Wordsworth, Bacon, Edmund Burke, William Pitt—soldier, statesman, philosopher, poet—to these no sowing of wild oats was necessary or possible. Let it not be supposed, then, that a youth devoted to "pleasure," to "seeing the world," is a fit prelude to a manhood of energetic effort and heroic accomplishment. The stream that rises among mire and weeds generally stagnates in a bog. If I turn to the life of such a man as Faraday, I find that his youth was spent, not in "seeing the world," but in patient self-culture; that the leisure which remained to him when his day's duties were done was devoted to the perusal of good books, or spent in hearing scientific lectures, or in attendance at the meetings of the City Philosophical Society. It may be said that Faraday's humble position saved him from exposure to temptation, and that he never fell because he was never tried. Well, if I turn to the lives of men born in the higher ranks of society, men famous for the work they have done in the camp or the council-chamber, to such men as Gladstone and Derby, or the "fighting Napiers," I find no record of their passing through any process of wild-oats-sowing; and I think it will be seen that life ascends by a natural order of progression; that a lofty manhood is the crown and consummation of a youth of purity; that an ill-spent and self-indulgent youth develops necessarily into a marred and clouded manhood—a manhood of penitence and suffering or of rebellion and despair.

To rescue young men from all that is implied in the terrible phrase of "sowing their wild oats," I know no surer or better means than social intercourse. Admission to happy family circles, to homes which rejoice in domestic peace and affection, is usually a sufficient protection. There are not many minds which willingly plunge into low pleasures, and wild oats are often sown reluctantly, and with deep inward pain and misgiving. I believe the majority of young men, when they have made a false step, would gladly retrace it if some kindly helping hand were near. It is easy to talk of the Circean cup, and the eagerness with which the intoxicating draught is drunk; but this pleasure-seeking is weary work after all, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the pursuit is kept up only in a spirit of bravado or reckless melancholy, and with a loathing at the heart, a constant sinking of the soul, until, indeed,

conscience is finally deadened, and all perception of truth and beauty lost. But this final collapse and ruin does not come until after much struggling towards better things; a struggle which would be successful if out of the cold dark ways of the world the weary sufferer could pass into the light and warmth of a well-ordered home. Broadly speaking, the young men of our great cities may be divided into two classes: those whose early years have been spent under religious and spiritualising influences, and those who enter upon their careers with no such happy preparation. For the former class some kind of provision is made by Young Men's Christian Associations, Church Guilds, Bible-classes, and the like, and there is generally an effort made, in connection with these, to secure a substitute for the home. What is wanted in this direction is not so much new machinery as a more active and liberal use of that which is already in existence. A closer supervision should be exercised by our religious teachers, a deeper sense of responsibility should be cherished by parents. If from place to place our young men moved under the protection of a watchful and friendly eye, it would probably be found that, so far as the class we are speaking of is concerned, the organisation of the Churches is wide enough to include them all, and liberal enough to attract them, always provided it is carefully adapted to their actual wants and necessities.

As for the less fortunate class, the young men whose early years have been passed, perhaps, in the shadow of an unhappy home, or from various causes apart from the preservative power of religious impressions, it is difficult to determine what can or should be done for them. The work of self-culture, honestly undertaken, will save a young man from grosser temptations; but it would be well for him that he should come under the higher kind of social influences. Much might be done in this direction by our literary societies and institutes, if they did not confine themselves so exclusively to "lectures" and "classes," "libraries" and "reading-rooms." But there will still remain hundreds for whom Literary Institutes have no attraction, whom Christian Associations repel; their rules and programmes, admirable as they are for young men who have not strayed into the paths of error, offer nothing congenial to lighter and more frivolous minds. The young men who lounge at the corners of our crowded thoroughfares, who make night hideous with loud snatches of music-hall comic songs, who patronise the low billiard-room and the "pleasure-garden," who invade our watering-places on Sundays and public holidays, and insult the ears of decent people with their vulgar blasphemy and prurient slang; the young men who boast of their knowledge of the world, that is, of the world of the public-house bar and the betting club and the cheap dancing-room,—what is to be done for them? They form a deadly canker in the body politic; are as truly a "dangerous class" as the outlaws and pariahs whom we

subject to the supervision of our police, and are preparing for us, if I mistake not, national trials of alarming magnitude.

But I pass on to consider the student—the young man whose aim and chief thought is self-culture—in business. He has to earn his living by his daily work, and he does this, as he does everything, with *thoroughness*. That is the primary condition of successful work, whether brain-work or hand-work: it must be *thorough*. The labour may not be of a kind to engage our liking, and in that case we have to gain a twofold victory over ourselves, and in proportion to the severity of the struggle will be the fulness of the reward. The effort made, and repeated until victory is won, will strengthen our character and give us a greater robustness of purpose. From a moral point of view the matter is simple enough; we enter into a contract with our employer, and honour demands that we should fulfil all its conditions. I have often been surprised at the laxity which many young men permit themselves in this respect, at the reluctance with which they discharge an obvious duty, at the imperfect and slovenly way in which their work is done. Apart altogether from the loss their employer thus sustains, the practice is most harmful; they themselves are the greatest losers, for each failure of duty weakens the capacity to distinguish between right and wrong and blunts the moral sense. It is a part of self-culture to accustom one's self to do whatever has to be done as well as we can do it. Look at the story of Frederick Perthes. At the age of fifteen he apprenticed himself to a bookseller. He was ill fed; his master was harsh even to cruelty; he was at duty at seven in the morning, on his feet the whole day until eight, with only an interval of half an hour for dinner at noonday. During the first winter his feet were frost-bitten through standing upon the cold stones. He had a severe attack of illness, and for nine long weeks he lay on his attic-bed under the kindly charge of his master's daughter, a lovely child of twelve years old. "All day long she sat, knitting-needles in hand, by the invalid's bedside, talking with him, consoling and ministering. Upon the floor, among other old books, lay a translation of Muratori's 'History of Italy,' and the poor girl, with never-failing kindness, read through several of the ponderous quartos in the little dusky attic." But the youth's courage never failed him; he clung to his duty with resolute perseverance; he did his work thoroughly, and made himself acquainted with all its details. Long as were his hours of toil, he added to them for his own sake, reading the German classics and cultivating his literary faculty by efforts at translation and original composition; and so great was the satisfaction he thus derived, that he afterwards referred to this period of labour as "happy years of earnest striving." In a similar spirit worked George Moore. Engaged at a salary of thirty pounds a year in the shop of a London draper, he put forth all his energies to give his employer "reasonable

service," though the monotony of the occupation was ill suited to his active mind. He soon found that, coming fresh from the country, he laboured under many disadvantages. Comparing himself with the young men his associates and fellow-workers, he perceived the deficiencies of his education, while his Cumberland dialect betrayed him. The first thing he did in the way of self-culture was to put himself to school at night after the hours of employment were over, and many an hour did he borrow from sleep in order to devote it to mental improvement. At the end of eighteen months he had acquired a considerable addition to his previous knowledge, and felt himself able to take his stand side by side with his competitors. Commenting upon this, he says: "Let no one rely on what is termed luck. Depend upon it that the only luck is merit, and that no young man will make his way unless he possesses knowledge, and exerts all his powers in the accomplishment of his objects." Leaving the draper's, he obtained an engagement as "traveller" for a firm of wholesale lace-dealers, and was sent into the Liverpool and Manchester district to collect orders and transact business. With such energy did he work, with so much thoroughness, that he almost doubled the transactions of the firm, while he performed his journeys in a much shorter time than any previous agent had found possible. His method of work attracted the attention of another lace-dealing firm, and they showed their sense of its value by offering him a partnership. He accepted it, and at the age of twenty-three found himself in an independent position. Thenceforth he worked with still greater vigour. His usual "day" counted sixteen active hours, and as a rule he was "up" two nights in the week. He extended the operations of the house in all directions, visiting with few exceptions every market-town in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. He had his reward, and, so far as the thoroughness of his work went, he deserved it.

Observe, I beseech you, that all great men have been thorough workers. It was a characteristic of Napoleon's battles, at least of his earlier ones, that they completely broke up the enemy's force. The blow was aimed with so much skill and dealt with so much precision that the effect was irresistible. A great army was scattered before it like smoke before a sudden hurricane. "Goethe," says one of the brothers Hare, "has changed the postulate of Archimedes, 'Give me a standing-place and I will move the world,' into the precept, 'Make good thy standing-place and move the world.' This is what he did throughout his life. So, too, was it that Luther moved the world; not by waiting for a favourable opportunity, but by doing God's will day by day, without thinking of looking beyond. We ought not to linger in inaction until Blucher comes up, but, the moment we catch sight of him in the distance, to rise and charge. Hercules must go to Atlas and take his load off his shoulders perforce." Goethe was a thorough



worker; whatever he undertook he consummated with infinite toil and patience. Hence the admirable finish of his compositions, in all of which the conscientious artist is plainly visible. The Greeks were thorough workers; deity or pipkin, it was wrought up to the highest ideal of use or beauty of which they were capable. Therefore it is that to this day we value more highly the fragment of an arm or leg of an antique statue than a whole array of fairies and nymphs fresh from the studio of a modern artist who has not learned the Greek secret of thoroughness. It is told of Michael Angelo, who inherited the old classic spirit, that he devoted sixteen hours out of the twenty-four to the study and practice of his art; that he frequently rose at midnight to resume the occupations of the day, the light by which he handled his mallet and chisel proceeding from a bit of candle fixed to the top of his pasteboard cap. Emerson, in his "English Traits," dwells with emphasis on the working powers of leading Englishmen. He is delighted with their conscientious industry. The business of the House of Commons, he says, is conducted by a few persons, but these are hard workers. "Their colleagues and rivals carry Hansard in their heads. The high civil and legal offices are not beds of ease, but posts which exact frightful amounts of mental labour. Many of the great leaders, like Pitt, Canning, Castlereagh, Romilly, are soon worked to death. They are excellent judges in England of a good worker, and when they find one like Clarendon, Sir Philip Warwick, Sir William Coventry, Ashley, Burke, Thurlow, Mansfield, Pitt, Eldon, Peel, or Russell, there is nothing too great or too high for him."

If thoroughness be a primary condition of good work, *Orderliness* is scarcely of inferior importance, nor, in truth, can thoroughness be achieved without it. There is nothing the young student needs more fully to understand than the apparently obvious fact that he can do only one thing at a time if it is to be done well, and that he must do first the work that is most essential. In other words, he must map out his work before entering upon it, distinguishing those portions which are urgent from those which may be conveniently deferred, and allowing longer time and greater labour to the portions which are most difficult. Method is the secret of successful work; and I strongly advise the reader to draw up daily a brief scheme of work, with suitable provision for rest and recreation. I do not say that this scheme is to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians—it is unwise to put one's self in fetters—but it will prove a useful guide for the due regulation of time and prevent considerable waste. When a young man sees how short, in reality, is the time available for self-improvement, he will be all the more unwilling to fritter away any of it upon unnecessary or injurious amusements. Most young men are required to give up to their employers a working day of nine hours, say from nine to six; and if

their employment be sedentary, they must allow at least one hour daily for physical exercise. Thus ten hours are disposed of : sleep, devotional exercises, and personal duties will occupy nine ; and one hour being reserved for the morning and evening meal, only four remain for study and recreation. Four hours a day, however, properly utilised, will enable an earnest student to accomplish a sure and steady progress ; but it is evident that he cannot afford to waste time in considering what should be done next. His work must be carefully planned, so that he may pass from one branch of it to another without delay. This principle of orderliness he must apply not only to his studies, but to his business, and the result will be that his various duties will present no harassing difficulties, will cause no disturbance of thought or temper. He will be free from that feeling of *worry* which haunts the unmethodical. The machine will move on easily and noiselessly, because there will be no friction. A stranger introduced for the first time to one of our great railway terminuses will for the moment receive an impression of startling confusion and disorder ; and as he sees trains running this way and that, some with goods, some with passengers, and some with empty carriages, he will conceive it impossible to avoid a terrible catastrophe ; but as he deliberately surveys the scene, order springs out of the apparent chaos, and he discovers that each train has its separate line of rails, its different destination, its fixed times of departure and arrival, and even its prescribed rate of speed. That is, he sees that the whole is governed and directed according to a pre-arranged system, and nothing left to "chance." And then he is able to understand why every person engaged in what seemed to him a hopeless and dangerous task goes about his work with so much calmness and equanimity : it is the result of the admirable order that prevails, and that inspires a feeling of perfect confidence. Sir Henry Taylor observes, that the excitement and flurry of spirits occasioned by a sense of urgency in affairs, and by too quick and versatile an apprehension of their importance—comprehending in the feelings more matters at a time than can be entertained by the judgment—are obviated by such an habitual reference to order as shall make it paramount to all considerations but those of the most imperious character. "Calmness is of the very essence of order ; and if calmness be given, order may easily be superinduced ; and if order be given, it will almost of necessity govern or supersede current excitements and produce calmness."

If the orderliness I recommend be rigidly observed, it necessarily follows that everything will be done *at the right time*. It is as unwise to be too early as it is to be too late ; in either case time is lost, arrangements are disturbed, and a sense of uncertainty and irregularity superinduced. A young man who was soliciting a favour from a French minister was told to wait upon him next day at ten o'clock. Resolved to take time by the forelock, he

reached the statesman's residence at half-past nine, obtained admission to his presence, surprised him in that state of dishabille in which no man likes to be seen except by his valet, and was angrily dismissed with the reproof that only a fool was ever in a hurry! Not only great statesmen, but great employers of labour, and, indeed, all men who have much to do and much to think of, insist upon a strict attention to minutes as well as to hours. If they have to see A. at ten or B. at eleven, it is well that B. should be "up to time;" but it is neither to their advantage nor to B.'s that he should break in upon the hour allotted to A. I have often wondered at the extravagance of fidgety and unmethodical people who make frequent journeys, and insist upon being "ready," as they call it, half an hour or more before they can possibly start. These are the people who hang about railway stations and steamboat piers, never in time, and always in the way. Nothing is more injurious to the quality of a man's work than *hurry*; and if he wastes too much time upon a single detail of it, he will have less time than he ought to have for the other details. An anecdote related of Talleyrand illustrates that ingenious statesman's dislike to being hurried. He had drawn up a statement of his religious belief, which on the day of his death was to be sent to the Pope. On the day before he died, his friends supposed him to be at his last gasp, and asked him whether the confession should be despatched. His reply was addressed to the Duchesse de Dino, and has been thus recorded:—"Attendez jusqu'à demain. Toute ma vie je me suis fait une règle de ne jamais me presser, et j'ai toujours été à temps." ("Wait till to-morrow. All my life I have made it a rule never to be in a hurry, and I have always been in time.") It may be very true, as the poet of the "Night Thoughts" puts it, that "procrastination is the thief of time;" but so is "hurry;" and the wise man will disappoint both of these dangerous pilferers by a careful economy and strict division of his time. Method—orderliness—that is the true secret. "Let all things be done decently and in order:"—

. . . . "So work the honey-bees,  
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach  
The art of order to a peopled kingdom."

The young man who has to work for his living must not only be thorough and orderly, but *Contented*. Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that he is to make no effort to rise; that he is not to employ his energies and abilities in honest effort to lift himself into a higher position; but that he is to do his work, whatever it may be, without any affectation of being above it. It is a common error of the young men of the present day to affect this kind of superiority. You would think they have been born with kid gloves on their hands as well as silver spoons in their mouths! Their lordly and supercilious air of indifference to their calling, however amusing from one point of view, is sufficiently painful

from another ; for it indicates a grave moral deficiency. It shows that their heart is not in their work ; that they have formed no clear conception of the law of duty ; that they do not understand the principles of honesty and honour. The task we undertake, whatever its nature, we are bound to execute to the best of our ability ; and, as Whewell says, that we *ought* to do it is of itself a sufficient and ultimate answer to the questions *why* we should do it ? how we are *obliged* to do it ? Carlyle has long preached to us the dignity of work, the sacredness of honest labour ; that what a man should consider is, not what *kind* of work he has to do, but *how* he does it. His voice, however, has been like that of one preaching in the wilderness. "Two men I honour," he says, "and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made implements laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, whereir notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, be-soiled, with its rude intelligence ; for it is the face of a man living manlike. . . . Toil on, toil on ; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread. A second man I honour, and still more highly : him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable ; not daily bread, but the bread of life. . . . These two, in all their degrees, I honour ; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth. Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united, and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants is also toiling inwardly for the highest." We may see an example of this combined life in the geologist Hugh Miller, a man not without his failings, and not so great a man as injudicious friends have sought to make him out, but a true man, nevertheless, and one who was never above his work. He laboured hard as a stone-mason ; at one time digging in a quarry, where he stood ankle-deep in water ; at another, building "dykes," exposed to the fury of wind and rain. "How these poor hands of mine," he writes, "burnt and beat at night at this time, as if an unhappy heart had been stationed in every finger ! and what cold chills used to run, sudden as electric shocks, through the feverish frame !" But no murmur escaped his lips, and such leisure as he had he assiduously devoted to self-improvement. He was determined to be a good workman, and was soon so expert at "hewing" as to elicit from his fellows expressions of wonder and praise. Meeting with young men like-minded as himself, he formed a mutual improvement society, whose members edited manuscript magazines, composed essays, and corresponded with one another when circumstances brought about their separation. Thus did he combine in himself those two characters of labour which Carlyle rightly honours, and, while toiling with all his might and main



THOMAS CARLYLE.



for his daily bread and the bread of life, he enjoyed a happiness to which the "man above his work" is for ever a stranger. Writing to a friend he says :—"Do look round, just for one minute, and see the sort of place in which a man can be happy. The sun is looking in at us through the holes in the roof, speckling the floor with bright patches till it resembles a piece of calico. There are two windows in the apartment, one of them filled up with turf and stones, the other occupied by an old unglazed frame. The fire is placed against the rough unplastered gable, into which we have stuck a pin for suspending our pot over it, the smoke finding its way out through the holes of the roof and the windows. Our meal-sack hangs by a rope from one of the rafters, at the height of a man's head from the floor—our only means of preserving it from our thievish cohabitants the rats. As for our furniture, it is altogether admirable. The two large stones are the steadiest seats I ever sat on, though perhaps a little ponderous when we have occasion to shift them ; and the bed, which, pray observe, is perfectly unique. It is formed of a pair of the minister's harrows with the spikes turned down, and covered with an old door and a bunch of straw. And as for culinary utensils, yonder is a wooden cog, and here a pot. We are a little extravagant, to be sure, in our household expenses, for times are somewhat hard ; but, meal and salt and every other item included, none of us have yet exceeded half-a-crown per week. You may now boast, like a true scholar who looks only at the past, of Diogenes and his tub, and the comforts of philosophy."

It is owing, I believe, to this contentedness with their work, this feeling that there is no shame in honest labour, that Scotchmen rise so much more rapidly than Englishmen. While a young Englishman—I speak, of course, of the middle class—waits, Micawber-like, for "something to turn up," something which will not disgrace him socially in the eyes of himself and his equals, the young Scotchman takes whatever comes to hand, and does his best with it, and makes the most of it, and goes on from step to step, gaining experience and knowledge of the world, and proving himself worthy of confidence and of better things. He is moving forward while the Englishman stands still. He will begin, if need be, at the lowest rung of the ladder, and think it no shame if his friends see him there ; will think it an infinitely deeper and more lasting shame to be seen doing nothing. And, whatever the work, he does it thoroughly, and without any pretence of setting himself above it ; throws his heart into it, as if it were the particular work he was most anxious to undertake. The great curse of English social life is the supposed necessity that exists for "keeping up appearances ;" a necessity connected with the young middle-class Englishman's superiority to his work. He might gain repute and competency perhaps, and the satisfaction that lies in all work honestly done, as a wood-carver, a moulder, a

bookbinder, a shipwright ; but he thinks it more genteel to slave as a clerk upon two pounds a week or less, and slaves accordingly ; not only his body, but his mind ; for the monotony of copying letters and adding up figures tells surely if slowly on a man's intellectual energies, and takes all that is good and genuine out of them. The low estimation placed upon skilled manual labour in a country which owes so much to its industrial resources has always puzzled me. Why should a lawyer's clerk or a merchant's clerk think himself "above" an engineer ? As a matter of fact, the "head-work" of the latter is more difficult than that of the former, and demands greater power of thought. Why is it more "respectable" to stain your hands with ink than to bronze them with usage of hammer and chisel ? It may be argued that the clerk's associates will be of a different class. Granted ; but will they be young men of purer morality and higher capacity ? I doubt it. The music-hall audiences are to a large extent composed of clerks and their friends, and, if we may judge from the entertainment provided for them and applauded by them, their intelligence must be of a sufficiently low order. You will meet in engineers' workshops and similar arenas of skilled labour with more knowledge, culture, and ability than in the majority of counting-houses and lawyers' offices, and you will find there a greater desire to live worthily and strive honourably. I venture, therefore, to advise my younger readers to take the work that lies nearest to their hands, always provided it be work which they may reasonably calculate on doing efficiently ; and, whatever it be, to ennoble it by their diligence and taste and skill. When a nobleman of France complained to the Regent Duke of Orleans of the disgrace that would be inflicted on his family by the hanging of a kinsman condemned for a brutal murder, the Regent replied :—"The crime, and not the punishment, is the shame." And so, believe me, it is not the work that degrades, but the spirit in which it is executed. Shopman, clerk, or artisan, it lies in your own power to dignify your calling by "plain living and high thinking ;" accepting it cheerfully as your proper vocation, and caring nothing for the light in which the world regards it ; caring only that you shall do your duty in it, and so give peace and contentment to your conscience, while silently fitting yourself, by the assiduous pursuit of knowledge, to strike into another and loftier path when the opportunity is clearly presented to you.

Into your business relations it were well that you should also introduce a spirit of *Urbanity* ; that you should carry into them that courtesy, those fine and genial manners, which I am supposing you to cultivate at home and in society. How much more easily the wheels of life would move if we all of us agreed to do what we could to lessen their friction, to clear out of the way every obstacle to the working of the machinery ! And business will be despatched with greater pleasantness and facility if those concerned in its



various operations would make use of the "oil of politeness." A man may be a clerk or an artisan and yet a gentleman, exhibiting in his relations towards his associates, his employers, all with whom he comes in contact, those graces of manner which spring from a cultivated mind and a generous heart. The great Earl of Chatham, in writing to his son, the future statesman, speaks of politeness as "benevolence in trifles," or "the preference of others to ourselves in little, daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life." This is just the politeness that would lend a new interest and charm to a young man's week-day avocations. In the office or the workshop his example would quickly tell, and many disputes, in which the feeble now are easily wronged by the strong, would be averted. "True politeness," says Chatham, "is a perpetual attention—by habit it grows easy and natural to us—to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble. And what will give this but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with?" Everybody gratefully feels and acknowledges the charm of urbanity. I was once in a Government office where a poor delicate woman was waiting for some routine business to be transacted. She had apparently walked a considerable distance, and there was that about her face and figure which painfully suggested bitter experiences of poverty. She stood and waited, pale, weary, and exhausted, while the clerks reclined on comfortable chairs, and, after the manner of young officials, showed no disposition to expedite the matter in which she was interested. Neither chair nor stool for the convenience of strangers was visible, and I was debating in my mind how I could come to her assistance, when one of the youngest clerks suddenly rose, and, with something like a blush, carried his chair across the room to a point near the fire, and courteously invited the poor lady to avail herself of it. Then he returned to his desk. His companions, I observed, showed a disposition to applaud him, having the sense to admire a courteous action though not the readiness to perform one; and I was struck by the eagerness they all at once displayed to attend to the business they had previously treated with so much indifference. Such is the influence of good manners! A story went the round of the papers recently to the effect that a station-master (I think) or railway-porter received a most unexpected legacy, a very large amount, from an old lady who, some years before, he had chanced to gratify by some small act of politeness. I do not advise my readers to look for any such reward. Let it be enough for them to enjoy the pleasure that lies in every touch and stroke of courtesy, the pleasure that naturally flows from the performance of a kindly action or the utterance of a kindly word. I will not say with Emerson that "I could better

eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws than with a slovenly and unpresentable person ;" but I will admit that fine manners make citizenship and truth much more attractive. The good and bad of manners has been defined as that which helps or hinders fellowship. As fellowship facilitates the working of business relations, we may see, then, the practical importance of urbanity in the counting-house and the wareroom, the office and the workshop.





## CHAPTER III.

### CHARACTER.

**S**IR HENRY TAYLOR is right, I think, in his suggestion, which, indeed, is not a novel one, that humility is the true mother and nurse of independence; and that pride, which is so often supposed to stand to it in that relation, is, in reality, the stepmother, by whom is wrought—*novercalibus odiis*—its ruin and very destruction. But whether he be correct in his genealogy or not, I suppose that most people will be of opinion that a certain independence of character is essential to the work of self-culture. There may be in it a mixture both of pride and humility, or it may spring from humility alone, but no man who seeks to live worthily can dispense with the quality that makes him self-reliant, *totus in se ipso*, that teaches and strengthens him to stand upon his feet. It is very desirable that a young man should always remember how little he knows, how far below his own standard he inevitably falls, how greatly his desires and aspirations exceed his attainments; should always remember the reverence due to his elders and superiors, and the courtesy due to his equals and inferiors, for so much is necessary to self-respect. It is well for him to bear in mind the saying of Jeremy Taylor, that all the world, all that we are and all that we have, our bodies and our souls, our actions and our sufferings, our conditions at home, our accidents abroad, our many sins and our seldom virtues, are so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the deep valley of humility. Humility, however, must not be confounded with that humbleness which leads a man to depend almost helplessly on the opinions of others, which cripples his will and deadens his perceptions, which holds him back when he should move forward, and prevents him from arriving at any prompt or opportune decision. The oft-quoted lines of the Elizabethan poet contain a truth which every disciple of self-culture must take as his watchword in the battle of life :—

“Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man,  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,—  
Nothing to him falls early or too late.  
Our acts our judgments are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.”

Hamlet must answer for himself ; Horatio cannot answer for him. By himself he must confront his visitor from the "other world ;" no friend, however loyal, can bear his responsibility or work out his mission. We may listen with due deference to the voice of experience, and accept with gratitude the counsels or monitions of wisdom ; but as it is by our actions that we must stand or fall, we must strenuously maintain our independence of thought and judgment. The youth who always looks down will never look up ; and though looking down will keep us within the track, it will not show us where that track leads. Independence of spirit does not mean churlishness of manner or arrogance of temper. George Herbert has described it exactly :—

"Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,  
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.  
Sink not in spirit ; who aimeth at the sky  
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

A Roman politician, when captured by traitors, was tauntingly asked :—"Where is thy stronghold now ?" Placing his hand upon his heart, he answered :—"Here !" And this must be the stronghold of every seeker after knowledge. I am sure that no good work in the way of self-culture will be done by young men who accustom themselves to lean upon others, who are always finding new leaders, and professing themselves disciples of new Gamaeliels. They must learn to think their own thoughts, to form their own opinions, valuing authority justly, but not submitting to it slavishly. Much of the popularity which to this day clings about Dr. Johnson, and renders him so familiar a figure in our literature, is due to his sturdy independence, the bold self-reliant manliness of his character ; and one must often feel, when studying the life of his friend and contemporary, Goldsmith, that it was the want of this independence, this manliness, which involved him in continual suffering and hurried him to a premature grave. "Every one," writes Thierry, the historian, "can make his own destiny, every one employ his life nobly. This is what I have done, and would do again if I had to recommence my career : I would choose that which has brought me where I am." Call it independence, self-reliance, self-help, what you will ; the spirit I speak of is that which distinguishes the man from the slave. It is the spirit which made Columbus the discoverer of the New World ; Luther the author of the German Reformation. It is the spirit that glowed in the great Reformer's heart when he replied to the messenger who half-warned, half-threatened him not to visit Worms :—"Go, tell thy master that were there as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon its roofs, I would enter it." It is the spirit that emboldened Æschylus, in the confidence of genius, to say of his tragedy, "The Seven against Thebes," that he who beheld it must needs become a hero. It is the spirit that strengthens a

man to live laborious days and bear the storms of poverty in order that he may gain some small portion at least of the ample treasures of knowledge. It is the spirit that nerves us to resist temptation, to trample it under our feet, to repel the wicked suggestion, to love and defend the pure. It is the spirit that in the workshop keeps a young man temperate and true, in spite of the example and solicitations of men who, having forfeited their own self-respect, are intent upon dragging others down into the same slough of despond. It is the spirit that ennobled the loneliness of the great Beethoven, and found expression in his favourite saying :—"The barriers are not erected which can say to aspiring talents and industry, 'Thus far and no farther.'" It is the spirit which has raised the poor out of their poverty and the ignorant out of their abasement, which has opened up a career to industry and diligence. It is the spirit which makes eloquent the maxim engraved on the old warrior's sword :—"A way I will find or will make." It is the spirit which fired Clive, ignoring the advice of his lieutenants, to throw his handful of Europeans and Sepoys against the hosts of the Bengalis and win the battle of Plassey. It is the spirit which animated Palissy the potter in his long and painful search for the secret of the enamelled ware. It is the spirit which lifts a man above the common herd, gives him a purpose and an aim in life, and constitutes him a centre of wholesome and elevating influences ; as was said of Sir Philip Sidney, that "his wit and understanding leant upon his heart, to make himself and others, not in word or opinion, but in life and action, good and great." It is the spirit that confirmed the energy of Scott when, in his middle age, he refused the assistance of his friends towards the reduction of his crushing liabilities, and sat down, with no other help than his genius and his courage, to clear them by his own exertions. Says George Wither :—

" Whether thrallèd or exiled,  
Whether poor or rich thou be,  
Whether praised or reviled,  
Not a rush it is to thee :  
This nor that thy rest doth win thee,  
But the mind that is within thee."

These lines breathe the true spirit of independence, which is, indeed, to be a moral and intellectual power, unfettered by circumstances and disregarding of material conditions. The young student who does his work thoroughly and honestly, who feeds his mind with the contemplation of wise thoughts and noble actions, who is conscious of aspirations after an ideal truth and beauty, who helps as best he can to diminish the vast mass of human suffering, who struggles persistently towards the light, who nobly scorns the solicitations of worldly pleasure, who holds himself free to weigh the worth of everything that is set before him, who

cherishes in his heart a deep reverence for woman, who strives after knowledge and wisdom with a ceaseless endeavour, and who, knowing God, daily lifts up hands of prayer both for himself and those who call him friend, he it is whom I would call independent. He can go his way, leaning on no man's arm, borrowing staff or crutch from none, and

“ Acting the law he lives by without fear ! ”

I have somewhere read that every one ought to study in a triple book : in the book of Creation, that he may find God ; in the book of Conscience, that he may know himself ; in the book of Scripture, that he may love his neighbours. It is by so studying that he will develop that noble spirit of independence which is a man's best hope and faith and consolation.

But if it be well for a young man to preserve his independence, it is better that he should always and in all circumstances prove himself chivalrous. I want to see him defying wrong and resisting oppression ; I want to see him thinking of others rather than himself ; I want to see him brave in the presence of moral as well as of physical danger ; I want to see him possessed with the spirit of Self-Sacrifice. Not long ago I came upon a story, a true story, which moved me almost to tears. “ Bill the Banker ” was a poor navvy, whose work, when he was engaged in the construction of railway embankments, lay amongst the “ tip ” waggons. At the time to which my narrative refers, he was “ tip-man ” over a shaft in one of the many tunnels found necessary on the Manchester and Leeds Railway. This shaft was about two hundred feet deep, with sides and bottom of solid rock. His duty was to raise the trucks filled below, and run them to the top, returning them empty to his mates at bottom. If a chain broke away, or a great boulder slipped off a truck, Bill had to shout, “ Waur out ! ” and the miners below crept farther into their “ drives,” allowing the dangerous article to come down harmlessly. One unhappy day, Bill's foot slipped hopelessly, and he knew that he must be hurled from side to side of the narrow shaft, until he lay, a crushed *thing*, at the bottom. But his mates ? If he screamed, the unusual noise would call them all *out* together to ascertain the cause. Never losing his presence of mind, he gave the usual signal with an unfaltering voice, “ Waur out below ! ” And his mates heard in their safe retreat the dreadful thud, thud, and final crash of this true hero's mangled remains. “ Bill the Banker,” to my mind, was as truly a model of chivalry as the most famous knight who ever set lance in rest or shook his plumes in the stress of battle. That noble contempt for self, that generous thought for others which he so finely exemplified, lies at the bottom of all real chivalry. We may have no opportunity of exhibiting it on so terribly grand a scale as he did, but we can never lack occasions for its exercise at home, or in society, or

in our work-day avocations, if its impulse throb in our heart. Take another illustration of the way in which it shows itself from the annals of the Knights of St. John. At one time during their residence in Rhodes, the island was infested by a monster—it is not now known whether it was some huge crocodile or python—which had made many victims. Several knights had attempted its destruction, but as all had perished, the Grand Master commanded that the grisly creature should be let alone. To one young knight this order was very grievous, as he longed to kill the monster which had caused the loss of so many lives, and hoped thereby to gain great favour. So secretly he made a model of it, and trained two young mastiffs to fly at the belly, which was known to be unprotected by scales, while he mounted his war-horse and accustomed it to the sight of the strange and laidly foe. His preparations completed, he rode out towards the haunt of the dragon, and when it made its appearance, set his brave dogs upon it to divert its attention, and after a desperate struggle smote it in the undefended parts and killed it. As soon as his victory was known, the people of Rhodes went forth to do him honour, and conducted him in triumph to the Grand Master's palace. But there his reception was of the coldest. The Grand Master, turning upon him a grave brow and stern eye, demanded of him what was the first duty of a Christian knight. Helim, with his cheek aflame, murmured, "Obedience." The Grand Master proceeded to do justice to the admirable courage of his achievement, but declared that by disobeying his command he had bred a deadlier foe than his hand had killed—the spirit of contumacy and disorder. This story is the theme of a ballad by Schiller.

Thus, then, we perceive that, besides self-sacrifice, chivalry involves Obedience; and of all the virtues, this, perhaps, is the one that youth finds it most irksome to cultivate. It is so natural for us to wish for our own way, and to believe that our own way is the best; and the temptation is particularly strong when, in our first joy and rapture at the acquisition of knowledge, we fail to see how little we really know, and think ourselves, for a time, infinitely wiser than those about or above us, carrying our heads aloft in all the intoxication of vanity. The illusion does not last long, perhaps; and sometimes we are awakened from it rudely and painfully. And therefore the lesson should be early learned, that the crown is only for him who first bears the cross, that he who hopes to wield command must first practise to obey. The revolt against authority in which some young students so eagerly join is too often based on inadequate grounds, and eventually covers the insurgents with the opprobrium of defeat. In science and art, as in religion and morals, it is true wisdom to bear contentedly the part of the patient inquirer and humble student, until accumulated knowledge, and thought, and experience give us

the right to question conclusions which we desire to be answered, and to reject theories which do not appear warranted by facts. The independence of which I have previously spoken is compatible with this reasonable and prudent submission. The soldier who breaks his oath of allegiance we do not call independent, but traitorous. Nor does a man sign away his individual liberty, his freedom of action and will, because he undertakes to pay a due regard to established order.

Chivalrousness necessarily reckons Courage among its elements ; not simply that physical bravery which most men inherit,—which, indeed, seems a constitutional qualification,—but that higher and purer form which we distinguish as *Moral Courage*, “the holy and humble elevation of the heart,” as St. Bernard calls it. In the daily work of life this courage is often severely tried. It is so much easier at times to say the thing that is pleasant than that which is true ; so much easier to excuse ourselves for neglecting a duty than to discharge it ; so much easier to yield to a temptation than to resist it. How frequently we can find a plausible reason for advancing ourselves at the expense of our neighbour ! We can accuse him of want of energy, of not knowing his business, of indifference to his own interests ; never reproaching ourselves for greed, and injustice, and inordinate ambition. No ; it is not every Turner who will darken his own picture that it may not take the light out of Lawrence’s. The moral courage that will do right for the sake of right is a rarer virtue than we are apt to suppose. It means patience under wrong, self-control under provocation, calmness in adversity, and moderation in prosperity. Alas ! how often a craven fear of “what will Mrs. Grundy say ? what will the world think ?” paralyses the arm that should be raised in defence of the weak and oppressed, in vindication of truth and generosity, to strike down a falsehood or a calumny. And so, too, the fear of “what will Mrs. Grundy say” often proves fatal to men of good intentions and high aspirations, who have not the strength of character to hold their own among an aggressive and boastful crowd. To reject the counsel of the wise and experienced is a folly ; but it is a still greater folly to be haunted by a dread of the world’s laughter or reproach. A great deal of talent, as well as a great deal of virtue, is daily lost for want of a little courage of the right sort. Every day, as Sydney Smith says, sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have lingered in obscurity only because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort ; who, could they have been persuaded to begin, would in all probability have advanced no inconsiderable distance in the career of fame, and benefited their fellows by the exertions which benefited themselves. “The fact is,” he continues, “that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.” It is to this moral



courage, which is strongest always in the hour of darkness and apparent defeat, that we owe the accomplishment of every great reform which has made mankind happier and wiser, every invention, every discovery, every distinct onward movement in the path of progress. For, at the outset, every reform is necessarily opposed to the natural instincts of men, to their sense of the comfort and convenience of repose, their consciousness of the possible dangers and difficulties of action ; and hence he who urges it must work in solitariness and in the face of determined opposition, often without the encouragement of a cheering or grateful word. When Stephen would preach the gospel of glad tidings, the mob stone him !

Moral courage is the stay and strength of the world's martyrs, the secret inspiration which enables them to reject wealth and honours and applause for conscience' sake ; to endure the cruel rack, the chill solitude of the dungeon, and the sharp agony of the fire, for a cause which the majority of men deride as visionary or condemn as iniquitous. I do not think it is difficult for a man to comport himself with fair repute on the battlefield, when his veins glow with the blood fever, and the contagious enthusiasm of thousands animated with a common purpose inspires him ; but the struggle comes when the victim of oppression, after weeks or months of suffering, stands surrounded by hostile faces, and is promised liberty and life instead of the rack and the scaffold if he will recant what authority assures him is a deadly error. A few words, apparently meaning so little, and he may be free ! *Then* is the hour of trial, which, if a man endure unshrinkingly, I call him a true hero ; and if this most noble and exalted form of courage could be carried into all the transactions of commonplace life, as it would be if men loved truth and justice for their own sakes, how much happier were the world, and how much purer ! What is wanted for the regeneration of society is that moral courage which shrinks from even the appearance of evil, which unflinchingly sets aside all shams, pretences, and unrealities ; the moral courage which dares to act up to the teaching and humbly to imitate the life of Jesus Christ ; which will cultivate chastity, and truthfulness, and generosity, and brotherly love. Is this sublime form of self-denial and self-content impossible ? Yes, to the weak and selfish, who from their youth upwards have fought no fight against temptation, have yielded to the lowest motives, and conceived no lofty purpose ; who listen to the voice of society rather than to the impulse of conscience ; who have become incapable, from long habit, of raising their thoughts above the petty objects and idols of the world ;—to all such it is impossible. Not for them that

“ One great aim, like a guiding star above,  
Which tasks strength, wisdom, stateliness, to lift  
Their manhood to the height that takes the prize.”

—BROWNING.

To the drinker, the gambler, the idler, the lewd, the irreverent, the false, the boastful, the dishonest, the luxurious, it is impossible. But if difficult, it is *not* impossible to those who, with earnest prayer, follow in Christ's footsteps, and strive after truth with eager soul, and nobly wrestle with temptation; who hold no parley with unmanly fears, but face "a thousand dangers" at the call of duty, and, trusting in God, surmount them.

George Stephenson, observing that miners required a lamp which, while supplying sufficient light for their difficult work, might be relied upon not to ignite the inflammable gas or "fire-damp" that invariably accumulates in the less ventilated parts of the pit, succeeded, as he believed, in constructing one to answer both purposes. Before it could be generally used it was indispensable that its merits should be tested. Accordingly, accompanied by his son Robert and two friends named Wood and Moodie, he proceeded to Killingworth Colliery. Midnight was close at hand when they reached the pit and descended the shaft; quietly they advanced, as if doing the most ordinary thing in the world, towards the foulest gallery, where the explosive gas issued from a "blower" in the roof with a loud hiss like a jet of steam. There a partition had been raised so as to concentrate the foul air, with its possibilities of ruin and death, in one particular spot. Moodie cautiously stepped forward, examined that spot, and returned with the announcement that if a light were introduced an explosion must immediately take place. He added a warning as to the terrible danger to themselves and the pit if, haply, the gas caught fire. Stephenson's resolution was not shaken; bidding his companions provide for their own safety, he proceeded towards the inflammable peril with unassuming heroism. Less and less distinct fluttered the tiny ray of the lamp of safety as its courageous bearer penetrated into the depths of the mine. He was moving forward, perhaps to death, and to failure, which was worse than death; but his heart did not quail nor his hand tremble. On arriving at the place of danger, he thrust his lamp into the full rush of the explosive gas and calmly awaited the issue. At first the flame of the lamp increased; then it wavered, it waned, and gradually expired. The foul air made no further sign; the dying out of the flame was the indication of its presence; there was no explosion. It was evident that Stephenson had discovered a secure means of lighting up a mine without endangering the safety of those working in it. But the point to which I desire to draw the reader's attention is the moral courage which Stephenson exhibited when alone, and, lamp in hand, he confronted the dangerous blast. Look, too, at the life-work of Girolamo Savonarola, the great Florentine monk, who may justly be considered the most illustrious of the "reformers before the Reformation." His labours at Florence were as noble as they were arduous. With extraordinary eloquence, and not less extraordinary courage, he

exposed the abuses and corruptions which were preying upon the vitality of the Roman Church. With unflinching truthfulness and unsparing severity he denounced the sensual pleasures and luxurious indolence of the age. So powerful was the effect of his oratory that Lorenzo de Medicis eagerly endeavoured to obtain its support, but Savonarola was not to be cajoled from the path of duty. In the discharge of his mission he poured out his censures upon the vices of all classes, sparing neither the clergy nor the Papal court. To what a height of moral courage must he have raised himself before he undertook and carried on an enterprise so difficult and so dangerous! If he would but have spared the wealthy and powerful, he might have accumulated riches, honours, influence, and have risen to an eminent position in the Romish hierarchy. So on the one side he was tempted by the most flattering bribes, on the other assailed by the sternest menaces. Neither bribe nor menace shook his resolve, but in a spirit of Christian chivalry he went forward to the end. And what was that end? Abandoned by the very people in whose cause he had striven, the seignory of Florence playing into the hands of the Papal conclave, he was arrested, imprisoned, tortured, condemned as a heretic, and sentenced to be first strangled and then burned. You will find a striking picture of the last tragic scene in the "Romola" of George Eliot, who, however, fails, I think, to do full justice to the moral courage of the great reformer. Before he quitted his cell on his death day, May the 23d, 1498, he prayed fervently and received the Holy Eucharist. To his confessor he said:—"Pray for me, and tell my friends not to be discouraged, but to continue steadfast in my doctrine and to live in peace." After he had ascended the scaffold the Bishop of Pagagnotti stripped him of his Dominican garb, and proclaimed that he separated him from the Church militant. "From the Church militant, yes," said Savonarola calmly, "but not from the Church triumphant." In a few minutes all was over. He died, and his ashes were cast into the Arno; but the memory is still green of his noble life, a life spent in struggling against wrong and in seeking to raise men to the highest deeds of which they are capable.

Bitter as were the experiences of Savonarola, he had at least the devotion of true friends to support him and the applause of thousands to cheer and inspire him. What he did was done on a public stage in the presence of the world, whence results a consciousness of sympathy which acts upon the enthusiast like light upon a plant. But, as Kenelm Digby says, "in the little world of man's soul the most saintly spirits are often existing" in those who have never in any way distinguished themselves, never broken their silence, never come out of their solitude to be the theme of the world's talk; men "who have led an interior angelic life, having borne their secret unseen, like the young lily in a sequestered vale on the banks of a limpid stream." Let who will lavish their praise

upon successful soldiers, red with the blood of battle, or famous statesmen, who have wrought out their policy at the cost of the liberty and happiness of inferior races; the student, the lover of knowledge, may well reserve his special commendation for that moral courage which prevails over the sorrows and anxieties of the world, over calumny and detraction, over poverty and want; the latter one of the sharpest trials that can befall the ambitious scholar. If we contrast the abundant educational appliances of the present day with the lack of all utilities and the numerous restrictions which hampered the mediæval students, we cannot but admire and be astonished at the colossal work they accomplished. Physical bravery may readily move a man to march forward steadily to the mouth of the hostile cannon; he is fired by the example of his fellows, by the hope of revenge, victory, or plunder; but a far loftier impulse is needed to endure the pressure of cold and hunger, the contumely of the arrogant, the indifference of the rich, while labouring alone and unknown to cultivate the mind and master the secrets of wisdom. Even in learned Germany, prior to the Reformation, a school was a place of punishment rather than of education. It was always the worst house in the town; the walls and floors were filthy; wind, rain, and snow beat in through the doorways and unglazed window spaces; the children were covered with vermin and half-naked. So few the books, that frequently the scholar had to write out a copy for his own use. The Latin was monkish and barbarous; the grammar a mass of dry rules and barren subtleties; the teacher often a worthless impostor. System there was none; it was "a scramble for learning," in which only the resolute could hope to gain anything. A lad was often twenty years old before he understood his grammar or could speak a word or two of such Latin as was then in vogue. The elder boys, or *Bacchanten*, tyrannised over the younger, or *Schützen*—an elaborate, and, we are told, a cruel system of flogging. A Bacchant would have three or four boys, who begged and stole for him, though their own hunger was frequently so keen that they would dispute with the dogs the luxury of a bone. The Bacchant claimed all their earnings, and compelled them to give up even what they had received for their private use. "Singing *salves* and *requiems*; whimpering false stories to the tradesmen's wives; thieving, if there was a chance; sleeping in the winter on the school hearth and in summer in the churchyard, 'like pigs in straw'; assisting at mass; chanting the *responsoria*; frozen in the cold churches till they were crippled; trying to get by heart a clumsy Latin syntax; and wandering, vagabond-like, from school to school, would sum up the life of thousands." A vivid light is thrown upon this condition of things by one Thomas Platter, a Swiss from the valley of the Wisp, who eventually became rector of the grammar-school at Basel. In Dresden, he says, there was not one good school, and the rooms for strange scholars were thick

with vermin, so that at night they might be heard crawling in the straw. The city of Breslau, he continues, had seven parishes, and each had its school. No scholar of one parish dared sing in another; if he did, the cry of *Ad idem, Ad idem*, was raised, and the Schutzen assembled and fought. It was said that there were thousands of Bacchanten and Schutzen living upon alms; and it is also said that some of the Bacchanten, who were twenty or thirty years old or more, were still supported by their Schutzen. Yet, in spite of conditions so dispiriting and unfavourable, men arose who kept alight the lamp of knowledge, inextinguishable as Vesta's fire, and handed it down to a more fortunate generation; men whose moral courage the student cannot fail to esteem worthier of eulogium than the gallantry of the knights or men-at-arms, their contemporaries, who rode blithely into "a plump of spears" for love of fame or greed of conquest. It was their high moral courage that supported them through all the bitterness of their lifelong struggle after light. It may be they were not unconscious of the dignity of the work they were doing; but it was chiefly from a disinterested love of knowledge they were induced to maintain the heroic effort; and so, uncomplaining and unrelenting, they pressed forward daily on their rugged and laborious path.

Will the student of this more favoured generation lead a less worthy life? Will he confess himself inferior in elevation of purpose and desire of wisdom to the poor scholars of mediæval Germany? "The first thing to be attended to," says Professor Blackie, "is to have it distinctly and explicitly graven into the soul that there is only one thing that can give significance and dignity to human life—namely, virtuous energy; and that this energy is attainable only by energising." By virtuous energy I understand the Professor to mean in reality moral courage. If you imagine you are to be much helped by books, and reasons, and speculations, and learned disputations in this matter, you are altogether mistaken. "Books and discourses may indeed awaken and arouse you, and perhaps hold up the sign of a wise finger-post to prevent you from going astray at the first start, but they cannot move you a single step on the road; it is your legs only that can perform the journey; it is altogether a matter of doing. Finger-posts are very well when you find them; but the sooner you can learn to do without them the better: for you will not travel long, depend upon it, before you come into regions of moor, and mist, and bog, and far waste solitudes; and woe be to the wayfarer in such case who has taught himself to travel only by finger-posts and milestones! You must have a compass of sure direction in your own soul, or you may be forced to depend for your salvation on some random saviour, who is only a little less bewildered than yourself. Gird up your loins, therefore, and prove the all-important truth, that as you have to walk only by walking, to leap by leaping, and to fence

by fencing, so you can learn to live nobly only by acting nobly on every occasion that presents itself." Cultivate your moral courage, discipline both heart and intellect; be prompt and firm in resolution. You have made (at least I hope so), you have made your choice; you will not live a life of the earth, earthly, a life of the senses, sensual, but a life of exalted intention and heroic motive; and, therefore, you will often require when temptation besets you or depression, or you are surrounded with hostile influences, to fall back upon the stronghold of your conscience and your will. Do not give way one inch; when a soldier climbs the breach, he goes forward and conquers or retires and perishes. So long as the dykes of Holland maintain a steady front, safe are the lowlands which they shelter and protect; but let the tiniest rift be made, and the sea, oozing in at first with imperceptible drops, will soon widen it into a chasm, burst through in a flood of water, and lay everything in ruin. Keep ever before you, then, a standard of ideal truth and purity, to which, by an effort of moral dynamics, your aspirations and feelings may ascend. "For men on earth," says Schiller, "remains only the choice between the pleasures of sense and the peace of the soul. To attain the peace of the soul on earth, to make the life here approach the divine life, to be free in this kingdom of death, taste not the fruit of the earth. The eye may delight in its outward beauty, but the short-lived pleasures of enjoyment are speedily revenged by the flight of time. Matter alone is subject to vicissitude; but the Ideal, the invisible type of the good and the beautiful, walks above the earth in meadows of light, divine with the divinity, the playmate of blest natures. Would you soar aloft on her wings? Cast away the earthly, and flee from this narrow gloomy life into the kingdom of the ideal. There alone is to be found that image of God in which man was created, the ideal type of manhood living in eternal youth, free from all the impurities of earth, illuminated by the pure rays of absolute perfection, like the silent phantoms of life who are walking in their radiances by the Stygian stream in the Elysian fields, before they step down to this earth, the melancholy tomb of the immortal. If in actual life the issue of our struggle is doubtful, here is victory—a victory not given to free your limbs from further strife, but to give them new strength."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I subjoin Bulwer Lytton's translation (or rather imitation) of this fine passage:—

"With Man the choice,  
Timid and anxious, hesitates between  
The sense's pleasure and the soul's content;  
While on celestial brows, aloft and sheen,  
The beams of both are blent.  
Seek'st thou on earth the life of Gods to share,  
Safe in the Realm of Death? Beware  
To pluck the fruits that glitter to thine eye;

In addressing young men, I cannot conceive it to be necessary to repeat the usual copybook maxims in praise of industry. No one would undertake the work of self-culture who was not prepared to pursue it diligently. It is not the idler or the saunterer who feels any desire to discipline his heart or expand his mind. But I may at least insist upon the necessity of *Perseverance*. I have known young men begin, like soldiers setting out on a march, with a flourish of trumpets. Books are painfully collected; a most elaborate and admirable scheme of study laid down—upon paper; a few problems are solved or a few questions answered; and then in the path of the would-be scholar springs up a giant difficulty. Immediately his heart fails him; he retreats. The books are thrown aside and the plan of study is abandoned on the plea that he is not clever enough for "that sort of thing;" he had overrated his talents; the work is above and beyond him. But what should we say if a general, on investing a fortress, drawing his parallels and designing his lines of circumvallation, suddenly withdrew because his men, in digging the first trench, came upon a hard soil? No; the student must *persevere*. Of course he will meet with difficulties; not one or two or half-a-dozen, but with a legion; only, as he advances, he will find each one easier to conquer than the last, and his continual successes will give him a spirit of easy confidence. Of course he will meet with difficulties; or where would be the glory and utility of study? We do not shower stars and laurels upon a general who marches across an

Content thyself with gazing on their glow.—  
 Short are the joys Possession can bestow,  
 And in Possession sweet desire will die. . . .  
 Safe from each change that Time to Matter gives,  
 Nature's best playmate, free at will to stray,  
 With Gods a god, amidst the fields of Day,  
 The *Form*, the *Archetype*, serenely lives.  
 Wouldst thou soar heavenwards on its joyous wing?  
 Cast from thee, Earth, the bitter and the real,  
 High from this cramped and dungeon being spring  
 Into the Realm of the Ideal!  
 Here, bathed, Perfection, in thy purest ray,  
 Free from the clogs and taints of clay,  
 Hovers divine the Archetypal Man!  
 Dim as those phantom ghosts of life that gleam  
 And wander voiceless by the Stygian stream,—  
 Fair as it stands in fields Elysian,  
 Ere down to Flesh the Immortal doth descend.  
 If doubtful ever in the Actual Life  
 Each contest, *here* a victory crowns the end  
 Of every nobler strife.  
 Not from the strife itself to set thee free,  
 But more to nerve—doth Victory  
 Wave her rich garland from the Ideal clime.  
 Whate'er thy wish, the Earth has no repose."  
 —*Das Ideal und das Leben*, st. i.-v.

undefended country and meets with no opposition. Knowledge would lose half its beauty and much of its usefulness if we could acquire it without a strenuous and incessant effort. The rapture lies in the struggle, not the prize. It is the struggle that carries on the education of the soul and the development of the character; that teaches patience and calmness, and moderation and decision. Of course he will meet with difficulties, but there was never a difficulty yet that could not be conquered. Give a strong man a stout iron pick and give him time, and he will hew his way through adamant rock. So, too, the student, with fit tools and sufficient leisure, can get at the heart of anything he chooses to attack. Industry is good and diligence is better, but perseverance is best. A man may be industrious and yet easily discouraged by failures; he may lose spirit because he thinks he is making little progress. The one virtue of this kind which the student cannot dispense with is this same golden one of perseverance. He may feel himself suddenly checked in the middle of his work by the reflection that it can never amount to much, because he can give to it so brief an interval daily. Let him persevere. My friend, suffer nothing to discourage you; do not own yourself beaten; never give in. If you have only an hour a day, use that hour well. If you have no aptitude for languages, try one of the sciences, or some branch of philosophy, or history, or one of the arts; only, persevere! Remember, you must first learn to learn; and, like a child essaying to walk, you must have your slips and falls; but, persevere:—

“See first that the design is wise and just;  
That ascertained, pursue it resolutely.  
Do not for one repulse forego the purpose  
That you resolved to effect.”

Says Dr. Arnold:—“‘Stand still and see the salvation of God’ was true advice to the Israelites on the shore of the Red Sea; but it was not the advice which is needed in ordinary circumstances; it would have been false advice when they were to conquer Canaan.” And every student has his Canaan to conquer. Let him gird up his loins, cross the Red Sea, march through the wilderness,—but not complaining like the Israelites,—and when he reaches Jericho blow his trumpet round about its walls until they give way. It was a fixed principle with Sir William Jones, the Orientalist, never to be deterred, by any difficulties that were (as all are) surmountable, from carrying to a successful issue what he had once deliberately undertaken. Hence, in the course of his short life he acquired eight languages critically, eight less perfectly, but intelligible with a dictionary, and twelve less perfectly, but so that with a little more study they might be mastered. Oh, the magic of perseverance! I might crowd this page with examples, but Ferguson the astronomer, Sir



Humphry Davy, Herschel the astronomer, Canova the sculptor, Faraday, Daniel Defoe, William Hutton the Birmingham bookseller, all these are now so well known that to mention their names is enough. They proclaim in language of surpassing eloquence, because it is the eloquence of truth, the great fact that nothing can be done without perseverance. It is the statesman's brain, the warrior's sword, the inventor's secret, the scholar's "open sesame." One illustration, however, I shall put before the reader, because it bears directly on the application of perseverance to self-culture. The late brilliant lawyer, Lord Kingsdown, when a boy, was educated in a school at Chiswick, with the view of his being transferred in due time to Westminster and thence to Oxford. But his widowed mother's poverty blighted this fair prospect, and he was kept at Chiswick until the age of sixteen, when he was articled to a solicitor. "I have frequently considered with myself," he wrote in later life, "whether this change in my education tended to my ultimate success or not. At that time nothing but classical literature was taught at public schools; for this I had always a liking. I had gone through something more than the usual routine of schoolbooks before I left Chiswick; and when I was my own master, knowing that from my defective education any blunders I might commit would be the more rigorously marked, and my ignorance be held to be even greater than it was, I devoted myself with some assiduity to the study of Greek and Latin authors. I went through Livy, making extracts of passages which seemed to be suited for quotation in public speaking, several pages of which I have lately found, though I do not know that any one of them has ever been turned to account. I went through the Iliad and Odyssey, translating more than one book of the former into Latin hexameters; twice through Thucydides, making an abstract of every passage as I proceeded by a note in the margin; once through Herodotus and Xenophon, and a good many authors as far as these languages go. Though very far indeed from possessing a competent knowledge of them, I have found in the course of my experience that the greater part of the men with whom I have come in contact have known as little as myself. Living at home with my mother and studying under my uncle, debarred by poverty from mixing much in society or amusements, I was forced into habits of industry and moral restraint to which I had from nature but very moderate dispositions."

The habit of perseverance is specially valuable as a means of *mental* discipline. To check the thought from fluttering aimlessly over many fields, to prevent the imagination from feeding on unprofitable food, I know nothing so effectual as a good stiff course of logic or the thorough study of an ancient or modern language. It is also an instrument of *moral* discipline. When the monks of old dreaded the temptations of Satan, they immediately

redoubled their assiduous labours. And if every hour have its particular occupation, there can be no time for mean jealousies, unclean desires, frivolous fancies ; for any of the fruitless projects and empty passions which too often take possession of the vacant mind, and gradually impel it to its own destruction. Dr. Watts was no poet, but when he said that Satan found some mischief still for idle hands to do, he spoke like a philosopher. The student, however, must not be carried too far in this direction. It is not a danger against which it is necessary to warn most young men : but sometimes the thirst for knowledge so takes possession of an ambitious scholar that he regards all time as mispent which is not given to his beloved books. And this brings me to the consideration of yet another quality which seems essential to the formation of character—I mean moderation. We must remember the old adage, *modus est in rebus*: in all things there is, or should be, a limit. A mania for annexation and scientific frontiers seizes sometimes upon individuals as upon nations, and they are unable to rest while the prospect is open before them of untouched fields of labour. The study of history wings them on to that of metaphysics ; they master Latin and Greek and French only to long for a knowledge of German and Italian ; they acquire chemistry, and then push forward to geology, mineralogy, botany, and Heaven knows what besides. This is the spirit of the true scholar ; and yet we must warn him of the spectre that dogs his path, and, if he be not careful, will suddenly start up before him and arrest all further progress—the spectre of over-work. (Young man, be moderate ! Be moderate in your work as in your recreation. Carefully estimate the amount of time at your disposal, and do not attempt too much. I have pointed out what great results may be accomplished by the orderly and methodical use of your time and energies ; be satisfied with them, and do not urge the delicate machinery of mind and body beyond what it can safely undertake. Load it too heavily, drive it at high pressure, and it will come down with a crash.) I have known young men resort to such expedients as tying a wet towel round the throbbing brow and stimulating the jaded nerves by copious draughts of green tea ; this is simply suicidal. “That way madness lies :”—premature disease, and the ruin of the nervous system. I know of instances of utter collapse through immoderate study ; and the worst of it is, that they might have been prevented, at least in almost every case, by a proper distribution of time and labour. (Method and moderation are the student’s two great safeguards ; he must be moderate in his aims and he must systematise his work.) The mind will bear an immense strain if it be evenly distributed, if the pressure be not applied all at once and in one direction ; it is *muddle* that kills. No man was ever killed by regular work ; on the contrary, the annals of biography prove that it is favourable to longevity. It is

easier to *rust* out than to *wear* out. Here is Benjamin Franklin's scheme of employment for the twenty-four hours of a natural day :—

<i>Morning</i> .....	5	} Rise, wash, and address the Almighty Father; contrive the day's business, and take the resolution of the day; prosecute the present study; breakfast.
[Question : What good shall I do this day ?]	6	
	7	
	8	} Work.
	to	
	11	
<i>Noon</i> .....	12	} Read or look over any accounts, and dine.
	to	
	1	
<i>Afternoon</i> .....	2	} Work.
	to	
	5	
<i>Evening</i> .....	6	} Put things in their place; supper music, or diversion, or conversation, examination of the day.
[Question : What good have I done to-day ?]	to	
	9	
<i>Night</i> .....	10	} Sleep.
	to	
	4	

I do not suggest this time-table for imitation by the reader except in so far as it illustrates the value of method. Every man must determine the apportionment of his time by the conditions under which he gets his living. Moreover, Franklin seems to me to sin against moderation. I cannot accept his allowance of only six hours for sleep. But on this point I shall have something to say in a concluding chapter. Here I am concerned only to insist upon the importance of moderation, and on method as rendering moderation possible. Of Robert Nicol, the Scotch poet and journalist, we read that it was his habit, during the "long days," to rise before five o'clock and repair to the river-side, where he wrote in the open air until seven o'clock, when it was time to attend to his business. Again, when, at nine o'clock in the evening, his daily labour was over, his studies were resumed, and were often prolonged far into the morning. Who will wonder that this want of moderation proved fatal, and that the young poet fell a victim to his injudicious ardour? On the other hand, Sir Edward Coke was content with eight hours of intellectual labour in the day, while Sir Matthew Hale limited himself to six. During the most prosperous part of his career, when his genius was at its greatest vigour, Sir Walter Scott restricted his brain-labour to the morning. Later on, under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, he worked morning, noon, and night, and with how fatal a result we all know. In five years he cleared off £63,000 of liabilities, but it was at the cost of a brain

disease that in a few months proved fatal. Therefore let the student practise a wise and salutary self-restraint: moderation is a bridle of gold.

But if he must be moderate in his work, he must be moderate in his pleasure also. It must be his object to preserve a just balance, the scales inclining neither to the one side nor the other. Sir John Malcolm, who was all his life a laborious worker, has an interesting entry in his diary:—"I have been employed these last three hours with John Elliott and other boys in trying how long we could keep up two cricket-balls. Lord Minto caught us. He says he must send me on a mission to some very young monarch, for that I shall never have the gravity of an ambassador for a prince turned of twelve. He, however, added the well-known and admirable story of Henry IV. of France, who, when caught on all-fours carrying one of his children, by the Spanish envoy, looked up and said, 'Is your Excellency married?' 'I am, and have a family,' was the reply. 'Well, then,' said the monarch, 'I am satisfied, and shall take another turn round the room;' and off he galloped with his little son flogging and spurring him on his back. I have sometimes thought of breaking myself of what are termed boyish habits; but reflection has satisfied me that it would be very foolish, and that I should esteem it a blessing that I can find amusement in everything, from tossing a cricket-ball to negotiating a treaty with the Emperor of China." Relaxation is essential to the performance of honest work; the weary body and outraged nerves revenge themselves upon the brain, so close is the connection between our physical and mental faculties, between body and mind. Only we must not make a business of it. The moderate man will plunge into no excess, and he will seek to regulate his life by just laws of harmony and proportion. Moderation of view: this also he will aim at. He will endeavour to limit his expectations and restrain his ambition; he will be content with small gains so that they be substantial, and will rather travel moderately and safely than at a speed which any moment threatens a catastrophe. Young men, when first entering upon active life, are apt to delude themselves with glittering visions of radiant aerial palaces, which all too quickly vanish into thin space and leave behind only a heartache. Oh! do not think that the game of life is easily played; that all the trumps will turn up in *your* hands; that your masterly skill must surely win it. Remember that Circumstance is an awkward opponent, and that when you think the game is all your own, it has a way of trumping your court card and covering you with confusion. Be moderate! It is a great thing—*equam mentem servare*. Sobriety and calmness and the serenity of a fixed purpose: these are the signs of true wisdom. It is said of Lord Gough that he was restless, irritable, and undecided in the hour before battle, but that as soon as the fight began he became wonderfully tranquil and entirely at his ease. In the

battle of life comport yourself with the same equanimity, and even if you win no victory you will lose no honour. "To the persevering mortal," says Zoroaster, "the blessed immortals are swift." It is at least as true that to the man who expects little Fortune is prone to give much.

(And if moderate in your views, be moderate also in your aims. Do not expect too much, and therefore do not aim at too much. Endeavour to arrive at an accurate estimate of your powers, and whatever you undertake, let it be within your capability.) A failure is disgraceful when it springs from a Phaeton-like presumption; when he whom Nature intends for the useful purpose of guiding a hack endeavours to drive "the coursers of the sun." Boswell one night at the theatre mimicked the lowing of a cow with such success that he was loudly applauded. His vanity prompted him to attempt the imitation of other animals, but in each he was unlucky, and a voice from the gallery shouted the wise injunction:—"Stick to the cow!" Yes, young man! be moderate, and stick to your cow. Depend upon it we have each of us a work to do in this world, and that He who sets the task endows us with the powers adequate to its due execution. Woe be to you or me if we mistake our calling and essay to rise to heights to which our wings will not carry us! It is not every one who can wield the two-handed sword of Roland or bend the bow of William the Norman. I have seen not a few sad examples of the vanity of human ambitions, of the wretchedness of attempting great enterprises with insufficient means. I do not wish to daunt a bold and energetic spirit or to check a worthy aspiration; I am not preaching a lazy, inert contentedness. It is well for every young man to look upward and to strive upward, but first he must reckon with himself, and determine the extent and character of his resources. It is well he should rise, but not to fall! Let him climb step by step, at each landing-place making sure of his footing, and testing his strength before he ventures on the next ascent. It is the moderate men who have it all their own way in the world; it is the athlete who most carefully husbands his resources that wins the race. Emerson wisely says:—"Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much." But observe the qualification: "Do that which is assigned you;" in other words, that which is within your means. Waller, the lyricist, does not attempt a "Paradise Lost;" Opie, the artist, does not paint a "Transfiguration." But when lyricist or artist *does* miscalculate his powers, *does* allow his ambition to run away with him, we know what is the result—failure, and the inextinguishable laughter of gods and men. The would-be poet's great epic lines our trunks; the would-be artist's masterpieces are ignominiously sold for fuel! For, do what we will, we cannot cheat Nature; we cannot twist ropes out of sand; we cannot extract sunshine from cucumbers.

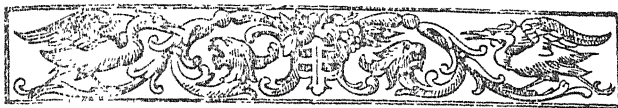
In all this I see no cause for despondency. The special error of young ambitions is that they think nothing is well done unless it is done on a large scale. They fancy that everybody must play Hamlet; though what would become of Hamlet if there were no Ghost, no Horatio, no Laertes? And, indeed, if you study Shakespeare's play, you will soon see that nothing could be made out of it if Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were omitted. My contention is that it is better to play Rosencrantz well than to play Hamlet badly. It is more honourable to make a boat that will keep out water, and fit the foot easily, and approve itself a good honest piece of workmanship, than to write a bad poem.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."<sup>1</sup>

Do not trouble yourself about your social rank or your particular lot in life, but whatever that rank or lot, strive to adorn it by the exercise of the manly virtues and the graces of the Christian character. Let moderation govern your aims and restrain your desires; and the work which comes to you as manifestly yours, the work which you are conscious you can undertake without undue strain, will acquire a new and just importance both in your own eyes and the eyes of your fellow-men. Be moderate, and as you yourself wisely refrain from attempting that which lies beyond your strength, be careful not to expect too much from others. Be just even to generosity and generous even to justice. Learn, finally, to control your temper. It is well to glow with sacred indignation at the sight of wrong, fraud, or oppression; but it is wasteful and imprudent to be at a white heat at all things and all times. Be angry and sin not. A calm, equable temper facilitates work; it is a sign that a man's intellect as well as his heart is in the right place. Who are we that we should expend our irritability upon others? Some persons bristle all over, like a porcupine, with prickles and points: touch them where or how you will, you are sure to wound your fingers. Learn to deal calmly with men and manners; take the accidents of life as they come, patiently and without complaint. Let nothing ruffle you out of that equanimity which is based on a sense of duty and a belief in an overruling Providence. To bear and forbear is half the philosophy of life, and to a strong man there is no difficulty in it. The meanest, poorest life may be made noble and beautiful by investing it with the sweet serenity of patience.

<sup>1</sup> Or, as Robert Browning has it:—

"All service ranks the same with God :  
If now, as formerly He trod  
Paradise, His presence fills  
Our earth, each only as God wills  
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst  
Are we : there is no last or first."



## CHAPTER IV.

### CONDUCT.

**T**HE world judges us by our conduct ; it has neither the time nor the inclination to study our character ; moreover, it assumes that our conduct is necessarily the reflex of our character. Now, it by no means follows that a man's actions are always a fair or certain indication of his judgment, his passions, or his opinions ; frequently they exaggerate or belie them, but we cannot stop to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. We take him as he is, and determine what he *is* from what he *does*. So that if he desiderate a lenient or favourable criticism, he will shape his course accordingly. The criticism that deals in generalisations, and does not condescend to particulars, must always be imperfect and often will be unjust ; yet I do not see that from society at large any other can reasonably be expected. One cannot ask that it should analyse motives or make subtle allowance for circumstances. If it see Lothario bespattered with mud, it concludes he has been in the gutter. When Prince Hal keeps company with Falstaff and Bardolph, it seems natural enough that "the soul of every man prophetically doth forethink his fall." He may console himself privately with the thought that he imitates the sun in permitting "the base contagious clouds to smother up his beauty from the world," so that he may win the greater admiration when he at last breaks through "the foul and ugly mists of vapours that did seem to strangle him ;" but meanwhile the world sees only the clouds, and does not believe in the sunshine. No ; we must all of us keep a guard on our conduct. We may refuse a slavish deference to Mrs. Grundy, and yet feel that it is impolitic to supply her with the material of calumny. Youth is apt to presume too much on the innocence of its intentions ; it must be careful that its doings are innocent, are incapable of being misconstrued. Again, youth is prone to consider it a high and brave thing to defy the world ; will talk finely about its scorn of conventionalities ; will pour out eloquent dithyrambs in advocacy and applause of individual freedom. But, as Mill shows us, the liberty of the few must not be exercised in encroachment upon the rights of

the many ; liberty when limited to the few degenerates too often into license—into the liberty to take liberties with other people's liberties. The laws of society are designed to ensure the harmonious relations of its members : and a little reflection will show that by rebelling against them a man has little, if anything, to gain, and much to lose. Eccentricities of conduct are as annoying, if not as objectionable, as more violent excesses ; and there is really nothing to be said in defence of them. It may be, and is, very foolish for Oxford undergraduates at Commemorations to howl down an intruder with a white hat, but why did the man wear it ? Selden wisely says :—"He that will keep a monkey should pay for the glasses he breaks." And he who violates the laws and accepted traditions of society must endure the consequences.

There will be little to cavil at in the conduct of the student who accepts and acts upon the ideal of self-culture expounded in these pages. For, as it includes the education of the heart as well as the training of the intellect, it provides for a fair and seemly discharge of the duties which life brings with it. We have already seen what it would make of him as son and brother—what it would make of him in his daily vocation—with what kind of aim and purpose it would inspire him :—"To preserve in his home the graceful order of pure and peaceful affections ; to omit in the world no delicate attention of friendship : to forget not the claims of poverty and ignorance and sin to the compassion of all who would be faithful to their kind ;" this, and to nurture and confirm those high faculties which God has given him as a trust, is its determinate object. "We are often the last," says James Martineau, "to see how noble are our opportunities, to feel how inspiring the voices that call us to high duties and productive sacrifice ; and while we loiter on in the track of drowsy habit, esteeming our lot common and profane, better hearts are looking on, burning within them to stand on the spot where we stand, to seize its hopes, and be true to all its sacredness." But self-culture, rightly understood, will rouse us to a sense of our opportunities, will open our ears to the voices of inspiration, so that our conduct of life shall become that of a Christian gentleman, conscious of the responsibilities both of the present and the future :—

"At tibi juvenus, at tibi immortalitas :  
Tibi parva divum est vita. Periment nutius  
Elementa sese et interibunt ieribus.  
Tu permanebis soli semper integra,  
Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,  
Jam portu in ipso tuta, contemplabere."

Looking forward with a hope so large and glorious, the student will be encouraged to live for God and his fellow-men. He will be constantly rising, and helping others to rise, in virtue and in knowledge, in benevolence and in religion. He will love, and not be ashamed to own that he loves, whatever is pure, beautiful



honest, of good report. He will respond to the appeal of the highest poetry, the purest art, the most consummate science. He will carry a devout enthusiasm into his daily life, so that it shall elevate his thoughts, sanctify his feelings, consecrate his industry. His moral and religious duties he will approach in a humble, reverend, unassuming spirit, making no pharisaic vaunt of superior righteousness, but firmly clinging to religion as the sole sure basis of morality, and seeing in the nature of man and the things of the universe the omnipresent benevolence and wisdom of God. And in thus developing the ideal of self-culture and striving like a true man to live nobly, he will find his strength and support in prayer, in constant communion with that Father in heaven whose inspiration is constant, who ceases not to work within us so long as we consent to will and to do His good pleasure. Without prayer self-culture must be a sham and a mockery, for around this central idea of loving, trustful intercourse with God it revolves like a planetary system round its sun.

Coming down to secular and everyday matters, I am myself aware that certain rules of conduct might easily be prescribed for the student; but I have preferred to indicate the general principles which underlie the proper aims and work of life, and to leave to each reader the several applications of them. The young man who has seriously taken up the great task of self-culture can hardly be less willing than myself to believe in the advantages of punctuality and industry, less convinced than myself of the evils of negligence and procrastination. Let us advance a little farther. And this seems to be of special importance: that on the threshold of his career, while still lingering in the porch, the student should learn the positive value or efficiency of Money. It is a knowledge that some of us gain only after a bitter experience, when the shore is strewn with shattered hopes and wrecked ambitions. As Lord Palmerston said of dirt that it was matter in the wrong place, so it may be said of money that it is dirt in the right place, when its acquisition and distribution are governed by high sentiments of honour and becomingness. All our generous scorn of avarice, all our just contempt for men who make money the prize and goal of their restless and insatiate endeavour, who test even virtue and knowledge by what they will fetch in the market, must not blind us to its usefulness, nor put us out of conceit with the law that a labourer is worthy of his hire. Young somewhere speaks of "the wretched impotence of gold." Well, there are many things for and in which it is powerless, but not the less does it contain what Dr. Johnson would have called "a potentiality" of good. It can bring strength to the feeble and relief to the oppressed; it can kindle a smile on the orphan's cheek, and dry the tears in the widow's aching eyes. Use it, but not abuse it. Keep it, as Swift says, in your head, but not in your heart. Some young men display a fine carelessness in deal-

ing with it, a lordly indifference, and fling away the dross right and left, complaining that it soils their fingers. But such recklessness, lofty as it is, means debt, and debt means wretchedness. No student can afford to be in debt; the consequent anxiety starts up, spectre-like, between him and his books; he cannot exorcise it. Goldsmith, writing to his brother, says with simple pathos :—"Teach to your son thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher while I was exposing myself to the insidious approaches of cunning, and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess. I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who did not thank me for my bounty." It may seem a sordid condition of happiness, but it is an inflexible one, that a young man should live within his income; he will not live up to it without, sooner or later, living beyond it. And then comes the first debt, to be followed quickly by another, and then another, with a long and dreary train behind; for debt is like a snowball, which enlarges as it moves along, *vires acquirit eundo*. The worst of it is, that the victim, from familiarity with it, too often loses all sense of danger, forgets the poisonous nature of the draught he drinks until it is destroying him. Or if he be of a sensitive temperament, haply he attains to no such condition of easy-mindedness, but writhes in agony beneath the pressure of a burden that is incessantly growing heavier.

I am not at all sure that poverty is any great injury to a student, at least in these days, when the appliances of education are so cheap, and the road to knowledge has been cleared of most of the tolls. In the first place, it is a great stimulus to labour; so great a stimulus that Pythagoras said :—"Ability and necessity dwell near each other." Almost all our great thinkers and workers have been poor men—(I use the word "poor," of course, as an antithesis to "rich," and not in the sense of "indigent")—Locke and Newton, Milton and Shakespeare, Spenser and Wordsworth. Dr. Johnson owed much of his force of character to his poverty, which, indeed, in his case, approximated closely to want. He used to tell how Richard Savage and himself often walked the streets until four in the morning, conversing upon things human and divine, until they could endure the pangs of hunger no longer, and proceeded to breakfast on fourpence-halfpenny between them. Second, poverty aids the discipline of the heart. It teaches endurance and sympathy; we learn to feel for others through what we ourselves suffer. And third, it takes from us the means of yielding to the coarser temptations, and urges us to seek our pleasures in the study of Nature and the companionship of books. On the other hand, poverty has a hardening and narrowing effect

upon certain characters, and exposes a man to much painful contumely, and many sharp rubs against the world's sharp angles. But it is only oppressive in its burden, only demoralising in its influence, when it is the result of prolonged indebtedness, when it is the delirium of a fever of dissipation and extravagance. It is possible, I think, to make a distinction, and say that the honourable poverty in which one is nurtured, as Ferguson was, and Franklin, and George Stephenson, strengthens and inspires; but that the squalid poverty into which excess plunges a man, as it plunged Sheridan and Theodore Hook, weakens and degrades. But whether you enter upon your race, my friend, in the poor man's cloth of frieze or the rich man's cloth of gold, form at the outset a habit of economy, accustom yourself to the strict measures of thrift, and cry to the demon of debt:—"Get thee behind me, Satan!"

Four primary "causes" may be distinguished as issuing in this one fatal "effect" of debt—namely, dress, gambling, ostentation, expensive amusements. No man who has once resolutely seized upon the idea of self-culture will allow himself to be beguiled into either of these snares. Dress, for example: a really small sum will enable you to maintain a becoming and respectable "appearance," even though you should be unable to practise the wonderful asceticism of a Scotch student known to the present writer, whose bill for clothes did not exceed £5 per annum. Self-respect demands that we shall attire ourselves in garments which will not attract notice by their vulgarity or coarseness; but this is the sole consideration that need regulate our toilet. Leave the fops and fribbles of fashionable society to have a conceit about coats, a taste in trousers, a wit that discriminates in waistcoats; you and I, my friend, have deeper interests to study, higher objects to pursue. Simplicity, cleanliness, neatness, these are our canons of dress, and, adhere we to them ever so closely, they will not run us into debt. But what shall we say of gambling? On a large scale we may suppose it to be out of reach of the young student. Happily the doors are closed to him of those appropriately named "hells," where so many lives and fortunes have been hopelessly wrecked. But the gambling spirit, once aroused, finds means of indulgence almost everywhere, and it must be the student's task to repress its primary exhibition. Let him make a solemn resolution never to meddle with wagers or games of chance. Let him eschew the slightest connection with horse-racing, and steadfastly set his face against every variety of speculation. The curse of our age is the inordinate desire to grow rich rapidly, to make money without working honestly for it; but whether you dabble in the transactions of the Stock Exchange or invest in "bogus" companies, you are as surely sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind as if you staked your all on the chances of "rouge et noir." Morning and evening the gates of Mammon are

thrown open to entice alike the unscrupulous and the unwary. In the mad race for wealth men throw aside their keen sense of honour and women their natural delicacy. Alas for the student if he too be seized with the prevailing fever! He may then say farewell to all hope of self-culture, all thought of "plain living and high thinking." "The excess," says an eloquent writer, "to which this master-passion is carried prevents our just and natural estimate of happiness. It cannot be otherwise when that which is but a means is elevated into the greatest of ends; when that which gives command over some physical comforts becomes the object of intenser desire than all blessings intellectual and moral, and we live to get rich instead of getting rich that we may live. The mere lapse of years is not life: to eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our bookkeeper and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, are the true nourishment of our natural being. But these things, which penetrate to the very core and marrow of existence, the votaries of riches are apt to fly; they like not anything that touches the central and immortal consciousness; they hurry away from occasions of sympathy into the snug retreat of self; escape from life into the pretended cares for a livelihood; and die at length busy as ever in preparing the means of living." A third cause of debt I have stated to be ostentation; the silly ambition of appearing something that we really are not, of outshining our companions, of surpassing them in their lavishness, of going beyond them in their excesses. I have known the lives of not a few young men overclouded at the outset by their submission to this most frivolous of temptations. They mixed perhaps in what is called good society; their companions were better able than themselves to dress well and live expensively; but instead of manfully relying on their character and conduct to secure respect, they attempted to meet their "friends" on their own ground, and to claim equality with them on the score that they spent as much as, or even more than, they did—the strangest standard for a man's moral and intellectual measurement that ever was set up! Brown expects Jones and Thomson to admire him because he lives at a rate which he cannot afford! But this ostentation is vulgar as well as dishonest. No true gentleman demands the suffrages of

his fellows on false pretences ; no true gentleman affects to be other than he really is. Society not unjustly ridicules the parvenu in every class ; the man who hopes to make "a position" by putting forward external and adventitious circumstances as his "letters of recommendation." The satire of Thackeray is never more keen than when it is directed against such professions. Lastly, an indulgence in expensive amusements is a frequent cause of debt. But you will say that young men must have recreation. True ; but the recreation that eventually dips them deep into mental anguish can never be worth the cost. If you cannot afford to frequent theatres, or give supper-parties, or "join in outings," you must seek a cheaper mode of relaxation. A student once told me that he had never any difficulty in finding economical amusement. There were the public picture galleries and scientific exhibitions, he said, or a walk down Fleet Street, with a peep into the shop windows ; good concerts could be enjoyed at a comparatively trivial outlay ; and a few pence for a railway return ticket carried him into the fresh greenness of the country. Where there's a will there's a way, and a man may take his pleasures cheaply if he be a true disciple of thrift. A game at cricket is both cheaper and more wholesome than a game at billiards. An hour's stroll on Hampstead Heath or in Bushy Park is both cheaper and more wholesome than "an oyster-supper." I have often wished that some one with the requisite knowledge would compile a guide to the cheap amusements which are open to the people ; it might be made, I think, both useful and interesting. A man's tastes, however, so far as they are honest and decent, must necessarily be consulted in the choice of recreation ; and the simple duty of the moralist is to insist upon the advantage of economy, which, in Johnson's sonorous language, is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease, and the beauteous sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health.

I have often put forward the thesis that the love of nature is an essential part of true wisdom. I believe it has also a happy effect upon a man's character and conduct. In itself it is a perennial source of enjoyment. The Creator looked forth upon His work and pronounced it good. And who can ever be weary or unhappy who finds a joy in every flower and a delight in every stream ? Wherever he may be he finds something that interests him, something that engages his fancy, something that appeals to his sympathies. Whatever the season, he finds around him a rare museum of objects of curiosity and wonder. Let him but open his heart to her, and Nature will breathe into it a divine benediction, which exorcises evil thoughts and dispels the suggestions of despondency. Her influence has a charm in it which subdues our coarser tendencies. It is surely difficult to retain our worldliness in the presence of the vast silent forces of the mountains, or within hearing of the mysterious voices of the sea. The mind

must indeed be debased, the heart corrupted, that can cling to its worthless idols when the lark's song falls in liquid drops of melody from "Heaven's gate," and the morning breeze comes over the hills with the freshness and the balm of the pine-woods on its wings. I cannot conceive of self-culture unless it includes the study of Nature, so as to render both the imagination and the intellect susceptible of its elevating and purifying inspiration. What better influence can flow in upon the soul of man than that which lives in forest and sea and star, is equally active in the primrose by the river's brim, and the cold white glacier that rolls with sure if imperceptible motion down the rugged Alpine precipice? Music? There are wonderful cadences and modulations in the flow of the stream and the songs of birds, while indescribable harmonies are swolen by the myriad voices that go up from the eloquent earth. Art? It is to Nature that Art turns for her finest inspiration, from Nature that she borrows her subtlest combinations of form and colour. Science? Nature is its well-head, its origin; at once its reason and its justification. Can there be a sweeter, a tenderer power than that of the pastoral meadows and the purple vineyards and the waving cornfields, or can there be a grander and sublimer effect than that of the mountain-peak which cleaves like a golden arrow the dim vast blue, or of the far-spreading plain of ocean, with its ever-shifting lights and shadows? But here I cannot refrain from quoting a passage from Ruskin, which says beautifully all that I should stammer out imperfectly:—"It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in, as it were, unawares upon the heart; it comes quietly and without excitement; it has no terror, no gloom in its approaches; it does not raise up the passions; it is untrammelled by the creeds and shadowed by the superstitions of man; it is fresh from the hands of its Author, glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit which pervades and quickens it; it is written on the arched sky; it looks out from every star; it is on the sailing cloud and in the invisible wind; it is among the hills and valleys of the earth, where the shrubless mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong wind with its dark waves of green foliage; it is spread out, like a legible language, upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean; it is the poetry of Nature; it is this which uplifts the spirit within us until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation, which breaks, link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality, and opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness." Make this influence yours, my friend, and you will be strong enough to defy the accidents of circumstance, the trials that darken and disorder life. It will provide you with a rest when you are weary, and a consolation when you are sorrowful. It will be the sweet and pure companion of your solitude. It will reveal to you the

secrets of the wisdom and goodness of Him of whom Nature is but the material vesture. It will expose to you the meanness of the ambitions for which men struggle so violently among themselves, and fill you with those high and sacred thoughts that keep the heart from fainting and the soul from sleep.

A man's *conduct* in life will necessarily depend to a great extent upon his *object* in life. The worm which crawls along the earth has no conception of the delight and wholesomeness of the loftier air. If a man's standard be low, he attains it without effort; but then effort, or endeavour, is the impulse which should call out his energies and develop his faculties. If we would lead a worthy life, it is clear, then, that we must have a worthy aim; in other words, we must set before ourselves a noble ideal. Once we fix that ideal in our minds and hearts as something to be realised, something which must and shall be ours, we shall begin to live up to it, and every day will bear witness to our mental and spiritual growth. It is the prize that dignifies and consecrates the struggle, though it does not, as we have said, constitute its enjoyment. The Victoria Cross lends a new and splendid lustre to every deed of valour. A soldier bent on winning that high symbol of physical courage will greatly surpass his comrades in battle-daring; his soul will rise spontaneously to the measure of heroism demanded of it. Therefore, while inculcating modesty of temperament and a nice humility of behaviour, I would have a young man pitch his projects high, and if he do so the chances are that he will strike far beyond them. Warren Hastings set out in life with the resolve to win back the estate of Daylesford for his family; he succeeded, but he did much more,—he laid broad and sure the foundations of our Indian empire, and secured for himself a front place among English statesmen. His aim, I admit, was not a very lofty one; the aim of selfish ambition never can be. To the scholar a grander view of life, a grander object in life, are possible; let him expand his thoughts, let him embrace the future in his survey, let him remember that not time only but eternity is at his command, and then enter upon a work and a purpose not unbefitting the heir of so many glorious promises. (For every man in this wide world of ours a true vocation has assuredly been provided, if he will but earnestly seek to discover it, and afterwards to labour in it like a faithful servant.) Few of us fail through aiming too high; our mean lives are generally on a level with our mean aspirations. Once, when as a boy I was learning to shoot at a mark, my instructor said to me:—"Shoot higher than the mark, or you will never hit it." There was a fine moral in his advice, which I commend to the reader's grave consideration. Who can doubt that Milton wrote "*Paradise Lost*" because, from the first, he had resolved on the composition of no "strained rhymes," but of an epic that the world would not willingly let die? Would Titian have painted such grand thoughtful faces if he had been content

to take the portraits of the loungers in the wine-shops! Would Michael Angelo have created a "Moses" out of the marble if he had confined his chisel to the sculpture of rampant fauns and dancing nymphs? No; as the conception, so the execution; as the purpose in life, so the conduct. Our minds must ever aspire to

" More pellucid streams,  
An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal gleams."

Knowledge, knowledge must be our object; that comprehensive knowledge which will enable us to do our duty; and in striving after it, in daily reaching towards fresh heights, we shall feel a pleasure such as is never felt by those contented with the vulgar ambitions. To the man whom self-culture has strengthened, ennobled, inspired, what are the accidents of fortune or the temptations of wealth? It is in himself that he is thus and thus. Adversity may beset him, but it cannot shake his serene security of spirit. The conditions surrounding him may be harsh and distasteful, but they cannot affect the resolution with which he makes towards the victorious goal. And it may be that the materials with which he has to work are of inferior quality; the work, nevertheless, shines with the purity of the worker's conception. So it is said of Guido, that one day when an Italian noble asked him from what model he obtained the grace and ideal beauty of his female heads, he answered:—"I will show you," and calling to him a rude and uncouth peasant, bade him sit down, turn his head, and look up at the sky. Then, taking his chalk, he rapidly drew a Magdalene, tender and subdued in her penitent loveliness; and, to the expressed astonishment of the noble, replied:—"The beautiful and pure idea must be in the mind, and then it matters not what the model may be."

There are certain temptations besetting young men to which in these pages it is difficult to allude, and yet, in endeavouring to expound the threefold idea of self-culture, as physical, moral, and intellectual, an honest writer cannot wholly overlook them. Against intemperance it is scarcely necessary to raise the warning: in respectable society men do not get drunk nowadays; a stigma and a reproach attach to the vice, and it is fatal to a young man's success in any decent calling. But if young men, as a rule, do not drink to excess, they frequently drink too much, and lay up for their later years "a heritage of woe" in an enfeebled nervous system, a sodden brain, and a decrepit body. The habit of drinking with one another, at all times and on all kinds of excuses, accustoms them to an immoderate amount of alcohol. The right conduct of life, however, has for its primary condition temperance; temperance strict and absolute, in its wider as well as its ordinary significance. Fatal to the development of the intellect, fatal to the cultivation of the moral faculties, fatal to high aims and



generous impulses, is the drinking habit,—the habit of swallowing glasses of intoxicating liquors on the pretence of good-fellowship, or in obedience to some self-created necessity. The student is often beguiled into the dangerous practice from a notion that the jaded brain requires, and is the better for, a stimulant. After a severe bout of study, he is apt to feel a depression of the animal spirits which can best be removed, he thinks, by a little alcohol. It is just as if one set to work to extinguish a fire by pouring oil upon it. To the student a regular indulgence in stimulants is ruin. The appetite will increase; the yearning after the artificial excitement will grow stronger; and at the same time the power of resistance will diminish. After a long and wide experience, I am able to say, that no work is so well done as the work which is done by unaided Nature; and that the student who resorts to stimulants is guilty not only of a vice but of a blunder.

"There is but one temple in the universe," says Novalis, "and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body." This may be accepted as an eloquent paraphrase of St. Paul's exclamation:—"What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God: and ye are not your own?" Whether as Christians or as rational beings, appreciating the wonderful organisation of the body, we are bound to withdraw it from the contagion of impurity. Chastity is often spoken of as if it were especially a woman's virtue; and as a matter of fact a man's sins of impudicity society seems to regard with considerable indulgence. But for the good of the soul and the well-being of the mind, as a safeguard against premature decay, as essential to the spiritual health, chastity must be enforced upon men. As Jeremy Taylor says:—"A pure mind in a chaste body is the mother of wisdom and deliberation, sober counsels and ingenuous actions, open deportment and sweet carriage, sincere principles and unprejudicate understanding, love of God and self-denial, peace and confidence, holy prayer and spiritual comfort, and a pleasure of spirit infinitely greater than the sottish pleasure of unchastity." The "*mens sana*" which, in conjunction with the "*corpore sano*," we rightly put forward as the chief pledge and earnest of earthly happiness, must also be "*mens pura*," unprofaned by indulgence of irregular and illicit desires. Breaches of chastity are heavily visited by Him who is perfect Purity; visited on the body and the intellect, on brain, heart, and soul; though it is impossible for us here to follow the profligate into the terrible degradation which their sin brings upon them—

" But when lust,  
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
But most by lewd and lewish acts of sin,

Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Embodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being."

To the impure, physiology as well as religion cries:—"Be sure thy sin shall find thee out! Nemesis dogs thy footsteps, and her avenging stroke is certain, however long delayed." Let me affectionately warn the young student against this terrible, this degrading vice, which poisons the relations between the sexes, and undermines the foundations of honourable love. The lewd jest, the lewd song, the lewd book, the lewd play—these let him shun as the accursed instruments of evil, bearing always in mind the Divine promise that the pure in heart shall see God. And the pure heart will close its portals against even the slightest suggestion of wrong; it is like the mother-of-pearl which admits no drop of water save that which comes from heaven. "When fruits are whole," says St. Francis de Sales, "you may store them up securely, some in straw, some in sand or amid their own foliage; but, once bruised, there is no means of preserving them save with sugar or honey. Even so the purity which has never been tampered with may well be preserved to the end; but when once that has ceased to exist nothing can ensure its existence but genuine devotion, which, as I have often said, is the very honey and sugar of the mind."

I may quote from the same admirable writer his remarks on the best mode of maintaining purity. He cautions the young to be swift in turning aside from whatever leads to uncleanness; for the sin is one which approaches with a stealthy foot, one in which the smallest beginnings are apt for rapid growth. It is easier to fly from it than to overcome it. The source of purity is the heart; but it is in the body that its material results take shape, and therefore it may be perfected both through the exterior senses and by the thoughts and desires of the heart. All lack of modesty in seeing, hearing, speaking, smelling, or touching, is impurity, especially when the heart takes pleasure therein. Remember that there are things which blemish perfect purity, without being in themselves actually impure. Aught which tends to blunt its extreme sensitiveness, or to cast the slightest shadow over it, is of this character; and all evil thoughts, or foolish acts of levity or heedlessness, are as steps towards the direct breach of the law of chastity. Avoid the society of the sensual; if a foul animal lick the sweet almond tree, its fruit, it is fabled, becomes bitter; and so a corrupt and unclean man can scarcely hold communication with others and not impair their perfect purity. On the other hand, seek the company of the modest and good; read and consider holy things; for the Word of God is a fountain of purity, and cleanses and strengthens those who study it; wherefore David likens it to gold and precious stones.



## Part II.

### MENTAL SELF-CULTURE.



"In self-culture, by distinctly recognising his own individual powers, as originally and specifically belonging to *his* mind, a man is less likely to waste his strength in cultivating those faculties which are dormant or feeble. He is taught also to be contented with the mental-place assigned him among his fellows, and not to attempt to imitate those from whom he differs essentially by natural constitution. He thus avoids self-contradiction—the source of all affectation. By reflecting on the harmony and beauty which spring in all nature from variety, he sees that his individuality is but a part of a wide and consummate plan. A wood in which the gnarled oak, the delicate larch, the graceful birch, the wide-spreading beech, the old thorn, even the rough briar, and the fern in the foreground, are all varieties essential to the general effect of beauty or grandeur in the landscape; teaching him a lesson of content with the condition assigned to him here, by that Power which formed his soul as well as the trees he is gazing upon, and appointed him his place, as it has theirs, in this great whole. To fill that place well, however humble it may be, he feels is his duty, the sole purpose for which he was placed here. He has no sure instincts to guide him to this end. He must accomplish this by labour in the right direction."—"*Evening Thoughts*," by a Physician.

"One great aim, like a guiding-star, above,  
Which tasks strength, wisdom, stateliness, to lift  
His manhood to the height that takes the prize."

—Robert Browning.

"In the poorest cottage are books—is *one* Book, wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light and nourishment, and an interpreting response to whatever is deepest in him; wherein still, to this day, for the eye that will look well, the mystery of evidence reflects itself, if not resolved, yet revealed, and prophetically emblemed; if not to the satisfying of the outward sense, yet to the opening of the inward sense, which is the far grander result. 'In books lie the creative Phoenix.

ashes of the whole past!' All that men have devised, discovered, done, felt, or imagined, lies recorded in books; wherein whoso has learned the mystery of spelling printed letters may find it and appropriate it."—*Thomas Carlyle*.

"Wie fruchtbar ist der Kleinste Kreis  
Wenn man ihn wohl zu pflegen weiss."

—*Goethe*.

"The arts are sisters, languages are close kindred, sciences are fellow-workmen; almost every branch of human knowledge is connected with biography; biography falls into history which, after drawing into itself various minor streams, such as geography, jurisprudence, political and social economy, arrives full upon the still deeper waters of general philosophy. There are very few, if any, vacant spaces between various kinds of knowledge; any track in the forest, steadfastly pursued, leads into one of the great highways; just as you often find, in considering the story of any little island, that you are perpetually brought back into the general history of the world, and that this small rocky place has partaken the fate of mighty thrones and distant empires."—*Sir Arthur Helps*.

"Make your books your friends,  
And study them unto the noblest ends;  
Searching for knowledge, and to keep your mind  
The same it was inspired, rich, and refined."

—*Ben Jonson*.

"Pleasure there is in all studies to such as are truly addicted to them—sweetness which, like Circe's cup, bewitched a student so that he cannot leave off. Julius Scaliger was so much affected with poetry that he broke out into a pathetic protestation he had rather be the author of twelve verses in Lucian, or such an ode as in Horace, than Emperor of Germany."—*Burton*, "*Anatomy of Melancholy*."

"Omni die renovare debemus propositum nostrum, dicentis; nunc hodie profecta incipiamus, quia nihil est quod hactenus fecimus."—"*Imitatio Christi*."





## CHAPTER I.

### HOW TO READ.

**I**F I were to pray for a taste," says Sir John Herschel in a well-known passage, "which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading." But these are not the only, nor are they the highest, advantages which a taste for reading brings with it; these are not the only nor the highest purposes which a taste for reading may be made to subserve. In a work upon self-culture, however, it is not upon a *taste* for reading, but upon the *duty* of reading, that we must enlarge, inasmuch as reading is the chief instrument and agency of intellectual development and moral discipline. There have been men of action who have done great things, though they have read little; there have been men who have supplied the want of mental training by the insight of genius, the teaching of experience, or the habit of observation. But apart from the probability that, had they read and known more, even *their* work would have been better done, we must acknowledge that it is not for cases so exceptional, for men lifted high above their fellows by great natural endowments, that rules are laid down or modes of study prescribed. The fact remains that, in Self-Culture, reading must play the principal part. We have no other means of access to a nation's literature, which is necessarily the expression of its thought and feeling and the record of its growth. We have no other means of access to the conclusions at which men of genius have arrived on the subjects most closely associated with human happiness. (For the man who does not read there can be no past; and if he think, or reason, or experiment, he must do so from his own small starting-point, with his own limited resources, and not as the inheritor of the accumulated treasures of generations.) It is related of a distinguished mathematician that, in his boyhood, away from books, he worked out several elementary propositions in mechanics, which he duly committed to paper as important and interesting discoveries. Judge of his mortifica-

tion when his first introduction to a large library showed him that his "discoveries" were old and well-worn facts, familiar to every scholar. (It is in this embarrassing position with respect to all knowledge that the man places himself who does not read. He is ignorant of the high-water mark to which human investigation and speculation has already risen.) To him the ages before his own time are a blank. Men have lived, and thought, and suffered; but not for him. He knows only what he sees; and he sees imperfectly for want of instruction. And so he stumbles along in a darkness of night that is of his own making, and by devious and rugged bypaths, because unconscious that human labour has already constructed a broad, straight road to the desired goal.

Let us glance for a moment at one or two of the most obvious benefits of reading; for, trite as the subject is, it can never be without interest. First, then, it brings us, through history and poetry, into direct communication with the great events of the past. It enables us to trace the rise and growth and decay of empires. We see how the wave of civilisation, now for a time arrested and now forced back, now shut in at one point and now contracted at another, occasionally growing shallower and then again broadening and deepening with irresistible strength, has nevertheless pursued on the whole a steadily advancing course, and gradually extended its fertilising conquests. We see how the condition of the masses of mankind, in spite of many obstacles and long periods of depression and terrible catastrophes, has slowly improved; so that the poor of to-day, at least in all civilised countries, enjoy greater comforts than fell to the lot of their forefathers. We mark the preparation of the heathen world for the advent of Christianity, and afterwards pursue the progress of Christianity itself, and observe how vast the changes it has introduced into the complex economy of social life. We perceive the transfer of power and influence from one race to another, from one nation to another, and become aware of the causes which have brought it about, and of the circumstances under which it has been effected. Babylon, and Greece, and Macedonia, and Rome; Persia, and Egypt, and Arabia; these cease to be names—cease to be dim vague shadows thrown upon the imagination like the figures of a magic lantern upon canvas—are transformed into realities, the nature and bounds of which we are able to understand. They lead us to reflect on the irony of history, on what has been called the mockery of fate; to reflect on the strange correspondence between the lives of individuals and the fortunes of nations. Bishop Thirlwall observes that—for nations as for men—the moment of the highest prosperity is often that which immediately precedes the most ruinous disaster; and he adds, that (as in the case not only of a Xerxes, a Charles the Bold, a Philip the Second, and a Napoleon, but of

Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage, and Venice) "it is the sense of security that constitutes the danger, it is the consciousness of power and the desire of exerting it that cause the downfall." These "signal and sudden reverses" call for our careful attention; but even more careful should be the attention given to the operation of that universal law, a law not less powerful in the moral than in the physical world, "according to which the period of inward languor, corruption, and decay, which follows that of maturity, presents an aspect more dazzling and commanding, and to those who look only at the surface inspires greater confidence and respect, than the season of youthful health, of growing but unripened strength." At no time did the power of the Persians appear more formidable than when Xerxes forced upon the Greeks the peace of Antalcidas; and yet it was even then so honeycombed and insecure that, as was afterwards seen, a slight shock would have been sufficient to overthrow it. How Europe trembled when Napoleon led his four hundred thousand fighting men across the Niemen to complete the subjugation of the Continent by the chastisement of Russia! Yet at that very time the imperial throne was rocking and reeling to its fall. When the ships of the Invincible Armada moored in the Channel, so that the waters seemed to groan beneath their burden, Spain appeared to occupy an impregnable position of majesty and might; within half a century it had sunk into a second-rate power.

That irony of history of which I am speaking, which we learn to appreciate and apprehend through books, may receive another illustration. It will be seen by the student, in comparing the history of great cities with that of their respective states, that the splendour of the one has often been in inverse proportion to the decay and corruption of the other. "The ages of conquest and glory had passed before Rome began to exhibit a marble front; and the old consuls, who in the wars of a century scarcely quelled the Samnite hydra, and who brought army after army into the field to be destroyed by Hannibal, would have gazed with wonder on the magnificence in the midst of which the master of the empire, in anguish and dismay, called upon Varus to restore his three legions." Byzantium was at its apogee of gorgeous splendour when the Eastern empire was forced to call in the swords of mercenaries to protect it from external and internal foes. Never did Venice shine more brilliantly, never were its canals more gay with pageants, than when its territories were gradually being absorbed by foreign powers, and its fleets, which once ruled the seas, could not avail to guard the approaches to the heart of the republic. The pomp and wealth of Babylon seemed at their height, just at the moment that Belshazzar was reading the warning of Heaven, and listening with horror to the trumpets of the conquering Persians.

There is one lesson that the student gains from the page of history the value of which cannot be over-estimated, and that is

the direct interposition of Providence in the affairs of men and nations. The modern school of historians pretend to ignore this lesson, and to find a cause for every effect in the principle of evolution or in accordance with certain canons of their own invention ; but it is written, nevertheless, in plain and legible characters on the chronicles of the world. Take the series of events which raised Constantine to the supremacy of the civilised world, and deny, if you can, the visible signs of the finger of God in ordering and controlling them. Consider the network of circumstance which arrested the progress of the Armada, and tell me whether it was not woven by a Divine power. Or connect the labours of the Reformers with the introduction of the printing-press, and say whether the latter was not providentially designed to facilitate the former. Often, no doubt, the purpose of Providence is not as *our* purpose, and passes far out of our range and scope ; but the witness of history to God and His law is, to my mind, as incontestable as it is significant. I see it in the way in which the schemes of men have been overruled to an end that their projectors never designed. Thus, the day of St. Bartholomew became for the relentless spirits which planned it no better than a "day of dupes ;" the bullet which Balthazar Gerard lodged in the breast of William the Silent ensured the independence of the Dutch Commonwealth. I see it in the littleness of the springs from which the great world-currents of thought and feeling have taken their rise. I see it in the way in which life has sprung out of death, order out of disorder, strength out of weakness, in every age of the world. The ruins of old empires have served, in the Divine wisdom, for the materials of new and more splendid structures. Out of the fragments of the Eastern world was built up the civilisation of Greece ; broken and humbled Greece served as a stepping-stone for Rome ; the polity of modern Europe has been raised upon the shattered masses of the Roman Empire.

In illustration of a point already advanced, let me quote a passage from Dr. Arnold's "Introductory Lectures on Modern History." It begins with a reference to the French Republic and the armed coalition formed against it. "The most military people in Europe," he says, "became engaged in a war for their very existence. Invasion on the frontiers, civil war and all imaginable horrors raging within, the ordinary relations of life went to wreck, and every Frenchman became a soldier. It was a multitude numerous as the hosts of Persia, but animated by the courage and skill and energy of the old Romans. One thing alone was wanting—that which Pyrrhus said the Romans wanted to enable them to conquer the world—a general and a ruler like himself. There was wanted a master-hand to restore and maintain peace at home and to concentrate and direct the immense military resources of France against her foreign enemies. And such an one appeared in Napoleon. Pacifying La Vendée, receiving back the emigrants,



restoring the Church, remodelling the law, personally absolute, yet carefully preserving and maintaining all the great points which the nation had won at the Revolution, Napoleon united in himself not only the power but the whole will of France, and that power and will were guided by a genius for war such as Europe had never seen since Cæsar. The effect was absolutely magical. In November 1799 he was made First Consul: he found France humbled by defeats, his Italian conquests lost, his allies invaded, his own frontier threatened. He took the field in May 1800, and in June the whole fortune of the war was changed, and Austria driven out of Lombardy by the victory of Marengo. (Still the flood of the tide rose higher and higher, and every successive wave of its advance swept away a kingdom.) Earthly state has never reached a prouder pinnacle than when Napoleon, in June 1812, gathered his army at Dresden, and there received the homage of subject kings. And now what was the principal adversary of this tremendous power? By whom was it checked and resisted and put down? By none and by nothing but the direct and manifest interposition of God. I know of no language so well fitted to describe that victorious advance to Moscow and the utter humiliation of the retreat as the language of the prophet with respect to the advance and subsequent destruction of the host of Sennacherib." This seems to me sound, wise, and wholesome teaching, with much more in it of a true "philosophy of history" than we find in the works of Mr. Buckle and his imitators, who dismiss as superfluous or exploded all consideration of Providence, and seem to regard the government of the world as produced by some automatic mechanism.

Again, reading brings to our fireside the best thoughts of the best minds, introduces us to the company and comradeship of the "men of old," conquers time and annihilates space. It makes us as familiar with Æschylus, and Horace, and Demosthenes as were their nearest contemporaries; brightens our study with the sunshine of Greece; (perfumes the heavy air around us with the rich sweet odours of the East.) How can I look upon Dante as dead when he still speaks to me out of his "Divina Commedia"? Shall I mourn over the grave of Shakespeare in that far-away church by the winding Avon when he is present with me in his mighty verse? I delight in some apt remarks of Hazlitt's on this subject. He pictures himself (I quote from memory) as taking his ease by the blazing hearth with a host of boon companions around him. Ben Jonson, "Homerick" Chapman, Webster, and Heywood are there, and discourse the silent hours away. Shakespeare is there; the Shakespeare who imagined Hamlet and Ariel, Lady Macbeth and Imogen. Spenser lurks half-hidden among a group of nymphs, and fairies, and satyrs. Milton lies on the table as on an altar, never taken up or laid down without reverence. Lyly's "Endymion" sleeps with the moon that shines

in at the window ; and a breath of wind stirring up at a distance seems like a soft sigh from the tree under which the goddess-favoured lover grew old. In a corner of the room Faustus disputes with demon faces or reasons of divine astrology. Bellafront soothes Matheo. Vittoria puts her judges to shame, and old Chapman repeats one of the hymns of Homer in his own vigorous translation.

By means of books we come to know a great man better than his friends, aye, or even his children or his wife knew him. To no one was Montaigne so confiding—we may be sure of it—as he is to his reader ; he could not put so much of himself into his conversation as he has done into his essays. The infinite depths of drollery to which the genius of Rabelais could descend were unplumbed by any of his companions, however intimate. I take Sir Thomas Browne by the button-hole, and he pours out his grave and fanciful meditations on urn burial and quincunxes with a copious readiness. Men who in their lifetime were the least prone to wear their heart upon their sleeve know not a sample of reserve when closeted with the student in his study. In their books we see them in their entirety ; their whole nature is before us ; nothing is kept back. Who of all his contemporaries understood the man Plato as we understand him ? They could not see every side, every aspect of his genius. You must recede some distance from a mountain if you would estimate the full majesty of its proportions. But we can take the “*Phædo*” and the “*Republic*,” and see that grand, pure, lofty mind in all its fulness, and share with it its bright radiant dreams of an ideal state, not made by man’s private interests and passions, but founded in reason, although it exists nowhere upon earth. And we gather around him his later disciples, the Platonists of Italy and England : Picus Mirandola, and Marcellius Ficinus ; Henry More, and the ever memorable Hales, Sydenham, Ralph Cudworth, and Jeremy Taylor ; each, in his way and degree, a commentator upon the sublime text which forms the principle and essence of his philosophy :—“*All things are for the sake of the Good, and the Good is the cause of everything beautiful.*”)

Let not the student who reads and loves his books talk or think of himself, whatever his worldly disadvantages, as solitary or friendless. His chamber is peopled with immortal guests, who will never deny him the sympathy he craves. The poets, and the philosophers, and the scholars, the men who have wrestled with Nature as Jacob wrestled with the angel, and extorted from it a blessing ; the divines, who have sounded the secrets of the human soul—all obey his summons and respond to his questionings. Any one of them, if the student so will it, is prepared to lift him out of his meaner cares, to transport him into a region free from the world’s anxieties. However deep the silence, he may hear—

" All the melodies mysterious  
Through the dreary darkness chanted ;  
Thoughts in attitudes imperious,  
Voices soft, and deep, and serious,  
Words that whispered, songs that haunted ! "

Shakespeare will bear him away on the strong wing of his genius to Prospero's enchanted isle—its "noises, sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not." Or with Spenser he may enjoy a brief repose in that daintiest "bower of bliss" ever conceived by human fancy, where—

" The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,  
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;  
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made  
To th' instruments divine response meet ;  
The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
With the bass murmur of the water's fall :  
The water's fall with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call :  
The gentle warbling wind has answered to all."

Shelley will invite him to that fair landscape among the Euganean Hills which he has painted in colours so soft yet vivid ; or to that rocky steep of the high Caucasian mountains where Prometheus breathes defiance to inexorable Destiny. Keats has a hundred leafy nooks, luxuriant in bloom and verdure, where his tired soul may rest. Tennyson will convey him to the lonely mere where Arthur's sword Excalibur has found a resting-place ; and the water still laps on the crag, and the long ripple still washes in the reed, as on that night which saw the blameless king borne to the great deep in his dusky barge—

"Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern."

Or Montaigne is waiting to gossip with him ; Bacon to discuss with him the outlines of the new philosophy ; Cervantes to jest with him half-sadly at the decaying extravagances of the old chivalry. Thus he may feed upon genius : the great men of all ages and all countries wait to do him service, the superior bound to the inferior, like immortal spirits of good answering to the spell of an everyday necromancer :—

" Ever their phantoms arise before us.  
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood ;  
At bed and table they lord it o'er us,  
With looks of beauty and words of good."

Sir Arthur Helps in one of his essays advises that, in the course of our reading, we should lay up in our mind a store of fine thoughts in well-wrought words—the best sayings, in fact, of the wisest and wittiest—so that we may accumulate a living treasure of knowledge, from which, at various times and amidst all the shifting of

circumstances, we may be able to draw some comfort, guidance, and sympathy. It is both pleasant and useful to have such a treasure at one's command. There are moments when our energies fail us and our hearts grow faint; what encouragement we may then derive from the cheerful speech of some brave spirit, which has been tried and tried sorely, but by perseverance has won the victory! As, for instance, from Lord Bacon's:—"In this world God only and the angels may be spectators!" Or from that of Kenelm Digby:—"The great secret of spiritual perfection is expressed in the words of St. Ignatius Loyola—'*Hoc vult Deus.*' God wishes me to stand in this post, to fulfil this duty, to suffer this disease, to be afflicted with this calamity, this contempt, this vexation. God wishes this; whatever the world and self-love may dictate, *hoc vult Deus.* His will is my law." There are moments when to execute the will of others, to fill a subordinate position, is gall and wormwood to the not unnatural vanity of a young man. Well for him if at such times he remembers Livy's description of Hannibal as one who could obey no less than he could command:—"Nunquam ingenium idem ad res diversissimas, parendum atque imperandum habilis fuit." There are moments also when we are conscious of not standing as firmly as we ought to stand on the ground of right—are conscious of listening too readily to the voice of passion. Let us then recall those wise, thoughtful words of Goethe as a warning:—

" Von der Gewalt, die alle Wesen bindet,  
Befreit der Mensch sich, der sich überwindet." <sup>1</sup>

This, then, is one of the advantages of reading, that it supplies us with words of counsel, exhortation, encouragement, on which we can draw at need. It furnishes us with a complete armoury of weapons with which we may bear our part in the fierce battle of life. It supplies us with suggestions for noble thoughts and incentives to noble deeds. "By the mass!" said the Duke of Norfolk to Sir Thomas More; "by the mass, Master More, it is perilous striving with princes; the anger of a prince is death!" "And is that all, my Lord? Then the difference between you and me is but this, that I shall die *to-day* and you to-morrow!" Who will not feel quickened in spirit and strengthened in purpose by the remembrance of this pregnant reply? Or whose discontent and restlessness will not be appeased by recalling the wise saying of Joubert? "Whether one be an eagle or an ant in the intellectual world seems to me not to matter much; the essential thing is to have one's place marked there, one's station assigned, and to belong decidedly to a regular and wholesome order." A small talent, if it keep within its limits and rightly fulfil its task, may reach the goal

<sup>1</sup> "From that great Power which all Creation bends,  
That man is freed who first subdues himself."

just as well as a greater one. But I need say no more. It is unquestionably a rare and delightful use of reading, that it so stores and enriches the mind with pertinent imagery and appropriate reflection. At times one may sit down silently, and recalling something that one has read, involve one's self in a pleasant and profitable train of thought, which requires no external circumstances to support it. I have found it a useful mental exercise to take in a leisure hour—as, for instance, on a railway journey—some particular author, and put together in my memory all that I could remember of him—the pithy or epigrammatic sayings, the felicitous illustrations, the happily expressed ideas, in such order as that they might be ready “when called for.” These mental posies—if I may employ the expression—are composed of flowers that never fade. Or the thoughts, images, and anecdotes thus collected may be likened to chaplets of pearls, the lustre of which never dies or passes away.

[Not the least admirable use of reading is to neutralise the special evils and temptations of our callings, the original imperfections of our characters, the tendencies of our age or of our own time of life.] I may term this the *therapeutic* use of reading. Sir Arthur Helps points out that those who are engaged in dull, crabbed work all day, of a kind which is always exercising the logical faculty and demanding minute and even harassing criticism, should expatiate, whenever opportunity offers, in writings of a large and imaginative nature. “These, however,” he continues, “are often the persons who particularly avoid poetry and works of imagination, whereas they ought perhaps to cultivate them most. For it should be one of the frequent objects of every man who cares for the culture of his whole being to give some exercise to those faculties which are not demanded by his daily occupations and not encouraged by his disposition.” The study of logic will be found valuable by minds unaccustomed to precision of statement and definiteness of argument. Poetry will refresh and recreate those who are wearied by abstruse mental calculations. For some a course of history will serve as an efficient alterative and tonic. There are particular books which may be applied, like special drugs, in particular cases. A tendency to frivolous pursuits or worldly gaieties may be corrected by the perusal of the “*Imitatio Christi*,” or the “*Introduction to the Devout Life*,” or Jeremy Taylor’s “*Holy Living and Dying*.” An incapability of apprehending the meanings of Nature will give way before a careful study of Wordsworth. Shakespeare may be recommended at all times and under all circumstances. A dull, querulous, morose mood may be relieved by a page or two of Thomas Hood or Sydney Smith. In “*The Caxtons*” Bulwer Lytton dwells at some length on the medicinal qualities of good books. For hypochondria and satiety, he says, what is better than a brisk dose of travels, especially early, out-of-the-way, marvellous, legendary travels! How they freshen

up the spirits ! how they brace and exhilarate the nerves ! Go with Rubruquis to Tartary, or with Marco Polo to far Cathay, or follow Cortez in his conquest of Mexico ; climb Cotopaxi with Humboldt, or descend to the Dead Sea with "Eöthen" ! For narrow prejudices history should be administered. "I remember," says Augustine Caxton, "to have cured a disconsolate widower, who obstinately refused every other medicament, by a short course of geology. . . . In fact, I have a plan for a library that, instead of heading its compartments, 'Philology, Natural Science, Poetry,' &c., one shall head them according to the diseases for which they are severally good, bodily and mental—up from a dire calamity or the pangs of the gout, down to a fit of the spleen or a light catarrh. But," he continues, more gravely, "when some one sorrow that is yet reparable gets hold of your mind like a monomania—when you think, because Heaven has denied you this or that on which you had set your heart, that all your life must be a blank—oh ! then diet yourself well on biography, the biography of good and great men. See scarce a page, perhaps, given to some grief similar to your own, and how triumphantly the life sails on beyond it ! You thought the wing was broken ! Tut ! tut ! it was but a bruised feather ! See what life leaves behind it when all is done !—a summary of positive facts far out of the region of sorrow and suffering, linking themselves with the being of the world. Yes, biography is the medicine here !"

Undoubtedly a man's reading must primarily be regulated by the necessities of his calling. He would be a poor mathematician who nourished himself wholly on light literature. But after all, the great object and purpose of study is the cultivation of the mind—that is, of all the faculties—training them so that each shall readily respond when required to its master's demands. We must not, then, apply ourselves too exclusively to one department of knowledge. The reasoning powers must not be exercised at the cost of the imaginative, nor the imaginative starved down so as to bring forward and exalt the reasoning. Something like a just and happy equilibrium must be observed ; just as in an orchestra no one instrument is permitted to outvie and keep down the others, but all are so ordered as to constitute a complete and agreeable harmony. One soon wearies of a leather-dealer who can talk of nothing but leather. As Professor Blackie puts it:—"If a man will fix his mind on merely professional study, and can find no room for general culture in his soul, let him be told that no professional studies, however complete, can teach a man the whole of his profession ; that the most exact professional drill will omit to teach him the most interesting and the most important part of his own business—that part, namely, where the specialty of the profession comes directly into contact with the generality of human notions and human sympathies." He adds an appropriate illustration from the profession of the law:—"For while there is no art more tech-

nical, more artificial, and more removed from a fellow-feeling of humanity than law in many of its branches, in others it marches out into the grand arena of human rights and liberties, and deals with large questions, in the handling of which it is often of more consequence that a pleader should be a complete man than that he should be an expert lawyer." The man who devotes himself to a single subject of study will never become wholly master even of *that*; so close is the connection between the various branches and departments of human knowledge, and so subtly do they run into or impinge upon one another. The reproach of colossal ignorance—that is, of imperfect and superficial knowledge—must always apply to the *homo unius libri*. He knows nothing because he knows a little; a paradox apparently, yet the expression of an obvious truth. Lord Lytton, in one of the pleasant essays in his "Caxtoniana," observes:—"To sail round the world, you must put in at many harbours, if not for rest, at least for supplies." He continues:—"Therefore I say to each man, As far as you can—partly for excellence in your special mental calling, principally for completion of your end in existence—strive while improving your one talent to enrich your whole capital as man. It is in this way that you escape from that wretched narrow-mindedness which is the characteristic of every one who cultivates his specialty alone." And he concludes:—"In fine, whatever the calling, let men only cultivate that calling, and they are as narrow-minded as the Chinese when they place on the map of the world the Celestial Empire, with all its Tartaric villages in full detail, and out of that limit make dots and lines, with the superscription, 'Deserts unknown, inhabited by barbarians.'"

In order to maintain the body in health it is found necessary to vary in character and properties the food administered to it. We must supply it with the constituent elements of flesh and blood and bone and fat. Man cannot live upon bread alone, not even in the literal sense of the words: the muscles would lose their elasticity, the nervous system its vigour, the limbs their capacity for motion, and the blood would speedily grow impoverished. As with the physical, so with the spiritual. (The mind can be kept alert and energetic only by a proper variety of diet.) Its imaginative faculties must be supplied with nutriment as well as its reasoning; the judgment must be strengthened while the fancy is quickened. And this is part of the hygienic work of reading. It calls into healthful exercise all the qualities of the mind; it invigorates and stimulates, or at need it tranquillises.

I have referred to that use of reading which consists in storing the mind with golden words of warning or encouragement; there is yet another in the episodes and examples of *noble doing*—"heroic touches from history and poetry," to adopt George Eliot's phrase—with which it furnishes us, and by means of which the mind is made to resemble a gallery of fine pictures painted by

great artists. What a pleasure it is, with the assistance of memory, to call these before us one by one; to dwell on their details, to consider their significance, and to profit by their teaching. Says Coleridge—

“My eyes make pictures when they are shut;  
I see a fountain, large and fair,  
A willow and a ruined hut.”

The pictures that the reader's memory summons before his mental vision will be as various as his reading; scenes from the history of nations, scenes from the lives of great and good men, scenes from the fairyland of the poets, scenes from the explorations of voyagers and travellers, scenes from the researches of men of science. He may gaze upon some such picture as Evelyn paints of the last Sunday spent by Charles II.<sup>1</sup> “The king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarin; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least two thousand pounds in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after all was in the dust.” The moral here is not difficult to decipher. But let memory shake the kaleidoscope and see what it next presents to us.<sup>2</sup> “When the most valiant of the Persian army had almost enclosed the small forces of the Greeks, then did Leonidas, king of the Lacedemonians, with his three hundred, and seven hundred Thespians, which were all that abode by him, refuse to quit the place which they had undertaken to make good, and with admirable courage not only resist that world of men which charged them on all sides, but, issuing out of their strength, made so great a slaughter of their enemies that they might well be called vanquishers, though all of them were slain upon the place. Xerxes having lost in this last fight, together with twenty thousand other soldiers and captains, two of his own brethren, began to doubt what inconvenience might befall him by the virtue of such as had not been present at those battles, with whom he knew that he shortly was to deal. Especially of the Spartans he stood in great fear, whose manhood had appeared singular in this trial, which caused him very carefully to inquire what numbers they could bring into the field. It is reported of Dioneses, the Spartan, that when one thought to have terrified him by saying that the flight of the Persian arrows was so thick as would hide the sun, he answered thus:—‘It is good news, for then shall we fight in the cool shade.’” From the mountain pass of Thermopylæ our picture-gallery transports us next, perhaps, to Naseby field, and shows us Fairfax fighting bareheaded in the thick of the battle. With his own

<sup>1</sup> The reader will remember how this picture is elaborated by Macaulay.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Walter Raleigh, “History of the World.”



hand he strikes down the king's standard-bearer and gives the colours in charge to one of his men, who begins forthwith to boast as if they were the trophy of his individual courage. The colonel of Fairfax's lifeguard grows angry with the braggart. "Let him retain the honour," cries Fairfax, riding past; "I have to-day conquered enough besides." From Naseby we are naturally carried on to that most memorable scene at Whitehall, where the masked headsman held up before the shivering crowd their sovereign's bleeding head as the head of a traitor, and from behind the grim hedge of pikes and sabres that shut in the black scaffold arose a long hoarse groan, the echo whereof resounds in history to this day. Or we may see Columbus pacing the deck of his small caravel through the watches of the soft and silent night, and descrying at last those moving lights in the dim distance which made known to him the fruition of his endeavour and the discovery of a New World. Or we may stand as witnesses of that unequalled pageant when Charles V., still in the full vigour of his intellectual strength, devolved the burden of empire on the shoulders of his son, and took leave of the States of Holland, leaning meanwhile on the arm of the young Prince of Orange, who, a few years later, was to wrest from that empire some of its richest provinces. Or we may be present at the martyrdom of William Hunter, the London prentice of nineteen, who gave up life and its hopes and affections rather than deny what he believed to be the truth in Christ. As he stood at the stake he exclaimed:—"Son of God, shine on me!" and through the dull clouds of a cold March morning the sun poured a sudden glory on his face. The faggots were kindled, the flames ascended. "Brother William," said his younger brother, who was there to cheer and comfort him, "think on Christ's holy passion, and be not afraid of death!" "I am not afraid," replied the heroic youth; "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" Or we may make one of the crowd of knights and nobles, priests and monks, traders and peasants, who gathered on the plain of Clermont to listen to the burning eloquence of St. Bernard when he preached the second crusade, and, moved by a common enthusiasm, broke out into a shout of "*Deus vult*!—God wills it!" that rose in the air like a peal of thunder. The scene shifts again, and reveals the interior of an English cathedral, where the darkness of night is broken only by the thin rays of the lamps burning before the different altars. Against one of the grey stone pillars we see a man, tall of stature, dressed in archiepiscopal robes, standing, with bent head and hands clasped over his eyes. A sword flashes through the air; it falls upon that sacred head, whilst another and yet another stroke brings him to his knees. But pass on, and we see that cathedral under a very different aspect; in the light of day a king bends before the shrine of Thomas Becket, and submits his bare back to the penitential whip. Or, with Carlyle, we may stand in

the streets of Paris, and bend our heads as Marie Antoinette is carried to the murderous guillotine. "The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the queen of the world. The death-hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people drunk with vengeance will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell. The living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. . . . Thy path of thorns is nigh ended; one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light, where thy children shall not dwell. Thy head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild-yelling world, and all its madness, is behind thee." This recalls another mournful tragedy in which a queen also figures, and we seem to gaze on that hall at Fotheringay where perished Mary Queen of Scots. The scaffold is there, covered with black cloth, and around it muster the halberdiers. On either side, at the back, stand two masked figures, dreadfully silent. The queen enters; she ascends the scaffold; the usual ghastly formalities follow; then she kneels and prays in a loud, clear, unshaken voice, striking her crucifix passionately against her bosom. With the assistance of her ladies she removes her veil and mantle, and stands upon the black scaffold, "blood-red from head to foot." Now see her with her head upon the block. . . . "So perish all enemies of the queen," cries the Dean of Peterborough; and a loud "Amen" is heard throughout the hall. We are reminded immediately of the great queen whose misfortune it was to be compelled to treat her as an enemy, and we see her successively in many an interesting picture: playing on the virginal, while the Scotch ambassador listens in the gallery without; mounted on horseback and addressing her soldiers at Tilbury with words of lofty courage; waving her handkerchief from her palace-window at Greenwich to the bold seamen who, in their frail pinnaces, are prepared to carry the Red Cross to the frozen waters of the North or the palmy islands of the Pacific. Memory rapidly travels on to a later age and another land, and we see Maria Theresa with her infant son appealing to the loyalty of the Hungarian magnates, and we hear their enthusiastic acclaim:—"Moriatur pro nostro rege!" There are other queens remembered in our picture-gallery; the beautiful Joanna of Naples; the wise and devout Isabella, the patron of Columbus; Margaret of Scotland; that wild and wayward Christina of Sweden, who inherited the hot spirit but not the genius of her famous father, Charles XII. But here I must stop, and leave the

reader to enjoy for himself the scenes, so various, so remarkable, so suggestive, which our books enable us to conjure up.

That is a noble saying of St. Bernard's :—"Sunt qui scire volunt ut sciant et turpis curiositas est, ut sciantur et vanitas est, ut scientiam vendant et quæstus turpis est; ut ædificent et charitas est; ut ædificentur et prudentia est."<sup>1</sup> The true student will enter upon the pursuit of knowledge, I take it, that he may be able to do good to others as well as to himself, *ut ædificet*, as well as *ut ædificetur*; still his main object must be the cultivation of such faculties as he possesses, and his main reward must be in the happiness that knowledge brings with it. To such an one what more shall I say about reading? I may, indeed, quote Lord Bacon's advice, that we should read "not to contradict and confute, nor to believe or take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider." I may add his well-known distinction between reading, conference [conversation], and writing; that the first maketh "a full man;" the second, "a ready man;" the third, "an exact man." "Therefore," he says, "if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not." Both writing and conversation have their value, and the latter, no doubt, to men of the world, often supplies the place of books; but reading is the student's wand of magic, that reveals to him all the intellectual and moral treasures of the ages; that makes him a contemporary of all times, a denizen of all nations; that places at his disposal the result of the travail of the generations that have passed away before him. Says Sir Philip Sidney:—"It is manifest that all government of action is to be obtained by knowledge, and knowledge best by gathering many knowledges, which is reading."

But what is reading? Not that desultory, purposeless, skimming of books which is sometimes the amusement of a leisure hour, but a complete digestion and assimilation of their contents, conducted upon a regular and well-considered system. Says Sir Arthur Helps :—"Every man and every woman who can read at all should adopt some definite purpose in their reading—should take something for the main stem and trunk of their culture, whence branches might grow out in all directions seeking light and air for the parent tree, which it is hoped might end in becoming something useful and ornamental, and which, at any rate, all along will have had life and growth in it." This is before all essential to the student, who, if he venture upon the wide sea of knowledge without chart or compass, and not resolved upon what harbour to

<sup>1</sup> There are who desire knowledge that they may know, and it is a base curiosity; that they may be known, and this is vanity; that they may sell their knowledge, and shameful is the gain; that they may build up others, and it is charity; that they may build up themselves, and it is prudence.

steer for, will either be miserably wrecked or will drift to and fro at the mercy of wind and current. "It would be folly," says Sir Arthur Helps, "to attempt to lay down some process by which every man might ensure a main course of study for himself; but only let him have a just fear of desultory pursuits,<sup>1</sup> and a wish for mental cultivation, and he may hope at some time or other to discern what it is fittest for him to do." But if no such process as is here referred to can safely be indicated, it is not difficult to formulate the general principles on which the student's course of reading should be grounded.

1. First of all, then, the reading must be *regular*; that is, a certain portion of time must be given to it daily, and with this allotted portion only very special circumstances must be allowed to interfere. If the student be a man working with brain or hand for a livelihood, the time so given must be regulated according to his engagements. Probably it will be only in the evening that he can turn from his daily work to his beloved books; otherwise, I think the earlier part of the day the more favourable to concentrated, earnest, eager study. The mind is then all on the alert; refreshed by the night's repose, its energies readily answer to every call made upon them; it covers the ground with alacrity and ease. In the heyday of Scott's genius his hours of work were from breakfast-time to noon. But whether it be in the morning or the evening, and whether the time set apart be three hours, two hours, one hour, it must be regularly observed. The *habit* is the thing. Homely William Cobbett remarks, with his accustomed shrewdness, that not infrequently we feel a disrelish for study, a languor or weariness, against which we must struggle determinedly, or all hope of self-culture will be lost. The only effectual means of securing ourselves against this mortifying result is by resolutely adhering to the rule prescribed. "Our minds are not always in the same state; they have not at all times the same elasticity;—to-day we are full of hope on the very same grounds which, to-morrow, afford us no hope at all; every human being is liable to these flows and ebbs of the mind; but if reason interfere and bid you overcome the fits of lassitude, and almost mechanically to go on without the stimulus of hope, the buoyant fit speedily returns; you congratulate yourself that you did not yield to the temptation to abandon your pursuit, and you proceed with more vigour than ever." (Bring to the help of reason the support of a fixed habit; oppose to the feeling of depression or lassitude your solemn resolution; and before long you will find that the feeling ceases to

<sup>1</sup> "Desultory reading is very mischievous, by fostering habits of loose, discontinuous thought, by turning the memory into a common sewer for rubbish of all sorts to float through, and by relaxing the power of attention, which of all our faculties most needs care and is most improved by it. But a well-regulated course of study will no more weaken the mind than hard exercise will weaken the body."—*Guesses at Truth*, p. 151.

return, that you have disciplined your mind into punctuality and perseverance.

Second, our reading must be *intelligent*; that is, we must aim at the attainment of a proper conception of our author's meaning; must observe his mode of construction, analyse his arguments, detect his fallacies, and examine his conclusions. Or, to adopt Dr. Arnold's words:—"We must ask questions of our book and of ourselves; what is its purpose; by what means it proceeds to effect that purpose; whether we fully understand the one; whether we go along with the other? Do the arguments satisfy us; do the descriptions convey lively and distinct images to us; do we understand all the allusions to persons or things? In short, does our mind act over again from the writer's guidance what his acted before; do we reason as he reasoned, conceive as he conceived, think and feel as he thought and felt; or, if not, can we discern where and how far we do not, and can we tell why we do not?" The answers to these questions cannot be given without a close and careful study such as few young persons care to give to the books they read; and yet it is only by this system (so to speak) of *cross-examination* that we can arrive at a thorough understanding of a good book and a great writer. The process will probably seem a slow and laborious one; such it is at first, but practice soon enables us to accomplish it with comparative quickness. In fact, after a while, it is carried out almost instinctively, and as we read page after page, paragraph after paragraph, we apply these tests as a matter of course. But were it otherwise, the gain is so great as amply to compensate for the expenditure of time and labour. (A book once read with this intelligent thoroughness becomes our own for all time to come, slides, as it were, into our blood, is thenceforth part and parcel of ourselves. Better to master a dozen books thus completely than to dash through a hundred in the common fashion, which resembles closely the case of the traveller who hurries through the finest scenery in an express train at the rate of forty miles an hour, and would cross a continent without detecting any of its remarkable features.) Moreover, if this system be faithfully worked out, it will tend in due time to expedite our studies, because it will educate us into a quick and keen appreciation of all that is good in the books that come before us. We shall be able, like an experienced cook, to determine the quality of the dishes on our table by merely tasting them, and, when they prove to be worthless or unsavoury, to dismiss them summarily. I am often surprised to hear young persons affirm that they have read this and that, the one and the other, when it is very evident that they remember nothing more than the *titles*! This is not reading—at all events, not intelligent reading. You cannot truthfully speak of a book as "read"—except in the sense in which a tedious report at a public meeting is held as "read"—unless

you can remember its general purpose, the mode in which that purpose was realised or attempted to be realised, the line of reasoning adopted by the author, and the principal facts or illustrations by which he sought to strengthen it.

I have myself derived much advantage from what I would venture to call an "*Ollendorffian system*" of reading. The Ollendorffian system of teaching languages is, as the reader knows, based on the principle of repetition, the exercise of to-day repeating the leading features of that of yesterday, and to-morrow's repeating the exercise of to-day, and so on, in a constant and orderly process, which necessarily makes a profound impression on the memory. I adapt this principle to my reading. When I have finished a chapter of a book, I close the book and proceed to recall the leading points of what I have perused. A second and a third chapter are each treated in the same way, and I then endeavour to go back over the whole of the ground thus traversed. When the perusal of the book is completed, I make an analysis of its entire contents, chapter by chapter, repeating all that I have already done. It has been well said that a man may read much and know but little. Certain it is, however, that by the system here described whatever books he reads he makes his own. It is not, as I have said, favourable to *rapid* reading, but it ensures *thorough* reading. And when a young man first begins to read, he should read slowly and deliberately, just as a pedestrian, setting out on a journey, starts at a moderate pace, quickening it as his muscles get into full play and his limbs accustomed to the exercise. If he attempt too much at first, the overloaded mind will assuredly rebel. The work of digestion and assimilation will be obstructed. So Seneca says :—"Distrahit animum librorum multitudo : fastidientis stomachi multa degustare, quæ ubi varia sunt et diversa, inquinant, non alunt." The scholars of old had at least one signal advantage over those of the present day : their books were but few, and they could study them thoroughly. For, I repeat, it is not the multitude of books that gives wisdom ; it is not "how much we read" that should concern us, but "how much we retain." An ignorant farmer will get a smaller crop off eight hundred acres than a good farmer will get off half as many. *Non multa sed multum.*

In reading, you may gain some assistance by a moderate use of the commonplace-book or *index rerum*, in which you may note the more valuable points of the books you read, arranging your notes in alphabetical order for the convenience of reference. Read also with your pencil in your hand, and (if the book be your own) mark in the margin such passages as seem to you worthy of a second perusal, such as are well expressed, such as are doubtful, or such as require careful investigation. Dr. Todd, in his well-known "*Student's Manual*," recommends a complete arsenal of signs, so that the student, if he employed them all, would turn his books into so many cabalistical enigmas ! He gives at least twelve, and

adds that "they may be increased at pleasure." In my own experience I have found four amply sufficient, and these are :—

| Indicating that the passage against which it stands is excellent in sentiment or expression.

× Conveying an exactly opposite meaning.

? A sign that the sentiment is doubtful or the expression incorrect.

o A sign that the fact or image is repeated or not original.

A multiplicity of signs will be found, I think, rather a hindrance than a help, the student thinking more of these than of what he is reading. He will be counting the milestones, instead of enjoying the beauties or studying the aspects of the country through which he is passing.

I place more value on Dr. Todd's suggestion as to the *importance of classification*. We need, he says, a power which, in the present state of our existence, we do not possess—a power of keeping *all* that ever passes through our mind which is worth keeping. As Erasmus puts it in that clear, keen style of his :—"Inter legendum auctorem non oscitanter observabis, si quod incidat insigne verbum, si quod argumentum, aut inventum acute, aut tortum apte, si qua sententia digna quæ memoriæ commendetur : isque locus erit apta notulâ quâpiam insigniendus." It will be seen that this recommendation has not been neglected. To continue :—"Quanto pluris fueris exiguum proventum, tanto ad altiora doctrinæ vestigia es evasurus. Qui vilissimos quosque nummos admirantur, intuentur crebro, et servant accurate, ad summas sæpenumero divitias perveniunt ; pari modo, si quis aptavit sudorum metam bene scribere, discat mirari bene scripta, discat gaudere, si vel nomina duo conjunxerit venuste." The "marks" and the "index rerum" which I have already described will be found useful in the work of classification, but more will be done by a careful exercise of the mental faculties of analysis and comparison. The student must learn to *systematise* his thoughts. As he reads he must arrange in his mind the new facts and ideas which are presented to it.

And this brings us, in the third place, to insist that reading must be *methodical*. Nothing could be more injudicious than the plan—or want of plan—to which too many students are addicted. They turn from history to poetry, and poetry to logic, and logic to fiction, with the facility of a coquette who flirts with half a dozen lovers in succession. If they "strike oil," they immediately want to dig for gold or silver, or it may be lead. They are everything by turns and nothing long. Such a mode of reading is fatal to all the purposes, aims, and objects of study. The mind is kept in a state of constant restlessness and agitation ; is harassed and fatigued, even to debility, by the number and variety of subjects that are heaped upon it. What is the great object of reading ? ("Read," says Lord Bacon, "not to contradict or refute, nor to be

lieve and take for granted, but to *weigh and compare*." That is, we must read methodically; we must read so that we may know *what* we are reading. Says John Locke:—"Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough that we cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again they will not give us strength and nourishment. . . The memory may be stored, but the judgment is little better, and the stock of knowledge not increased by being able to repeat what others have said, or reproduce the arguments we have found in them. Such a knowledge as this is but knowledge by hearsay, and the ostentation of it is at best but talking by rote, and very often upon weak and wrong principles."

We will suppose that the student has taken up Mr. Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest." It should immediately be made the centre, as it were, of a circle of historical research into the period with which it deals. It should be read, first, in connection with the primary authorities, the old chroniclers and annalists, so that the historian's statements of facts may be duly revised; and, next, with the secondary authorities, the later historians, such as Thierry, and Palgrave, and Pearson, that his conclusions may be tested. The student having once entered upon the perusal of a work of this importance must follow it to the end, and not be drawn aside from it by some new philosophical or scientific treatise, or some brilliant speculative essay. Each in its turn, but the work in hand first. What should we think of the ploughman who, after turning up a few furrows in a field, removed to another, turned up a few furrows there, and then removed to a third? Should we not condemn him for the waste of energy and labour and time involved in such an operation? Yet such is the *modus operandi* of many men who call themselves students. They flit from subject to subject with the most surprising volubility; here a little and there a little; now a chapter of history, now a problem in mathematics, now a question in physical science. And what is the end of it all? A mass of confused impressions, a heap of heterogeneous and sadly muddled facts, which, because unassorted and unclassified, can never be of any real service. In study, as in other matters, the only safe principle is one thing at a time—one thing, and that done thoroughly. It is only the performer in the circus that rides three horses at once; the horseman who goes "across country" is contented with his own trusty steed. In Scott's "Peveril of the Peak" occurs a very striking sketch of the desultory habits of the second Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, that strange and wayward man of talent, who—

"In the course of one revolving moon  
Was fiddler, statesman, courtier, and buffoon."



He pens a few lines of a satirical poem ; skims through his letters ; discusses his love affairs ; gives audience to a political intriguer ; but he who attempted so many things excelled in none. History preserves his name only as a warning. The student, therefore, must not confound desultoriness with versatility, the changeful humours of Alcibiades with the various intellectual pursuits of a Pericles. He must not fall into the fatal error of supposing that he is learning much because he touches many subjects, or reading widely because he dips into many books. It is excellent advice of Lord Lytton's when he urges that "while the ordinary inducement to reading is towards general delight and general instruction, it is well in youth to acquire the habit of reading with conscientious toil for a special purpose. Whatever costs us labour braces all the sinews of the mind to the effort ; and whatever we study with a definite object fixes a much more tenacious hold on the memory than do the lessons of mere desultory reading."

But first we must be *discriminative* in our reading. This is the principle laid down by Thomas Fuller when he says, that "some books are only cursorily to be tasted of, namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over ; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions ; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house." The voluminous books, the auxiliary books, and the formality books can be put aside by the student in favour of books that will teach him something ; books that will teach him how to live and how to die ; books that will store his memory with knowledge, his imagination with splendid pictures ; books that will stir all the better and higher impulses of his nature, appeal to all the purer and tenderer feelings of the heart. He must exercise the wisest discrimination in his choice of books, because the time spent on a bad book is time wasted, and time is not a commodity with which the student can afford to deal prodigally. Even of good books there are three classes : books that must be thoroughly digested in the way and manner already prescribed ; books that may be dismissed after a second or third reading ; books that call for nothing more than a single perusal. Or we may arrange them after the fashion of William Langland's three stages of doing ; the Do Well, Do Better, Do Best. In this last supreme class how few the number ! How few the number of those which justify the application to them of Milton's glorious words—books which "do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are," "which do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them ;" which are "the precious life-blood" of master-spirits, "embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life !" In the noble prose-poem (the "Areopagitica") from which these

extracts are taken, Milton proceeds to oppose a public censorship of books and to defend the liberty of unlicensed printing. He quotes the example of Dionysius Alexandrinus, a person of great name in the Church for piety and learning, who had been wont to read the books of heretics, until a certain presbyter laid it scrupulously to his conscience how he durst venture himself among those defiling volumes. "The worthy man," says Milton, "loath to give offence, fell into a new debate with himself what was to be thought, when suddenly a vision sent from God (it is his own epistle that so avers it) confirmed him in these words, 'Read any books whatever come to thy hands, for thou art sufficient both to judge aright and to examine each matter.' To this revelation he assented the sooner, as he confesses, because it was answerable to that of the Apostle to the Thessalonians, 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.'"

Milton continues :—"And he might have added another remarkable saying of the same author, 'To the pure all things are pure ;' not only meats and drinks, but all kind of knowledge, whether of good or evil. The knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled. For books are as meats and viands are, some of good, some of evil substance ; and yet God in that unapocryphal vision said without exception, 'Rise, Peter, kill and eat,' leaving the choice to each man's discretion. Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome, and best books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest connection ; but herein the difference is of bad books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate." Milton's argument may be accepted so far as it is designed to prevent or limit the interference of the State, but it cannot be held valid as against that censorship which every reader should institute for himself. It may be injudicious for the State to institute an *Index Expurgatorius*, but it is clearly the student's duty and interest to do so. He must not be misled by the apostolic axiom that to the pure all things are pure, because the real difficulty here is that we cannot determine what *are* the pure. Suggestions and promptings of evil surround us from our boyhood upward, and that absolute purity which is incapable of being soiled by contact with impurities how few of us can profess ! There are books which scarcely any young man can read without injury ; but were it otherwise, were it possible for him to touch tar and not be defiled, what would he gain ? Is it worth while to wade through a cloaca in search of a counterfeit coin ? What better can we expect ? (Pearls do not lie at the bottom of rivers of filth.) I have recently read with interest Mr. Besant's admirable little essay on Rabelais, but I do not see that he proves the value of his author as estimated against his moral delinquencies. The

wit and persiflage of "Don Juan" seem to me dearly purchased at the cost of its indecency. In this direction, then, our reading must be discriminative; we must elect between the good and the bad, between the pure and the unclean, the solid and the superficial. As for what we do and think and believe, so are we answerable to the living God for what we read. That was a pathetic speech of Sir Walter Scott's in the dark, drear days of his declining years:—"I am drawing near to the close of my career; I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I should wish blotted." Surely when for us, too, the sands in life's hour-glass are nearly run out, when the lengthening shadows warn us of the approach of evening, it will be a consolation to reflect that we have read no books which on our deathbed we should wish forgotten or unnamed.

I have been writing chiefly of *immoral* books—books openly or insidiously corrupt; but the caution is equally applicable to books *bad* in a *literary* sense; shams or inanities, worthless in thought and expression, the refuse of the circulating library, which it is a hopeless waste of time and effort to consider. Indifferent poetry, fictitious history, fashionable scepticism, sensational fiction: the student must dismiss these from his path; they are so many obstacles to his onward progress. "Seek those things that are above," is the apostle's injunction; how shall we do so if we suffer our minds and hearts to be dragged downwards by the weight of folly, frivolity, and falsehood! What a motto is this for a library, what a watchword for the student! "Seek," as Canon Liddon puts it, "seek that which instructs rather than that which stimulates; that which braces rather than that which is attractive; the exact science rather than the vague mass of ill-assorted 'views'; the poet who reveals human nature to itself, like Shakespeare, rather than the poet who flatters and fans sensual passion, like Byron." Yes, "seek the things that are above:" let this be your fixed, your immutable rule in the conduct of your studies.

Do you ask me how you shall determine what books are good and worth reading, what bad and fit only for the flames or the rubbish-heap? I reply that in most cases you have the consensus of public opinion and the authority of critical tradition for your guide. Against bad books the world has placed a black mark, indelibly conspicuous. You cannot but see it if you do not shut your eyes. As for those books which are daily issuing from the press, and by a specious novelty of style and treatment securing a temporary popularity, you can easily decide whether they will repay you for perusing them. A single chapter—nay, a page—will reveal to you their tone and intention. You do not drink a

hogshead of wine to ascertain its quality ; you are satisfied with a single glass ; and if that glass be stale or sour or flavourless, you return the cask without delay. It may be labelled "Falernian," but you know that it came of no such generous vintage. "When I read, I wish to read to good purpose, and there are some books which contradict on the very face of them what appear to me to be first principles. You surely will not say, 'I am bound to read such books.' If a man tells me he has a very elaborate argument to prove that two and two make five, I have something else to do than to attend to his argument. If I find the first mouthful of meat which I take from a fine-looking joint on my table is tainted, I need not eat through it to be convinced I ought to send it away." John Foster remarks of Blair's once-celebrated sermons that, after reading five or six, we become assured that we most perfectly see the whole compass and reach of his powers, and that if there were twenty volumes, we might read on through the whole without ever coming to a bold conception, or a profound investigation, or a burst of genuine enthusiasm. But what would be the use of reading the twenty volumes ? In fiction we are often introduced to the elderly lady with some pretension to accomplishments, who at the beginning of the year takes up her ponderous folio of divinity or theology, and day by day, until the year is ended, religiously reads page after page, not missing a sentence, a line, a word, a comma, finishing it with the last gasp of the year's last day. The student is under no such inexorable conditions. He is no more constrained to read a bad book than to listen to a stranger's worthless conversation ; as he would rid himself of the one annoyance, so let him deliver himself from the other.

Having thus dwelt upon the advantages of reading and the principles on which it should be conducted, I pass on to indicate some of those literary masterpieces which, in pursuing the task of self-culture, the student should not fail to make his own.





## CHAPTER II.

### ENGLISH POETRY : A COURSE OF READING.

**I**N attempting to define a course of reading in English literature, I am aware that I lay myself open to adverse criticism. The space at my command is limited, while the field to be covered is very wide : hence there must be omissions, and among those omissions will probably be books which, in the opinion of some, ought to have found a place. Others will object, if the space be small, why attempt to crowd so much into it ? I answer, because I believe that young men are often in want of such a guide as I hope to supply. They have, perhaps, little time at their disposal, but they want to read the best books of the best writers, and are, therefore, thankful to be told which are those books, who are those writers, in the common opinion of men of letters. For "extracts" they have no taste ; scraps cannot satisfy Barmecides when he sees spread before him a boundless feast. It may be said that we already possess several trustworthy manuals which furnish an accurate and comprehensive account of English writers. But these are too extended in their scope : they embrace the whole vast demesne of our literature instead of pointing out a route by which the ordinary traveller, with means and opportunities restricted, may survey its finest and most characteristic features. Now, it must be understood that I make no pretension to compile a guide or handbook or introduction to English literature. I intend no more than to indicate its chief treasures ; to furnish the reader with just such a list of the best books by the best writers as has already been found useful by young men who have consulted me for this purpose. As a writer in the "Spectator" recently remarked, a young student needs a few plain signposts to direct him on his road ; keeping them well in view, he may stray occasionally, without detriment, into any bypath that may attract his fancy. Well, I essay to erect these signposts for his use ; though, perhaps, I shall accompany him now and then on a diversion into those pleasant nooks and corners where

"Daisies, vermeil-rimmed and white,  
Hide in deep herbage."

The literature of every country begins in Poetry. When the thought or passion of a people first seek a channel of expression, it seems naturally to assume the poetic form, probably because that form is agreeable to the ear and convenient for the memory. The earliest English compositions are metrical. In spirit and purport they are either religious or martial. Thus the religious and warrior spirit, which has always animated the race, glowed in its first rude, rough songs, as it glows to-day in the poetry of Tennyson. Of these ancient compositions the student must take the poems of "Beowulf" and "Cædmon."

"Beowulf" is, however, a naturalised rather than a native poem. It came to us from the Continent, but was to a great extent rewritten by a Christian bard of Northumbria. It relates the deeds and adventures of a hero named Beowulf, and in a very striking manner illustrates the nature-worship that then laid its spell upon the people, as well as their manners, customs, and feelings. Beowulf himself is drawn with great power. He has "rowed upon the sea, his naked sword hard in his hand, amidst the fierce waves and bitter storms, while the rage of winter swept over the billows of the deep." The sea-monsters, the many-coloured foes, draw him to the bottom of the deep and hold him fast in their clutch. He conquers them all; and even the ogress, the man-slayer, the mother of Grundle, falls before his doughty sword. Nothing can stand against him. But after he has reigned upon earth fifty years, a dragon comes forth and burns men and houses with waves of fire, and Beowulf knows it to be his duty to encounter this new enemy and save his people. The combat takes place, and the dragon, after a fierce struggle, is slain, but he has contrived to wound the hero-king, and the wound soon proves mortal. As Beowulf lies dying he speaks these words:—"I have held this people fifty years; there was not any king of my neighbours who dared to greet me with warriors, to oppress me with terror. . . . I held mine own well; I sought not treacherous malice, nor swore unjustly many oaths; on account of this, I, sick with mortal wounds, may have joy. . . . Now have I purchased with my death a hoard of treasures; it will yet be of advantage in the need of the people. . . . I give thanks that before my dying hour I might obtain such for my peoples. . . . Longer I may not abide here."

"Beowulf" has been translated by Mr. J. M. Kemble, who thinks it somewhat later than the seventh century. It has also been edited by Mr. Thomas Arnold. A brief summary of it occurs in M. Taine's "History of English Literature." See also Mr. Morley's "Early English Writers."

Thoroughly English in origin as in character, and therefore entitled to be honoured as our "first true English poem," is Cædmon's Biblical paraphrase. Cædmon, according to Bæda,<sup>1</sup> was a

<sup>1</sup> Bæda, *Eccles. Hist.*, iv. 24.

servant in the monastery of Hild, an abbess of royal blood, at Whitby, in Yorkshire. So ignorant was he that when, at even, his companions handed him the harp that he in his turn might sing, he was obliged to withdraw, silent and ashamed. But one night, having retired to the stable to keep watch over his cattle, he fell asleep. And One appearing to him in a vision said:—"Cædmon, sing me some song." "I cannot sing," he replied:—"for this cause I left the feast, and came hither." Said the other:—"But thou must sing." "What shall I sing?" "Sing," was the answer, "the beginning of created things." And thereupon Cædmon broke into the following strain:—"Now we ought to praise the Lord of heaven, the power of the Creator and His skill, the deeds of the Father of glory: how He, being eternal God, is the Author of all marvels; who, Almighty Guardian of the human race, created first for the sons of men the heavens as the roof of their dwelling, and then the earth." Remembering this when he awoke, he repaired to the town, and he was brought before the learned men, who, when they had heard him, thought that he had received a gift from Heaven, and made him a monk in the abbey. There he spent his life listening to portions of Holy Writ, which were expounded to him in English, "and ruminating over them like a pure animal," he turned them into most sweet verse.

Cædmon's poems, or it would, perhaps, be more correct to say, the poems ascribed to Cædmon, written about 670, treat wholly of Biblical subjects, such as the creation, the history of Israel, the book of Daniel, the life of Christ, judgment, purgatory, hell, and heaven. There can be little doubt that they were known to Milton; the resemblance between the old poet's description of Satan in hell and the famous episode in the "Paradise Lost" can hardly be the result of accident. For Cædmon the student may consult Thorpe's edition of "Cædmon," Warton's "History of English Poetry," Morley's "English Writers," and Professor Masson's "Life of Milton."

With the exception of some spirited war lyrics, such as the "Battle of Brunanburh" (967) and the "Battle of Maldon" (991), the record of English poetry remains a melancholy blank from the time of Cædmon to that of William Langland, who was born, it is supposed, about 1332, at Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire.<sup>1</sup> With his "Vision of Piers the Plowman" he greatly stirred the heart and conscience of his countrymen. The first issue of this remarkable poem belongs to 1362; the wide and deep popularity which it obtained led to the publication of two more "texts" or editions in 1377 and 1378. To these were added the poems of "Do Wel," "Do Bet," and "Do Best," the whole forming a stern, grave protest against the corruption of society and the Church, with an earnest exhortation to purer living. In the first part of the "Vision" the

<sup>1</sup> Or, according to some authorities, at Shipton-under-Wychwood, in Oxfordshire.

truth which the poet seeks is *righteous dealing* in Church, state, and law; in the second is presented the ideal of a *righteous life*; which none of all those who aspire after it can find until directed into the right way by Piers the Plowman. The search then becomes a search to do well, to do better, to do best—the three stages of the life devout—and Jesus Christ appears as Love, in the dress of Piers the Plowman, to guide and encourage the pilgrim. The first poem is introductory; the second describes Christ's passion, death, resurrection, and victory over death and the devil, ending with a peal of triumphant Easter bells; the third shrouds the poet in a dark and dreary dream, for after Christ left the earth Antichrist took possession of it, and man and the Church fall into great peril. Envy, Pride, and Sloth lay siege to Conscience, who summons Contrition to his succour; but Contrition being asleep, Conscience is ousted from his castle of unity, and grasping his pilgrim-staff sets out on a pilgrimage in quest of Piers the Plowman, that is, the Saviour:—

"Now kynde [nature] me avenge,  
And send me hap and heele,  
Till I have Piers the Plowman."

Not only because of its merits, its strong grasp of character, its vigorous description, and its trenchant satire, but because it is a reflex of the temper of the time, and because it greatly helped on the movement against a corrupt Church, the poem of "Piers the Plowman" calls for the student's careful attention. "Without rhyme, unless by accident, and with alliteration in the first English manner, a national poet of vivid imagination has here fastened on the courtly taste for long allegorical dreams, and speaks by it to the humblest in a well-sustained allegory, often of great subtlety, always embodying the purest aspirations. Everywhere, too, it gives flesh and blood to its abstractions by the most vigorous directness of familiar detail, so that every truth might, if possible, go home, even by the cold hearthstone of the hungriest and most desolate of the poor, to whom its words of a wise sympathy were recited. The strength and vitality of the national genius is shown by this appearance of a great poet, a man of bold imagination and keen intellect, after a silence of four centuries."<sup>1</sup>

A brief passing allusion may be made to John Gower (1320-1402), the contemporary of Langland, who wrote in French his "Speculum Meditantis," in Latin his "Vox Clamantis," and in English, at the request of Richard II., his "Confessio Amantis." In the last, which is upwards of thirty thousand lines long, he combines allegory and morality, the sciences and the philosophy of Aristotle—all the studies of the day—with comic or tragic tales as illustrations. Chaucer refers to him as "moral Gower;" Shakespeare

<sup>1</sup> The student will find the Rev. W. W. Skeat's edition of "Langland" very useful.



introduces him as *Chorus* in his play of "Pericles." But I do not think that the student need do more than glance at his sensible, perspicuous, and fluent verse. He will then be able to devote a larger leisure to the pleasant task of forming an acquaintance with Geoffrey Chaucer (1328-1400), our first great artist-poet. He will find Morris's edition, or that of Sir Harris Nicolas, a very convenient one; or he may use the "Clarendon Press Selections." If he cannot find time to master the poet's diction—which is not, however, a serious difficulty—he may taste his genius (for he will not err, as Cowley did, by thinking him "a dry, old-fashioned wit, not worth reviving"<sup>1</sup>) in the "Poems of Chaucer Modernised," though he will necessarily lose much of the original exquisite flavour. For illustrative purposes he may read Professor A. W. Ward's "Chaucer" (in Macmillan's "Men of Letters" series), Matthew Browne's "Chaucer's England," and for criticism J. R. Lowell's "My Study Windows."

Chaucer was a scholar and a gentleman, with a wide experience of many sides of life. The son of a London vintner, he was educated at either Oxford or Cambridge, served in the great army with which Edward III. invaded France in 1359, was taken prisoner, but released at the peace of Bretigny in the following year. Marrying Philippa Rouet of Hainault, a maid of honour to Queen Philippa (and sister of the wife of John of Gaunt, Shakespeare's "time-honoured Lancaster"),<sup>2</sup> he became connected with the court, and was employed on several diplomatic missions. One of these carried him to Italy, where in 1373 he made the acquaintance of Petrarch. In 1386 he sat as a burgess for the county of Kent in the Parliament that met at Westminster. Shortly afterwards he was dismissed (probably through the influence of Duke Humphry of Gloucester) from the post he held of Comptroller of the Customs, and passed through a period of severe distress. But the power of the Duke of Gloucester declined, and in 1389 he was appointed Clerk of the King's Works. On retiring from this office in 1391 he received a pension of twenty pounds a year for life, to which Henry IV., in the first year of his reign, added one of forty marks. Thus it is seen that Chaucer mixed largely in the busy world, and came in contact with various classes of society, obtaining that knowledge of human character which we find reflected in his poetry.

In studying the works of Chaucer, the student will observe that his genius underwent a steady process of development, and was affected to a considerable extent by French and Italian influences before it slid into a purely English strain. The French influence is seen in his poems of the "Compleynte of Pity" (1367-68) and the "Death of Blanche the Duchess" (1369), the latter in eight-syllabled rhyming verse. Also in a translation of the "Roman de

<sup>1</sup> Dryden, Preface to his "Fables."

<sup>2</sup> According to Mr. Ward, his wife was Philippa Chaucer, a namesake.

la Rose," though that which we now have is probably not Chaucer's. After reading Boccaccio and Petrarch, he wrote his "Troylus and Cresside" and some of the romances afterwards included in the "Canterbury Tales"—those, perhaps, of the Doctor, the Man of Law, the Clerk, the Second Nun, the Prioress, the Squire, the Franklin, Sir Thopas, and the Knight. His purely English period dates from about 1374, when he wrote his "Assembly of Foules" and began to cultivate his fine sense of humour; but his best works, the tales of the Miller, the Reeve, the Merchant, the Cook, the Friar, the Nun, the Priest, and the Pardoner, in which we see him at his healthiest and wholesomest, humorous with a genial wisdom and wise with a racy humour, were written between 1383 and 1390. To this period belong "The House of Fame," that brightest creation of his fancy, and the "Legend of Good Women." As a work complete in its design and principal outlines, we may date the "Canterbury Tales" from 1388, when the prologue was written, but the poet continued to add to them down almost to the day of his death.

"The framework which he chose—that of a pilgrimage from London to Canterbury—not only enabled him to string these tales together, but lent itself admirably to the peculiar characteristics of his poetic temper, his dramatic versatility, and the universality of his sympathy. His tales cover the whole field of mediæval poetry; the legend of the priest, the knightly romance, the wonder tale of the traveller, the broad humour of the fabliau, allegory, and apologue, all are there. He finds a yet wider scope for his genius in the persons who tell these stories, the thirty pilgrims who start in the May morning from the 'Tabard' in Southwark—thirty distinct figures, representatives of every class of English society, from the noble to the ploughman. We see the 'verray perfight gentil knight,' in cassock and coat of mail, with his curly-headed squire beside him, fresh as the May morning, and behind them the brown-faced yeoman in his coat and hood of green, with a mighty bow in his hand. A group of ecclesiastics light up for us the mediæval Church; the brawny hunt-loving monk, whose bridle jingles as loud and clear as the chapel-bell—the wanton friar, first among the beggars and harpers of the country-side—the poor parson, threadbare, learned, and devout ('Christ's love and His apostles' twelve he taught, and first he followed it himself')—the summoner with his fiery face—the pardoner with his wallet 'bret-full of pardons come from Rome all hot'—the lively prioress with her courtly French lisp, her soft little red mouth, and 'Amor vincit omnia' graven on her brooch."<sup>1</sup> There are also the busy sergeant-at-law, the pale, studious "clerk of Oxenford," the doctor of physic, the affluent merchant, the miller and franklin, the coarse, good-humoured wife of Bath, the ploughman—in a word, all the types and varieties of English life touched with the distinctness of

<sup>1</sup> Green's "History of the English People," vol. i.

an artist's pencil, but all fused together in the harmonising light of a broadly sympathetic intellect.

The student will not only be struck by Chaucer's variety, but by his picturesqueness, which is attributable partly to the bright colours and quaint forms of the society he drew, and partly to his own love of light and shade and bold contrasts. There is a clanking of spurs in his verse, a neighing of horses, a jingling of bells, a glittering of gay dresses; banners wave, and music rises merrily into the clear air. How much there is of honest laughter I need not say, nor how much of pitying tears. Again, he is of all our poets the keenest observer, and his portraits are so truly and vividly drawn, that even at this day we recognise them to have been literal likenesses, almost photographic in their fidelity. He saw everything with those keen grey eyes of his, and all he saw he noted down, touch after touch, with astonishing minuteness. The monk's sleeves are "purfled at the hand with fur." The wife of Bath's hat is "broad as a buckler or a targe." Nothing escapes him. What he lacks is, I think, the divine gift of imagination, that gift which in a Shakespeare effervesces in an Ariel and a Titania; in a Spenser, in an Una and a Sir Guyon. And yet when I remember his "Constance" in the *Man of Law's Tale*, and his gorgeously-coloured phantasy of the "House of Fame," I feel that this judgment is too sweeping.

"Chaucer," says Taine,<sup>1</sup> "is like a jeweller with his hands full; pearls and glass beads, sparkling diamonds and common agates, black jet and ruby roses, all that history and imagination had been able to gather and fashion during these centuries in the East, in France, in Wales, in Provence, in Italy, all that had rolled his way, clashed together, broken or polished by the stream of centuries, and by the great jumble of human memory, he holds in his hand, arranges it, composes therefrom a long sparkling ornament with twenty pendants, a thousand facets, which, by its splendid variety of contrasts, may attract and satisfy the eyes of those most greedy for amusement and novelty."

Our poet will supply the student with ample material for reflection. His diction, his versification, the chronological sequence of his works, the light he throws on the manners and customs of his age, the skill with which he tells his stories, his power of portraying character, the extent to which he was influenced by the Italian poets, the influence he has himself exerted in English poetry, are all interesting subjects of investigation.

Chaucer wrote the "Parson's Tale" in his death-year, 1400; John Tyndall translated the New Testament into English (and "fixed our tongue once for all") in 1525. The interval forms the second and last great blank in the records of our literature. From the Reformation onwards the intellectual activity of our race, in the region of letters at least, may have occasionally run somewhat

<sup>1</sup> Taine's "History of English Literature," vol. i. p. 179.

thin and shallow, but has never wholly ceased to flow. Even this dreary interval has one or two notable names; such as the constitutional jurist, Sir John Fortescue; the scholarly and genial monk of Bury, John Lydgate; and that accurate but unimaginative versifier, Thomas Occleve. But upon neither of these writers would I advise the student to bestow his leisure. Let him pass on to the era of the English Renaissance, the natural complement of that great revival which had already taken place in Italy, and the immediate result of Caxton's introduction of the printing-press. It was facilitated by the general spirit of inquiry and unrest which sprang from religious causes; for the reformation of religion and the revival of letters were two parts of one great movement, each aiding and sustaining and impelling the other. Literary debate and discussion fostered religious controversy; religious controversy promoted literary debate and discussion. In England the first effect of the new impulse was the translation of the old classic writers; and hence it came about that the national taste was refined and the national judgment corrected before original work was attempted on an extensive scale. We may trace, for instance, the distinct influence of the ancient authors in Sir Thomas More's admirable *Histories*. On the other hand, the Italian Renaissance helped to mould and colour the love-poetry of the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt.

But before these elegant writers came a disciple of Chaucer, John Skelton (1460-1529), to whom reference must be made as a man of vigorous and vehement talent and large scholarship, who wrote satire with much strength and not a little coarseness, and lyrical poetry with considerable grace. There is a good edition of his works by Dyce. Skelton, in English poetry, may be taken as the next successor to Chaucer.

I must note also the Scotch poets, who were the first to cultivate the poetry of nature—James I., author of "The King's Quhair" (quire or book); William Dunbar, a fine singer, author of "The Thistle and the Rose," "The Golden Targe," "The Seven Deadly Sins;" and Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, who interspersed some brilliant "prologues" in his translation of Virgil's *Æneid*. Though called "Scotch" poets, it is important to recollect that they were really English poets writing in a *northern dialect*. There were but two languages in our island—English and Celtic (*i.e.*, Gaelic).

In Elizabethan poetry the first name that greets us is Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset and Lord Buckhurst (1527-1608), who wrote the "Induction" to the "Mirror of Magistrates," a poem imitated from Boccaccio's "Falls of Princes," and, along with Thomas Norton, the first regular English drama, the "Tragedy of Gorboduc." Of this Hazlitt says:—"As a work of genius it may be set down as nothing, for it contains hardly a memorable line or passage: as a work of art it may be considered as a monument to the





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taste and skill of the authors." To George Gascoigne (1530-77) we owe the "Steele Glassee," our first regular English satire. While Sackville and Gascoigne were still young men, Edmund Spenser (1552-99) was spending his boyhood in London. He was seven years old when the "Mirror of Magistrates" appeared. Educated at Cambridge, he left the university at the age of twenty-four; was afterwards in Lancashire; returned to the south after an unhappy love-suit; made the acquaintance of Sir Philip Sidney, and at Sidney's pleasant Kentish home of Penshurst wrote his "Shepherd's Calendar" (in 1579, fourteen years before Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis"). There, too, he began his great poem of the "Faery Queen," which he took with him to Ireland in 1580, and upon which he was still at work in 1589, when Sir Walter Raleigh visited him in his castle of Kilcolman, among the alder groves brightened by the river Mulla. The splendour of genius which irradiated it so fascinated Raleigh that he insisted on Spenser's returning with him to London to be presented to the Queen, and Elizabeth's leisure was often charmed by the poet's recital of his glorious verse. The "Faery Queen" (or rather the first three books) saw the light in 1590—the year which witnessed the production of "Love's Labour's Lost;" so that the spring of Shakespeare's genius corresponds with the maturity of Spenser's. Returning to Ireland, he wrote in 1594 his "Colin Clout's Come Home Again;" married; and published in 1595 three more books of the "Faery Queen," and the "Hymns of Love and Beauty." His later life was darkened by heavy misfortune, and it is said that "he died for lack of bread" in King Street, London, on the 16th January 1599. He was buried in Westminster Abbey by the side of Geoffrey Chaucer, the first—as he was the second—of England's great poets. It is fitting that they should sleep in such close companionship.

I need not enumerate Spenser's works, for the student will find numerous convenient editions at his disposal; as, for instance, Todd's in one volume, published by Routledge; Morris's, 1869; and the Globe, published by Macmillan. For criticism, see G. L. Craik's "Spenser and his Poetry," Taine's "English Literature," Henry Morley's "Library of English Literature," Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy," and Dean Church's monograph in "Men of Letters."

A thorough knowledge of Spenser, or at all events of the "Faery Queen," is essential to the student of English poetry, for all our later poetry owns his influence. (a.) In the "Faery Queen" the first point to be noticed is the *allegory*, which represents the aspiration of the human soul (King Arthur) towards a complete union with the perfection of divine love (the Faery Queen). Each book of the poem represents a moral virtue in the person of a "fairy knight," who does battle with and conquers the sins and errors that are antagonistic to that virtue. Thus in principle

Spenser is at one with William Langland; both aim at the attainment of "plain living and high thinking." (β.) Observe, second, the *invention*; incident following upon incident in exhaustless profusion, each book or canto containing the materials of a dozen romances. And, (γ.) note the *language*, with its colour and its music, its rich imagery, its wonderful cadences, the reflex of an extraordinarily affluent and spontaneous imagination. Of pathos or of humour Spenser was not a master; but in grace, in pictorial power, in inventiveness, in magic charm, he has never been surpassed. (δ.) As to the metrical form, the stanza employed, now known as Spenserian, was made by the addition of an Alexandrine to the eight-line used by the French poets in their "Chant Royal," and copied from them by Chaucer in his "Envoye to the Complaynte of the Black Knight." The eight-line stanza consisted of two quatrains of ten-syllabled lines with alternate rhymes. A fine pomp and dignity were given to it by the felicitous addition of the Alexandrine. (ε.) It may be added that, besides the main allegory, Spenser's poem presents several subordinate allegories of a political character. Moreover, it contains numerous paraphrases and imitations from the ancient poets, and from Ariosto and Tasso, as well as incidents and illustrations borrowed from the old chivalric romances.

"He is not so great a poet," says Leigh Hunt, "as Shakespeare or Dante; he has less imagination, though more fancy, than Milton. He does not see things so purely in their elements as Dante, neither can he combine their elements like Shakespeare, nor bring such frequent intensities of words or of wholesale imaginative sympathy to bear upon his subjects as any one of them, though he has given noble diffused instances of the latter in his *Una* and his *Mammon*, and his accounts of jealousy and despair. Take him for what he is, whether greater or less than his fellows, the poetical faculty is so abundantly and beautifully predominant in him above every other—though he had passion, and thought, and plenty of ethics, and was as learned a man as Ben Jonson, perhaps as Milton himself—that he has always been felt by his countrymen to be what Charles Lamb called him, the 'poet's poet.' He has had more idolatry and imitation from his brethren<sup>1</sup> than all the rest put together. The old undramatic poets, Drayton, Browne, Drummond, Giles, and Phineas Fletcher, were as full of him as the dramatic were of Shakespeare. Milton studied and used him, calling him 'sage and serious Spenser;' and adding, that he

<sup>1</sup> Compare the fine lines by Keats (in "An Induction to a Poem") :—

"Spenser! thy brows are archèd, open, kind,  
And come like a clear sunrise to my mind;  
And always does my heart with pleasure dance  
When I think on thy noble countenance,  
Where never yet was aught more earthly seen  
Than the pure freshness of thy laurels green."



'dared be known to think him a better teacher than Scotus and Aquinas.' Cowley said he became a poet by reading him. Dryden claimed him for a master. Pope said he read him with as much pleasure when he was old as young. Collins and Gray loved him; Thomson, Shenstone, and a host of inferior writers, expressly imitated him; Burns, Byron, Shelley, and Keats made use of his stanza; Coleridge eulogised him."

Spenser comes before us as pre-eminently the Elizabethan poet. Of him, as of Chaucer, and perhaps of every great poet, it may be said that he was at once the product and the mirror of his age. We feel in him the swirl and eddy of its master-currents of thought and passion; the thrill and touch of its unresting enterprise and adventure, of its boundless and spontaneous energy. In the "Faery Queen" we come into close contact with that mood of religious meditation and aspiration, of reaction against social corruption and individual depravity, which was to make the strength of Puritanism. From end to end it is a protest against vice and worldliness, a yearning after a purer and higher life. The English love of story-telling was strongly developed in our poet, as was the taste of the time for the gorgeousness of pageant and procession. He was sensible of the revival of the old classic authors, and his imagination responded to the narratives of magic isles and gorgeous lands beyond the seas brought back by the Elizabethan mariners from their daring voyages. The struggle against Rome appealed to his sympathies, and he felt the growing thirst for individual freedom, for the well-ordered liberty of a constitutional state. Thus his genius became what it was by virtue of the conditions under which it grew up and flourished.

The first regular English tragedy, "Gorboduc," was put on the stage in 1562; but the first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," by Nicholas Udall, master of Eton, had been acted fully twelve years before. Both comedy and tragedy, however, were simply tentative; and the first really great plays of the English theatre were those of Christopher Marlowe (1564-98), who, in power of expression and audacity of imagination, is inferior only to Shakespeare himself. He perished in a tavern brawl in his thirtieth year, just as his intellect was learning self-control and his work gaining in artistic completeness of structure; but he had lived long enough to secure immortal fame by his "Jew of Malta," "Dr. Faustus," and "Edward II." It is thought that he worked with Shakespeare on some of the earlier plays that bear the great dramatist's name. Hazlitt places him almost first in the list of dramatic worthies. He was a little before Shakespeare's time (that is, before his maturity), and has a marked character from him and the rest. "There is a lust of power in his writings, a hunger and thirst after unrighteousness, a glow of the imagination unhallowed by anything but its own energies." Passion runs riot over his page like a flood of burning lava.

Contemporaries of Marlowe were the three dramatists, George Peele (1558), John Lyly (1553), the author of "Euphues" and a graceful, sensuous lyrist; and Robert Greene (1560), whose life story is more stirring than any of his dramas. Peele died in 1598, the year of Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor;" Greene had predeceased him six years; Lyly lived on to 1602. The chief interest attaching to their work is the kind of reflected light it throws upon Shakespeare's.

The student, in proceeding to the study of Shakespeare, will make it his first endeavour to learn all he can about the man himself, his associates, his friends, and the scenes in which he was born and lived, for which purpose Charles Knight's biography is of acknowledged utility. He ought to know something about the poet's era, and two popular and easily accessible authorities are Mr. Froude's "History of England" and Mr. J. R. Green's "History of the English People." A book of no little value is Guizot's "Shakespeare and his Times." For Shakespeare's language and versification he should consult Schmidt's "Lexicon," Dr. E. A. Abbott's "Shakespearean Grammar," Fleay's "Shakespearean Manual," W. Sidney Walker's "Shakespeare's Versification," and Dr. G. L. Craik's "English of Shakespeare." A convenient portable edition of the poet's works is "The Globe," without notes, or the present writer's annotated edition, "The Howard," the notes in which are designed to meet the student's difficulties. After a careful, assiduous study of the text, pursued until the memory is *saturated* with Shakespeare, the student may turn to the critics and commentators, beginning with Professor E. Dowden's delightful volume on "Shakespeare: his Mind and Art," and going on, as time and opportunities permit, to Coleridge's "Literary Remains" and "Notes upon Shakespeare," Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," and Charles Lamb's "Essays." Some delicate criticism will be found in Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy" and "Wit and Humour." Among the German commentators I would recommend Gervinus and Schlegel, of whose works there are English translations, and Goethe (in his "Wilhelm Meister"). Vehse's "Shakespeare als Protestant, Politiker, Psycholog, und Dichter" is an exhaustive but not very trustworthy work, and Kreyssig's "Vorlesungen über Shakespeare" is invaluable. The best French critics I take to be Mézières and Philarette Chasles.

The principal modern editions of the plays are Knight's, Howard Staunton's, Halliwell's, Dyce's, and "The Cambridge." An elaborate variorum edition is being issued by an American scholar, Mr. H. H. Furness.

From Coleridge I borrow the following:—"Shakespeare's plays are distinguished from those of all other dramatic poets by the following characteristics—(1.) Expectation in preference to surprise. (2.) Signal adherence to the great law of nature that all opposites tend to attract and temper each other. (3.) Keeping at

all times to the highroad of life. (4.) Independence of the dramatic interest of the plot. (5.) Independence of the interest of the story as the groundwork of the plot. (6.) Interfusion of the lyrical—that which in its very essence is poetical—not only with the dramatic, but also in and through the dramatic. (7.) The characters of the *dramatis personæ*, like those of real life, are to be inferred by the reader; they are not told to him. Lastly, in Shakespeare the heterogeneous is united as in nature. He entered into no analysis of the passions or foibles of men, but assumed himself that such and such passions and foibles were grounded on our common nature, and not on the mere accidents of ignorance or disease. This is an important consideration, and constitutes our Shakespeare the morning star, the guide, and the pioneer of true philosophy.”

In taking up a play of Shakespeare's, the student should read it through with a glossary, so as to obtain a full knowledge of the text. Afterwards he should investigate the *construction*, tracing the details of the plot and the arrangement of the situations. He will next turn to the *characters*, mark how they are contrasted, how the various scenes are made to evolve them, how far they are individual or typical, and how they act and re-act upon one another (as, for instance, Othello, Iago, and Cassio). Lastly, his attention will be directed to the *language*, the manner in which it is adapted to each character, the indications it affords of the period of Shakespeare's working career when the play was written, and its general felicity as a vehicle for the expression of thought or passion, sentiment or feeling.

It is best to take up the plays in chronological order, because the growth and expansion of the poet's genius, the development of his art, and the accumulations of his experience, can then be traced. Admittedly, much difference of opinion prevails as to the respective dates of the various dramas, but it seems possible, for the purposes of the self-teacher, to lay down a scheme which, at all events, shall be approximatively correct. In coming to a decision we must be guided by the following considerations:—External evidence—the evidence afforded by historical allusions in the plays themselves—and the internal evidence of style, diction, and versification. A comparison and analysis of the data thus supplied seem to define three distinct periods in Shakespeare's dramatic authorship, which began about 1588, when he was twenty-five years old, and ended about 1612, when he was forty-nine.

These periods may be distinguished, I think, as follows:—

1. *The Apprenticeship*, 1588-95.—Titus Andronicus and the first part of Henry VI. (old plays revised and partly rewritten); Love's Labour's Lost, 1589 or 1590; Comedy of Errors, 1590 or 1591; Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1591 or 1592; Midsummer-Night's Dream, 1592 to 1593; Romeo and Juliet, 1591-93; and (in conjunction

with Marlowe), 2 and 3 Henry VI., 1591-92, and Richard III., 1593.

2. *The Master-Workman*, 1593-1603.—Richard II., 1594; King John, 1595; Merchant of Venice, 1596; 1 and 2 Henry IV., 1597; Taming of the Shrew, 1597; Merry Wives of Windsor, 1598; Much Ado About Nothing, 1598 or 1599; Henry V., 1599; As You Like It, 1600; Twelfth Night, 1601-2.

3. *The Artist*.—*Sub-period α*, 1602-8. Julius Cæsar, 1601-2; Hamlet, 1603; Measure for Measure, 1603-4; Othello, 1604; King Lear, 1605; Macbeth, 1605-6; Troilus and Cressida, 1607; Antony and Cleopatra, 1607; Timon of Athens (not wholly Shakespeare's?), 1607-8; Coriolanus, 1608.

*Sub-period β*, 1608-12. Pericles (partly Shakespeare's), 1608; Cymbeline, 1609; The Tempest, 1610; The Winter's Tale, 1611; and, in conjunction with John Fletcher, Henry VIII., 1612, and Two Noble Kinsmen, 1612-13.<sup>1</sup>

The plots of his plays Shakespeare borrowed from various sources, shaping and enlarging them as he liked. Those of six of his comedies are Italian—Taming of the Shrew, Merchant of Venice, All's Well That Ends Well, Much Ado About Nothing, Twelfth Night, Measure for Measure; two mediæval—Midsummer-Night's Dream and As You Like It; one Spanish—Two Gentlemen of Verona; two various—Winter's Tale and The Tempest. Of the eleven tragedies, two are Italian—Romeo and Juliet and Othello; four classical—Timon of Athens, Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra; two mediæval—Hamlet and Troilus and Cressida; and three national—Cymbeline, King Lear, and Macbeth.

In the study of Shakespeare numerous points will call for the student's attention, as, for instance, his breadth of sympathy; his power of projecting himself into the characters he invented so as to lose his own personality; his depth of thought; the richness and appropriateness of his imagery; the melancholy which underlies all his philosophical reflections; the progressiveness of his intellect; and, finally, the greatness of his work as an artist.

Life is short and literature long. To attain a comprehensive knowledge of English literature, or even of the poetical portion of that literature, needs hours and days and weeks and months of regular and intelligent study. I might, therefore, be justified in bidding the student confine himself, so far as the dramatic poetry of the Elizabethan age is concerned, to Shakespeare; but I feel that, to do justice to its opulence and vigour, he must extend his researches to the works of some of the poet's contemporaries and immediate successors. If he can do nothing more, he can at least run through Charles Lamb's "Specimens of Dramatic Poets" and J. R. Lowell's

<sup>1</sup> Some critics ascribe to Shakespeare a portion (act i., scene 2, to end of act ii.) of Edward III., a play entered in the Stationers' Register, December 1, 1595.

"Conversations on the Old Poets." He will do well, however, to read a *whole* play of each of these great dramatists—for great they were though inferior to the Unapproachable, so great that we have never since had their equals—and better still, to read *all* their *best* plays. Let him begin with Ben Jonson (1574–1637), who produced his first comedy in 1596, and take as illustrative of his rugged strength the "Volpone," the "Alchemist" (in which occurs the truly gorgeous conception of Sir Epicure Mammon), and the "Silent Woman"<sup>1</sup>—the last contemporaneous with Shakespeare's "Tempest;" and, as illustrative of the tenderness and lyrical sweetness which were stored up in his hard cross-grained nature like honey in the gnarled trunk of an old tree, his "Sad Shepherd," and one or two of his fantastic masques. His "Every Man out of his Humour" and his "Cynthia's Revels" (1599–1600) were vehement attacks on the courtiers, and exposed him to the fiery arrows of all the town wits.<sup>2</sup> He replied with the bludgeon-stroke of his "Poetaster" (a word he naturalised in our language), ridiculing Marston as Crispinus and Dekker as Demetrius. The latter was too strong a man to be summarily put down, and he answered Ben Jonson with the trenchant parody of the "Satiro-Mastix;" or, the Untrussing of the *Humorous Poets*, in which Ben figures as Young Horace and is described, half in insolence and half in compliment, as the "staring Leviathan."

One of the pleasantest reminiscences in our literary history is that of the famous "club"<sup>3</sup> which met at the Cheapside tavern of the "Mermaid," and numbered Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other wits of the time, among its members. Here took place those "wit-combats" between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson of which tradition speaks. To its brilliant gatherings Beaumont alludes in some well-known lines—

"What things we have seen  
Done at the 'Mermaid!' Hard words that have been  
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whence they came  
Had meant to put his whole life in a jest,  
And had resolved to live a fool the rest  
Of his dull life."

I pass from Ben Jonson with one more remark, that his lyrics are among the most exquisite things in our language. Francis Beaumont (1586–1616) and John Fletcher (1576–1625) worked together upon their plays, until their literary partnership was dissolved by the former's early death. Fletcher was the son of a bishop, Beaumont of a Justice of the Common Pleas; both re-

<sup>1</sup> His tragedies of "Catiline" and "Sejanus" are well wrought. In the latter he seems to have drawn himself in "Arruntius."

<sup>2</sup> The whole story is fully told in the elder Disraeli's "Quarrels of Authors."

<sup>3</sup> No "club" in the modern sense, but certainly a regular gathering.

ceived a university education,—one at Cambridge, the other at Oxford,—and their good birth and breeding appears in their plays. Unfortunately, neither good birth nor culture restrained them from writing with an indecency which makes their plays very disagreeable reading. Yet sometimes they pitched their work in a high key, and not a few of their characters are tenderly and even loftily conceived. Of grace, and pathos, and fancy, as of a fluent and melodious versification, they were pre-eminently masters; and in English literature we have no other example of so well-balanced a partnership—Beaumont supplying the dignity and judgment, Fletcher the copious invention and higher poetical qualities. The thirteen joint plays are:—"Philaster," "The Maid's Tragedy," "A King and No King," "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" (a satire on the old chivalric romances), "Cupid's Revenge," "The Coxcomb," "Four Plays in One," "The Scornful Lady," "The Honest Man's Fortune," "The Little French Lawyer," "Wit at Several Weapons," "A Light Woman," and "The Lovers of Candy." The first three are, perhaps, the best. Among those written by Fletcher alone, I may select "Thierry and Theodoret," "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," "The Chances," and "The Faithful Shepherdess," the last a most exquisitely written pastoral play.

The best edition of Beaumont and Fletcher is by Dyce. For criticism, see Mr. Swinburne's article on "Beaumont and Fletcher" in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Leigh Hunt's "Selections" in Bohn's Library, and Hallam's "Literature of Europe," Hazlitt's "Age of Elizabeth," and Hartley Coleridge's "Notes and Marginalia."

Thomas Dekker (1570-1641) is included for convenience sake in the so-called Shakesperian group. He is remembered by his "Comedy of Old Fortunatus," and the fine line in which he alludes with reverent boldness to our Lord as

"The truest gentleman that ever breathed."

John Marston (1575-1633?), whom Hazlitt characterises as "properly a satirist," wrote "Eastward Ho!"—a play that greatly offended James I.—in conjunction with Ben Jonson and Chapman; "Satiro-Mastix," in conjunction with Dekker; and independently, "Antonio and Mellida," "The Malcontent," "What You Will," and other plays. They have been edited by Halliwell.

Philip Massinger (1584-1640), a writer of considerable power and sometimes of moral dignity, is remembered by his "New Way to Pay Old Debts," the character of Giles Overreach being formerly a favourite one with our leading tragedians. Of his other thirty-six plays, the best are "The Virgin Martyr," "The Fatal Dowry," "The Bondman," and "The Duke of Milan." On the whole, he may be ranked with Ben Jonson and Fletcher.

Of higher tragic force but inferior in constructive ability is John Webster, who wrote in the reigns of James I. and Charles

L., and lived to see Cromwell in power. His tragedies of "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi" are remarkable for their weirdness and poetic gloom. In their suggestion of horror they stand alone in our literature.

His superior in tenderness but inferior in imaginative insight, John Ford (1586-1639), wrote, along with Dekker and Rowley, "The Witch of Edmonton;" independently, "The Lover's Melancholy," "Perkin Warbeck," "Love's Sacrifice," "The Broken Heart," "The Fancies, Chaste and Noble." His plots are sometimes raised on unpleasant themes, but few of our dramatists have excelled him in depth of pathos and the power of moving and describing the passions. "By the might of a great will," says Swinburne (with, perhaps, a little exaggeration), "seconded by the force of a great hand, he won the place he holds against all odds of rivalry in a race of rival giants. In that gallery of monumental men of mighty memories, among or above the fellows of his god-like craft the high figure of Ford stands steadily erect; his name is ineffaceable from the scroll of our great writers; it is one of the loftier landmarks of English poetry." His "Perkin Warbeck" (1634), as an historical play, is inferior only to the chronicle-plays of Shakespeare.

The last of this glorious group whom we shall here particularise is George Chapman (1557-1634), who, as we have seen, had a hand in "Eastward Ho!" He is seen at his best—and his best is very good—in "Bussy d'Ambois," "All Fools," "Monsieur d'Olive," and "The Gentleman Usher," which breathe with "instinctive fire," and are frequently illustrated by singular pomp of language. But this author will be chiefly remembered by his noble translation of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" (published as a complete whole in the year of Shakespeare's death), which in poetic vigour may almost challenge comparison with the great original, and by no succeeding version has been surpassed or even equalled. It suggested to Keats a beautiful sonnet, in which he says—

"Of of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

It was a great favourite with Charles Lamb and S. T. Coleridge.<sup>1</sup>

I put together the names of several writers whose works the

<sup>1</sup> This dramatic survey goes down to the Restoration, but it will be seen that the writers named are linked together by a community of style and sentiment. They revolve like stars around the central sun of Shakespeare.

student can examine at his leisure :—Richard Broome (died 1652), William Rowley, wrote in 1632 his best comedy, "A New Wonder, a Woman Never Vext;" Thomas Middleton (1570-1627), wrote "The Changeling," "A Mad World, my Masters," and "The Witch;" Cyril Tourneur published "The Revenger's Tragedy" in 1607, and "The Atheist's Tragedy" in 1611; Thomas Heywood (died 1640), who boasted that he had either an entire hand, or at least a main finger, in 220 dramas, for which the world is profoundly ungrateful; and James Shirley, *ultimus Romanorum* (1598-1666), author of "The Wedding," "The Tragedy of Chabot," "The Triumph of Beauty," "The Brothers," and numerous other plays, which have been edited by Gifford. Shirley, who is said to have been much esteemed by Charles I., is remembered by his lyric (in the play of "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses") beginning :—

"The glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armour against fate;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

The illustrious name of Spenser overshadows the rest of the Elizabethan poets, yet many of them sang in a strain not untouched by Apollo's immortal fire; and we must not allow the sweet, rich organ-notes of the "Faery Queen" to close our ears to minor instruments. There is a tranquil beauty, a pathetic tenderness, in the poems of Robert Southwell, the unfortunate Jesuit priest, executed at Tyburn in February 1595, when only thirty-five years old, for no other crime than his religion. Michael Drayton (1563-1631) has treated topography poetically in his "Poly-Olbion," and challenged Shakespeare's supremacy over the fairy world in his "Nymphidia," while in his "Battle of Agincourt" we seem to hear the blare of silver trumpets. Nor must allusion be omitted to the poetical chronicles of Samuel Daniel (1562-1619), namely, "The Six Books of the Civil Wars between the Two Houses of Lancaster and York," written in the stanzas of octave rhyme familiar to the Italian poets; though his genius is better seen in his "Musophilus" and other shorter poems. The first metaphysical poem in our language is the "Nosce Teipsum" of Sir John Davies (1570-1626), published five years before the death of Queen Elizabeth. There is great originality in his fragment of "The Orchestra; a Poem expressing the Antiquity and Excellence of Dancing, in a Dialogue between Penelope and one of her Wooers."

Readers of Longfellow's "Hyperion" will remember the felicitous



Introduction of an admirable poetical conceit in his description of Mary Ashburton :—

“ Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one might almost say her body thought;”

and may have wondered, perhaps, from what source it was taken. It occurs in “An Anatomy of the World,” by Dr. John Donne (1573–1631), and probably nothing superior would be found in all his poems, mixed as they are in character, love-songs jostling close upon elegies, and both being replete with the most fantastic images, and not infrequently disfigured with uncouth versification. As Donne lived on into the reign of Charles I., I am doing some violence to chronology by including him among the Elizabethan poets, but it was from them he gained his inspiration, such as it was. Johnson classes him among the metaphysical poets, but he does not deserve the title. He is simply the poet of frigid conceits, who, as Hartley Coleridge says—

“ Of stubborn thoughts a garland thought to twine;  
To his fair maid brought cabalistic posies,  
And sung fair ditties of metempsychosis:  
Twists iron pokers into true love-knots,  
Coining hard words not found in polyglots.”

Edward Fairfax (died about 1632) enriched our literature with a truly poetical version of Tasso’s “*Gerusalemme Liberata*,” published in 1600, which is scarcely surpassed by Mr. Wiffen’s; and Sir John Harrington (1561–1612), a godson of Queen Elizabeth’s, and author of the prose romance of “*Oceana*,” translated Ariosto’s “*Orlando Furioso*.” Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich (1574–1656), is a satirical poet of much vigour; obscure and quaint very frequently, but full of robustness and picturesque illustration. His “*Epistles*,” the first of their kind in the language, appeared in 1608, and carry us into the reign of James I. Born fourteen years before the great sea-fight with the Spanish Armada, he died in the year of Blake’s capture of the two rich Spanish galleons off Cadiz. Thomas Churchyard (born 1520), who “trailed a pike” in the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth, received from the last a pension of eighteenpence a day, which his military services rather than his seventy volumes of prose and poetry may have deserved! He died in 1604. There is some elegance in the sonnets of Thomas Watson (1557–92) and Henry Constable (1560–1612). Grace is the special characteristic of Thomas Lodge (1556–1625), whose “golden” romance of “*Rosalynde*” suggested Shakespeare’s “*As You Like it*.” Of Richard Barnfield (born about 1570) it is enough to say that he wrote with spontaneity and elegance. Sir Henry Wotton (1568–1639) belongs to the “courtly poets;” he is remembered by Izaak Walton’s *Life of*

him, his provostship of Eton, his love of angling, and his lyrical panegyric on Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, beginning—

“ You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes,  
More by your number than your light,  
You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the moon shall rise ? ”

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (1554–1628), the friend and biographer of Sir Philip Sidney, wrote, in grave sententious verse, “ Treatises on Monarchy, Religion, and Humane Learning.” Of higher strain were the brothers Phineas and Giles Fletcher (1584–1650, 1588–1623), cousins of the dramatist. The chief work of the former is “ *The Purple Island*,” an elaborate and richly fanciful description of the body and mind of man, in the form of an ingenious but wearisome allegory ; that of the latter, also allegorical, is “ *Christ’s Victory and Triumph*.” Pastoral poetry is nobly represented in William Browne (1590–1645), who had a warm love of nature and a fine faculty of observation. He belongs to the Elizabethans—was, in fact, a disciple of Spenser’s, though only fourteen years old when the great Queen died. “ *Britannia’s Pastorals* ” appeared in 1613–1616.

In commenting on Shakespeare the dramatist, I have said nothing about Shakespeare the poet. His “ *Venus and Adonis* ” appeared in 1593, and the “ *Rape of Lucrece* ” in the following year. The “ *Sonnets* ” were probably written at intervals between 1593 and 1608. They have afforded a wide field of discussion to antagonistic interpreters, as may be seen in Mr. Gerald Massey’s able and interesting book, “ *Shakespeare’s Sonnets and his Private Friends*.”

In the closing years of Elizabeth’s reign were born two poets of widely different character and genius, both of whom, however, have been labelled as belonging to the “ *Fantastic School* : ” George Herbert (1593) and Robert Herrick (1591). The former died in 1632 ; the latter lived through the storm and stress of the Civil War, through the Protectorate of Cromwell, and lived to see the restoration of Charles II. Herbert was sprung from a noble, generous, and ancient family. Educated at Cambridge, he won by his scholarship the distinguished post of Public Orator, and in this capacity recommended himself to James I. Among his friends were Lord Bacon and Bishop Andrewes. Having taken holy orders, he was appointed to the living of Bemerton, in Wiltshire (1630), where, for the brief remainder of his life, he served God daily with prayer and praise, enforcing his teaching by the example of his saintly practice. The best known of his poems are those included under the general title of “ *The Temple* ; ” and their “ *heart-work and heaven-work* ”—to use Baxter’s expression—have ensured them a long succession of admiring readers. They in-

spired the genius of Henry Vaughan, cheered the prison hours of Charles I., brightened the spiritual and mental darkness of Cowper, were deeply read and loved by Coleridge, and greatly influenced the poet of "The Christian Year." The student will find himself well repaid for the attention he may give to them, notwithstanding the occasional presence of cold and forced conceits and eccentricities of versification; for Herbert was a true poet, with exquisite purity of love, intense depths of devotional feeling, and large lyrical grace. At all times and in all places and in all things he was a singer, but more particularly a singer of the temple, a bard of the sanctuary, who was never weary of pouring out the love and reverence he felt towards its every nook and corner, its every anthem, its every external grace, every rite, form, or observance connected with it or belonging to it. He is never so happy as when kneeling on the steps of the altar, and placing his verse there among his "alms and oblations." But the student must also observe Herbert's eager sympathy with nature, the way in which he drew inspiration and encouragement from God's visible revelation. He gathered his sweet, apt, and fanciful imagery from the swelling hills and the wooded valleys, from the rare blossoms and the tender grasses, from the shifting clouds and the noiseless spheres of the stars, from the bowery recesses of the forest and the glories of sunrise and sunset. His verse echoes with the melody of birds. He found "a heaven in a wildflower;" his garden offered him a foretaste and prefigurement of Paradise; so that on behalf of his buds and blooms he could offer up a petition to the falling rain:—

"Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently spend  
Your honey-drops; press not to smell them here;  
When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,  
And at your lodging with their thanks appear."

A grave, serious, earnest, but not melancholy poet, who sung and lived as one sings and lives who remembers always the presence of the "great Taskmaster," and the work he has to do and the reward he hopes to obtain for it. The student should also notice his power of original and profound thought. Each subject that he takes up he may be said to exhaust; he presents it in so many lights, strikes out from it so many happy suggestions and illustrations, yet never borrowing from other writers, trusting always and wholly to his own resources. Especially remarkable is his faculty of condensation. He compresses into a line what less opulent poets would spread over a page. His stanzas are so many caskets of precious things, each of which is filled to the very brim.

Like Herbert, Herrick was educated at Cambridge; and the year before Herbert accepted the living of Bemerton, Herrick was appointed to that of Dean Prior, near Ashburton, in Devonshire. But he was by no means a pattern priest. He had missed his

vocation; had none of those high aspirations and ideals which kindled the devout imagination of Herbert; and for seventeen years bewailed the fate which had doomed him to a dull Devonshire village. There he had to live, however; and singing exquisitely graceful songs to imaginary Julias, Silvias, Corinnas, and others, or writing in fluent verse of the country customs and peculiarities, he cheered himself with ample draughts of generous liquor, or taught his pet pig to drink out of a tankard, or joked airily with his faithful servant Prue. I am not sure that he was sorry when, in 1648, the Puritans expelled him from his living, for it set him free to go to London, and plunge into the merry, witty, clever company that delighted him. To increase his means he published his lyrics, epigrams, and miscellanies, under the title of "Hesperides," so called (from *hesperis*, western) because written in the west of England. His lyre, however, rang forth some graver notes, and to these religious strains he gave the pretentious name of "Noble Numbers." But they do not show his genius to advantage; he was essentially a good-humoured *bon-vivant*, who took life easily and gave no thought to the morrow. At the Restoration he was replaced in his Devonshire vicarage, and he was then old enough to feel contented with its quiet. His life was prolonged until 1674.

The poet of the Restoration was Samuel Butler (1612-80), who was born a score of years later than Herrick, and outlived that clerical Anacreon some six years. The son of a small Worcester-shire farmer, he began life as clerk to a justice of the peace, practised music and painting, studied the law, and afterwards entered the service of a wealthy Puritan, Sir Samuel Luke, a colonel and a member of the Long Parliament, who suggested by his peculiarities the burlesque of "Hudibras." After the Restoration Butler became the secretary of Lord Carbery, Jeremy Taylor's friend, and at Ludlow Castle completed the first part of his great humorous poem, which he published in 1663. A keen attack on the Presbyterians and Independents, with an immense store of epigram, shrewd sense, and comical dialogue, the whole relieved by a touch of Cervantes-like mock earnestness, it leaped into instant popularity, was quoted by Charles II. and his courtiers, and lay on the table of every man of fashion. The second part, not less popular, appeared in 1664. For its author, however, nothing was done by king or court; he fell into poverty, and owed his last meals and a decent funeral to the benevolence of a benchman of the Middle Temple. "On Butler," says Oldham the satirist, "who can think without just rage?" "Hudibras" is one of the acknowledged masterpieces of our poetical literature, but is probably more praised than read. The truth is, that its incessant sparkle wearies. Every couplet embodies a jest, or a sharp saying, or a whimsical allusion, and it demands from the reader a steady and serious attention which is almost fatiguing. The student should read it in instalments, and he will then appreciate the wit and wisdom with which it is so profusely loaded. As

a satire it is of all time; for while professedly and openly ridiculing the two great parties of its own age, it does in truth very sharply expose all kinds of affectation and pretence, all varieties of sham and hypocrisy, and while these endure "*Hudibras*" can never be obsolete. Two other points must be noticed—its immense learning, and the happy facility and humorous construction of its rhymes.

To the opposite party belonged Andrew Marvel (1620-78), who, with a wit as keen if not as affluent as Butler's, did much both in prose and poetry to advance the cause of the Parliament and discredit the Stuart dynasty. Though bred in an atmosphere of Puritanism, a Puritan he was not; nor, though he assailed the Stuarts, was he a Republican. He served Cromwell with his friend Milton as Latin secretary; and as a member of Parliament, would have given his support to Charles II., had he ruled constitutionally and honestly. The story runs that the King once sent to him Danby, the Lord-Treasurer, offering him in return for his advocacy a place at court and a thousand pounds. The member for Hull was poor but honest; he rejected the bribe, which showed his honesty, and proved the independence of his poverty by calling his servant to witness that for three successive days he had dined on a shoulder of mutton. Wit and learning, grace and fancy, mingle in his poems, but unfortunately there is also a good deal of coarseness. This censure, however, does not apply to his best: namely, "*The Emigrant in the Bermudas*," the ode on "*The Death of Cromwell*," and the sweet fanciful lyric of the "*Nymph's Complaint for the Death of her Fawn*."

George Wither (1588-1667) was also on the Puritan side; his most famous work is the "*Emblems, Ancient and Modern*," produced in 1635, the year which witnessed the appearance of the "*Divine and Moral Emblems*" (which should be studied along with the remarkable illustrations of C. H. Bennett), of Francis Quarles (1592-1644). The latter is claimed by the Fantastic School, of which Dr. Donne (1573-31) was a conspicuous member. So, too, Abraham Cowley (1618-67); but he takes higher rank as a poet than Wither, Quarles, or Donne, in right of a certain robustness of thought and energy of imagination which his conceits and scholastic cobwebs cannot wholly obscure. He is seen to the best advantage in his "*Essays in Verse and Prose*," which the student should not overlook. Cowley died in the pleasant shades of Chertsey in 1667, the year of the publication of Dryden's "*Annus Mirabilis*" and Milton's "*Paradise Lost*."

All the poets here named must pale their beams in the presence of John Milton (1608-74), the third great name in English poetry, who took up the succession from Spenser, as Spenser had taken it up from Chaucer. Among the epic poets he ranks with Homer, Virgil, and Dante, fourth in chronological order, but third in order of merit; to these four who will presume to add a fifth? He was born in Bread Street, London, in 1608. and as he remained

in the capital until 1624, it is probable that he saw Shakespeare, of whom we know him to have been an enthusiastic admirer. In the year that Charles I. ascended the throne, Milton went to the University of Cambridge, where his purity of life and personal comeliness procured him the nickname of "the lady." He soon attracted notice by his fine scholarship and the rare excellence of his poetical compositions, in the very earliest of which there is no prematureness, no unripeness, though, of course, not a full intellectual development. The noble ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," written when he was twenty-one, has not a trace of youthful feebleness. On his twenty-third birthday, with rare elevation of purpose, he consecrated his life and his powers to the service of Heaven in a noble sonnet beginning—

"How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year."

In the following year he graduated as M.A., and leaving the University, retired to his father's house at Horton. Here a struggle arose between his father and himself; his father desiring that he should take orders, Milton refusing for conscience' sake, and because he felt that he could best serve God as a poet. His father gave way, and for nearly six years Milton remained at Horton, noting with an observant eye the beauties of its landscapes, and meditating high themes to be dealt with worthily. During this period he composed his "*L'Allegro*" (Contented Mirth) and "*Il Penseroso*" (Sober Contemplation); two perfect poems, as artistic in execution as in design. Mr. Morley has pointed out their exact parallelism in structure:—

<i>L'Allegro.</i>		<i>Il Penseroso.</i>	
	Lines.		Lines.
1. Invective against "loathed Melancholy,"	1-10	1. Invective against "vain" Joys,	1-10
2. Invitation to "heart-easing Mirth,"	11-24	2. Invitation to "divinest" Melancholy,	11-21
3. Allegory of parentage and companions,	25-40	3. Allegory of parentage and companions,	22-54
4. The morning song,	41-56	4. The evening song,	55-64
5. Abroad under the sun,	57-98	5. Abroad under the moon,	65-76
6. Night, and the fireside tales,	99-116	6. Night, and study of nature and poetry,	76-120
7. <i>L'Allegro</i> social,	117-134	7. <i>Il Penseroso</i> solitary,	121-154
8. His life set to music,	135-150	8. His life set to music,	155-174
9. Acceptance,	151 to close.	9. Acceptance,	175 to close.

The exquisite appropriateness of the images introduced and of the landscapes described will not fail to be noticed by the student.

We recognise the grave purity of Milton's mind and his elevation above all his contemporary poets in the "*Comus*," which constitutes a lofty protest against the suggestions and temptations of the senses. At Horton also was written the semi-masque of



JOHN MILTON.





"Arcades" and the monody of "Lycidas," commemorative of Milton's friend, Edward King, who was drowned on his voyage from Chester to Dublin. As yet, to his own thinking, he was only in his poetical apprenticeship; "nursing his wings," as he wrote to his friend Diodati, "and meditating a flight." "Let us," he adds, "be humbly wise." His self-restraint was a characteristic feature of Milton, but it was combined in him with a firm belief in his own powers; in truth, it was made possible by this belief; he felt that he could treat worthily of lofty themes, but he would not essay such soaring flights until his wings were fully grown.

To complete the training he had voluntarily undertaken, Milton in 1638 set out on an extended plan of Continental travel; but while at Naples he received intelligence of the outbreak of the civil commotions in England, and thought it base to be travelling for amusement abroad while his fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home. Through Rome and Florence, Venice, Verona, and Milan he passed on to Geneva, and thence, through France, returned to England in August 1639. The death of his friend Diodati then drew from him his Latin pastoral, "*Epitaphium Damonis*," after which the Muse was virtually silent for several years.<sup>1</sup> All Milton's intellectual strength and opulence of resources were needed for the part he had to play as the advocate of civil and religious freedom. This stage of his career dates from 1641 to 1660, and may be studied with interest and advantage in Professor Masson's elaborate and exhaustive life of the poet. It was a period of incessant literary and political activity, the most remarkable outcome of which were the "*Reason of Church Government*," the "*Eikonoclastes*," and the "*Areopagitica*," a plea for the liberty of unlicensed printing, which contains passages of the most majestic eloquence, an eloquence of *idea* as well as of *diction*. The reader must study it carefully, examining the sequence of the argument and the structure of Milton's stately prose. The title "*Areopagitica*" is borrowed from the "*Areopagitic*" oration of Isocrates: the latter appealed to the high court of Areopagus; Milton appealed to the English Areopagus, the high court of Parliament.

In February 1649 Milton was appointed Latin secretary to the Council of State, a post he continued to hold under Cromwell, assisted after his blindness in 1654 by Andrew Marvel. At the Restoration he withdrew into retirement, and, with the exception of a short imprisonment, escaped molestation. In his domestic life he had been unfortunate, having been divorced from his first wife; but in 1662 he married for a third time, and this third trial brought him great comfort. In his later years his mode of living was as follows:—He rose at four in summer, five in winter; heard a chapter of the Hebrew Bible, and was left to meditate until seven. After breakfast he listened to reading, and dictated to his amanuensis

<sup>1</sup> Several of his sonnets were written during this period.

until noon. One hour, from twelve to one, was reserved for exercise, either walking or in a swing. He dined at one; and then occupied himself with books, music, and composition until six. Two hours were given to the pleasant companionship of his friends; and here it may be noted that Milton was a good talker. He supped at eight, smoked a pipe, and retired to bed at nine. Such was the peaceful tenor of his days. Few poets have spent so long a poetical life, except perhaps Wordsworth, and, in our own day, Tennyson.

He was thirty-two when he conceived the idea of "Paradise Lost;" it was not until after the Restoration that he proceeded to realise it. He was then fifty-two. The intervening twenty years had helped to fit him for the worthy execution of the great task he had proposed to himself. Without losing anything of his young enthusiasm, he had gained in experience, in philosophical insight, in intellectual strength and flexibility. "Paradise Lost," at first divided into ten books only, was completed in 1665, though not published until 1667. It brought its author ten pounds. Its sequel, "Paradise Regained," was probably written in 1666 and 1667, though it did not see the light until 1671. It proves the necessary complement of the greater poem, and the two, in justice to Milton, should be considered as parts of one and the same design. As for "Paradise Lost," it now ranks as one of our most precious possessions, as precious as Agincourt and Trafalgar, or Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, and criticism upon it is almost an impertinence. The student will find an excellent sketch of it in Mr. Mark Pattison's monograph on Milton in the *Macmillan* series of "English Men of Letters;" and two different points of view are presented in Macaulay's and Dr. Channing's well-known essays. His attention, when he begins to study it, should be directed to such matters as the extent to which Milton was indebted to Vondel and Cædmon; the traces, in the versification and treatment, of the influence of Marlowe and Spenser; the characteristics of Milton's blank verse; the evidences of his multifarious learning; the effect of his Calvinistic theology upon his development of the subject; his choice of epithets; his descriptions of nature; and, finally, the relation of his poem to the religious thought of the age. Nor should he fail to compare it with the "Faery Queen," which sets forth one side or aspect of the difficult problem of which "Paradise Lost" sets forth the other. Thus, if it be the purpose of Milton's poem to—

"Assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men,"

it is not less the object of Spenser's to indicate the aspiration of men towards God, and in both the leading principle is the combat between the principles of good and evil—in the councils of Providence in "Paradise Lost," in the soul of man in the "Faery

Queen" The reproach sometimes levelled against Puritanism as unfavourable to the poetic spirit is easily disposed of when we remember that it gave us Spenser and Milton.

"Paradise Lost" divides naturally into three parts, each containing four books. Part i., books i. to iv., describes the mighty war between good and evil, the fall of evil into hell, and the renewal of the struggle upon earth with man for the prize or victim. Part ii., books v. to viii., forms an intermezzo, in which, through the narrative of the Archangel Raphael, we learn the order of the events that preceded man's creation. Part iii., books ix. to xii., resumes and concludes the history of the great contention, with man's fall, its immediate consequences, and the Archangel Michael's vision of the way in which they will eventually be retrieved. "Paradise Regained" is in reality part iv., books xiii. to xvi., and shows us the realisation of the archangelic vision in Christ's victory over the power of evil. On "the highest pinnacle" of the glorious temple of Jerusalem, which far off appeared

" Like a mount  
Of alabaster topt with golden spires,"

Divine Good, in the person of Jesus Christ, wins the last battle in that tremendous conflict which began in "heaven's wide chamber." Angelic choirs break forth into anthems of victory :—

" Now Thou hast avenged  
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing  
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,  
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent."

"Samson Agonistes" was published in the same year as "Paradise Regained." It is a choral drama, after the Greek model, though in a severer style, and is possessed with the poet's strong individuality. The main work and aim of his life here find their final expression. For twenty years he had laboured in the fight against religious and civil tyranny, and to the superficial observer the battle had gone against him and his cause. But the poet is, by virtue of his office, a seer, and Milton foresaw the ultimate triumph of the principles he had advocated, just as the blind and aged Samson eventually overthrows the Philistines. Milton's last words as a poet were true to the creed of his life, and pitched in the same key as his earliest strains :—

" All is best, though oft we doubt  
What the unsearchable dispose  
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft He seems to hide His face,  
But unexpectedly returns ;  
And to His faithful champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously."

Milton died, at the age of sixty-six, on Sunday the 8th of November 1674.

Among those who gathered about him in his later years was John Dryden (1631-1700), the founder of a new school of poetry, and as indisputably *the* literary man of his generation as Milton was of his. Dryden was only twenty-nine when Charles II. re-entered Whitehall, and he has none of the characters of the elder poets, is as far off from Milton as from Spenser. In the second rank of our poets he stands foremost, and his robustness, his amazing energy, his versatility, his sound sense, his argumentative power, and his faculty of condensation, almost counterbalance his deficiency of imagination and fancy, his want of the highest and ethereal essences of poetry. While Cromwell lived, he felt that great man's influence and was his staunch admirer; at the Restoration he changed his politics, though retaining a love of toleration and a sympathy with breadth and liberality of government. At the accession of James II. he became a Roman Catholic. Hence his works present us with remarkable illustrations of his changes of opinion. His poem on the death of the Protector contrasts with his "Astræa Redux," an extravagant welcome of Charles II. His defence of the Church of England in his "Religio Laici," published in 1682, finds its antithesis in his defence of the Church of Rome in the "Hind and Panther" in 1687. Whatever Dryden touched he did well. His "Absalom and Achitophel," directed against the Popish Plot and the Exclusion Bill intrigues, is one of the finest political satires in the language. The "Medal," an attack on the Earl of Shaftesbury (the Achitophel of his first satire), and the "Mac Flecknoe," written in ridicule of Shadwell, a very poor poet, are not inferior in compactness of thought and the roll and march of the versification. The "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," the translation of "Virgil," and the "Fables," would in themselves justify and sustain Dryden's reputation as a poet. As a dramatist he is frequently feeble and often extravagant, though his rhymed plays exhibit his easy mastery of language. As a critic his prose is as good as his verse, and his judgments are sound, his sympathies generous. "Glorious John" must always be a conspicuous figure in our literature, and he gains in stature by comparison with the men who imitated him, and assembled admiringly around him in Will's Coffeehouse, the poet-peers, Lords Dorset, Rochester, Roscommon, Mulgrave, and Sir Charles Sedley. He was a man every inch of him; a strong, clear thinker, who carried common sense almost to the height of genius. A convenient edition of his works is that of W. D. Christie; on his qualities as a poet some good remarks will be found in Sir Walter Scott's "Biography," A. H. Clough's "Life and Letters" in the "Quarterly Review" (1878), and J. R. Lowell's "Among my Books."

The close connection between the drama and poetry leads me to interpolate here a reference to the dramatists of the Restoration,

a title generally (and very loosely) applied to Dryden, Otway, Lee, Wycherley, Mrs. Aphra Behn, William Congreve, Sir John Vanbrugh, and George Farquhar. Thomas Otway (1651-85) is still remembered by the pathetic interest of his "*Venice Preserved*" and "*The Orphan*." Nathaniel Lee (1655-92) is no longer acted or read. Sir George Etherege (1636-94) gave the stage a distinctly new creation in Sir Fopling Flutter. Mrs. Behn's plays are lively and indecent: says Pope, "The stage how loosely does Astræa tread." William Wycherley (1640-1715) founded the comedy of manners; a coarse wit and vigour are conspicuous in his "*Country Wife*" and "*Plain Dealer*." Though he lived into the reign of George I., his plays were all produced in that of Charles II. Those of William Congreve (1670-1729) belong to the post-Revolution period; they are the "*Old Bachelor*," "*Double Dealer*," "*Love for Love*," "*Way of the World*," and "*Mourning Bride*" (a tragedy). In wit they stand supreme; "every sentence is replete with sense and satire, conveyed in the most polished and pointed terms; every page presents a shower of brilliant conceits, is a tissue of epigrams in prose, is a new example of wit, a new conquest over dullness." Sir John Vanbrugh (1666-1726), who wrote "*The Relapse*" and "*The Provoked Husband*," and George Farquhar (1678-1707), the author of "*The Beaux's Stratagem*," "*The Inconstant*," and "*The Recruiting Officer*," stand on a lower platform, though Farquhar presses Congreve closely in facility of invention and subtlety of construction. Had he lived longer, he might have surpassed him.

It is needless to say that the dramatists of the Restoration are all tainted with gross indecency. Wycherley is the most shameless, but the others cannot escape condemnation. Is it necessary, then, that the student should wade through their filth? At the risk of being ridiculed as a precisian, I must answer in the negative, and I think that he can learn all that it is essential for him to know about them from Professor Morley's "*English Drama*" in Cassell's "*Library of English Literature*," Macaulay's "*Essays*," Hazlitt's "*Lectures on the Dramatists*," Thackeray's "*English Humourists*," and Leigh Hunt's "*Wit and Humour*."

Dryden's heroic plays are remembered from the circumstance that they drew forth the effective satire of "*The Rehearsal*," a comedy by the Duke of Buckingham (assisted by Bishop Sprat and Butler), in which the poet is satirised as "Bayes." His later plays were of a higher tone, and in "*All for Love*" and "*Don Sebastian*" we feel the influence of Shakespeare.

From Dryden we pass on naturally to Alexander Pope (1688-1744), who, when a schoolboy in London, saw and admired the author of the "*Religio Laici*;" and, returning to his father's house at Binfield, near Windsor, began to imitate him. He imitated other poets and composed rhyming translations, and at the age of sixteen produced his "*Pastorals*." In these it is easy to see that he had

formed an independent style of versification, which was developed and perfected in the "Essay on Criticism," written at the age of twenty-one. In some respects this is one of the most remarkable works ever produced by so young a poet. Both in thought and diction it has all the marks of maturity; the sentiment is always just and mostly generous, and the precepts might have sprung from the wisdom of experience. Each couplet is packed with a thought, epigrammatically or concisely expressed, and often heightened by an apt illustration or pointed antithesis. The "Essay on Criticism" was published in 1711. In the following year appeared the "Messiah," a sacred eclogue in imitation of Virgil's fourth eclogue, and the first draft of the "Rape of the Lock," a graceful, airy satire, full of delicate fancy, which immediately took the town by storm. It originated in a suggestion from a friend that a family feud provoked by young Lord Petre's audacious gallantry in cutting off a lock of the hair of Miss Arabella Fermor might be made the subject of a playful poem that would happily terminate it. The fairy machinery introduced was borrowed from the Abbé Villars' Rosicrucian romance of "Le Comte de Gabalis." In 1714 Pope issued a new edition extended into five cantos, and in this form the poem has taken a permanent place in our literature. Like the "Faery Queen" or the "Canterbury Tales," in a word, like every true work of genius, it is unique of its kind. Its fairies are the most exquisite creatures imaginable, and are described in lightsome, pungent, sparkling verse entirely worthy of them. The poem of "Windsor Forest" was published in 1713, and closed what may be called the first period of Pope's literary career, in which he was to some extent under the influence of Dryden. The second period sees him the most popular poet of the day, the friend of Swift and Bolingbroke, of Gay, Prior, and Arbuthnot, and the founder of a school of poets of whom Fenton was the most accomplished. By his translations of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" (1715-25) he acquired a competency, and was enabled to take his ease at Twickenham, where he practised landscape-gardening with considerable taste and more ardour. On the scribblers who had assailed him and the men who had provoked his jealousy he poured out the vitriolic bitterness of his wit in the "Dunciad" (1728, enlarged in 1741), which remains to this day the first of English satire-poems. In the first edition Lewis Theobald, a painstaking editor of Shakespeare (Pope had also edited Shakespeare), was gibbeted as the hero; in the second, he gave place to Colley Cibber, the dramatist, a man of real talent. The "Dunciad" closed Pope's second period, which acknowledged the influence of Swift. His third, in which his tone grew graver and deeper, was coloured by his intimacy with Bolingbroke. It produced the "Essay on Man" (1732-34), the "Epistles," and the "Moral Essays;" three works in themselves sufficient to have secured the permanent fame of their author. Pope terminated a life which

many friendships had brightened, but bodily infirmity and irritability of temper embittered, on the 30th May 1744, a few months before Swift, and seven years before Bolingbroke.

The best edition of Pope's works is the Rev. Whitwell Elwin's, but the "Globe" edition is handy and cheap. For criticism, the student may refer to Hannay's "Satires and Satirists," Thackeray's "English Humourists," Taine's "History of English Literature," Stephen's "Hours in a Library," and Sainte Beuve's "Causeries du Lundi." Pope was a fine artist and a true poet, whose genius was unfavourably affected by the conditions of the age, and not a little by his physical deformity. One might almost think that literature, like the Roman Church, had its two *Popes*, living in open antagonism to one another; so different is the Pope that maligned Lady Mary Wortley Montagu from the Pope that affectionately eulogised Bolingbroke; the Pope that wrote the "Dunciad" from the Pope of the "Essay on Man" and the "Universal Prayer." "The writings of Pope," says Hannay, "should by all means be studied by everybody who cares for English literature at all. It is not that even he, viewed solely as a poet, can be said to rank with the first class. But though not first-rate in poetry, he is first-rate in everything else; above all, as a writer, as a master of our language. He is most poetic in such pieces as the 'Epistle of Eloise' or 'Windsor Forest.' But it is as wit, moralist, and satirist that he is superior. So forcible is his concentration, so exquisite his finish! We seriously advise the student to get the best passages of the satires and moral epistles of Pope by heart, for they are simply models in a particular species of writing. In him the language attained the utmost refinement of expression of which that species admits. Accordingly he was imitated all through the last century, and when, at the close of it, the new school of Wordsworth began, that school did not pretend to rival Pope in his own walk. They said, what was true, that for the highest poetry we must ascend beyond him; but they never shook his position as a didactic writer. Indeed that will always be impossible, and that it is felt to be so is proved by the fact that people no longer attempt to write the heroic meter which he carried to such perfection. Those who, like the late Mr. Thackeray, resemble the Queen Anne school in their intellectual characteristics, now employ only prose."

The facility with which Pope condensed a judgment, a sarcasm, or a thought, into a brilliantly expressed couplet is the reason that he is so often quoted. He is, in fact, one of the most quotable of our poets, and much that he has written is now a portion of our daily speech. Take the epistle to Lord Burlington "On the Use of Riches," and mark, with pencil in hand, the passages that have become familiar as household words. You will be surprised at their number.

The "Essay on Man" is the one of Pope's poetical works to which the student should chiefly direct his attention. Nothing

is more unjust than the allegation of superficial critics that it is atheistic in its tendency. It is, on the contrary, an attempt to reconcile reason and faith, the argument being borrowed or adapted from the "Theodicée" of Leibnitz, which was intended as a reply to the speculations of Bayle. Man, says the poet, is only a part of the universe, and unable to comprehend all its details, or to survey the whole plan of creation. Therefore he must believe that all things are ordered for good; that whatever is is right. The goodness of God, he contends, is shown in our very imperfections, for out of self-love springs social love, and this expands into charity. Our mutual wants bring about our mutual happiness. Order is Heaven's first law, and thence results the difference of classes; but in this difference lies no cause for individual sorrow; honour and shame are not the accidents of social condition; let each man do his duty, and therein lies the honour. "Virtue alone is happiness below;" that is, love of God and love of man, for in such does true virtue consist:—

" See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !  
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :  
Yet poor with fortune and with learning blind,  
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find ;  
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God ;  
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,  
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;  
Sees that no being any bliss can know,  
But touches some above and some below ;  
Learns from this union of the rising whole  
The first, best purpose of the human soul ;  
And knows where faith, law, morals all began,  
All end—in love of God and love of man."

The philosophy may be, and indeed is, open to sharp criticism; but for the poetry we must have almost unalloyed admiration. Nor will that admiration be lessened by the reflection that the success is achieved in spite of an excess of antithesis and a monotony of cadence which only the highest skill could prevent from becoming wearisome.

Contemporary with Pope, but twelve years younger, and outliving him four years, James Thomson (1700-48) is the first of our Nature-poets—the poets who have endeavoured to interpret Nature in all her beauty and sublimity to the unobservant world. He had a quick eye for her various phases, and knew how to describe them in gorgeous if frequently turgid language; and his pictures are not less accurate in detail than glowing in colour. His "Seasons," with their freshness and pomp of description, naturally arrested the attention of a public who had begun to weary of party satires and philosophical disquisitions; and all the more quickly, perhaps, because its varied landscapes brought before them a scenery which was entirely novel. For, as Fro-



fessor Wilson points out, there is a prevalent Scottish element in the "Seasons." The poet's suns rise and set in Scottish heavens; his tempests are brewed in Scottish skies; his vapours, snows, and storms are Scottish; and so are the recesses and glooms of his woods. Thomson's love of Nature was genuine though not profound, and all he saw, though he did not see deeply, he reproduced with truth. The student will note the limitations of his genius, as well as the supreme defects of his style, with its awkward inversions and cramped, affected Latinisms. But he will note also the tenderness and beauty of many of his descriptive passages; as, for instance:—

"From the bladed field the fearful hare  
Limps awkward."

Or:—

"Some widowed songster pours his plaint,  
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse."

Or, describing the redbreast:—

"Half-afraid, he first  
Against the window beats; then brisk alights  
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks and starts, and wonders where he is:  
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs  
Attract his slender feet."

Thomson was the son of a Scotch clergyman. He was educated at Edinburgh University, but, his father dying, preferred to carve out his own fortune, and sailed from Leith for London in the year in which Pope published his "Odyssey" and his "Shakespeare." He entered the metropolis almost penniless; but Scotchmen have a habit of standing shoulder to shoulder; and one David Mallet (or Malloch), himself a small poet, obtained for his young countryman the post of tutor to Lord Binning's son, while two other Scots introduced him to Pope, Gay (the author of the "Fables" and the "Beggars' Opera"), and Arbuthnot. Thus he made his way into literary circles, and in March 1726 published "Winter," the first book of his "Seasons." It proved a great success, and was quickly followed by "Summer" (1727), "Spring" (1728), and "Autumn" (1730), each winning a wide, and, as all know, a permanent popularity. Next came the tragedy of "Sophonisba;" after which the poet travelled through France, Switzerland, and Italy as tutor to Sir Charles Talbot's son. The result of his foreign tour was the poem of "Liberty." Eventually a pension and a sinecure placed him in a position of pecuniary independence, enabling him to retire to Richmond, where, amid those charming landscapes which art and poetry have combined to celebrate, he yielded not unwillingly to his constitutional lethargy. In May 1748 he published the "Castle of Indolence," a pseudo-Spenserian allegory, which he

had some years before designed in easy ridicule of his own failing, and three months later died. For my own part, I think his genius is seen at its best and ripest in the "Castle of Indolence;" but the "Seasons" must always be prized for the impulse they gave to the study of Nature.

A dainty interest in Nature—that sort of interest which a cultivated man may feel who contemplates it from his study windows—is seen in the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," by Thomas Gray (1716-65), who brings us face to face with the ploughman as he homeward drags his weary feet, the rude forefathers of the hamlet, the village Hampden, and the solitary, who, far from the home of men,—

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
Has kept the noiseless tenor of his way."

Gray was also the author of some fine odes (as "The Bard" and the "Progress of Poesy"), and of the "Long Story," a poem remarkable for its quiet but quaint humour. Of all our poets he is the least original. He borrowed nearly every line, every image, but with so much taste and made so skilful a use of his material that his work ranks among our best. The classical polish of his diction and his happy choice of epithet will not fail to give delight to the student; and as a master of cadence and modulation and metrical power he claims a place along with Tennyson and Shelley.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74) rests his renown rather upon his one immortal novel, the "Vicar of Wakefield," and his one charming comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," than upon his descriptive poems; yet of the author of "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," and the "Traveller," we feel that Johnson was justified in saying, "nullum quod tetigit non ornavit." Whatever he did he did well; and the student should consider his poetical work with care. Mr. Stopford Brooke has well said that in the "Traveller" "a new element is added to the poetry of man—interest in other peoples than the English people; the horizon of mankind has widened, and this enlargement of our poetic interest in man beyond the bounds of England, which began in Goldsmith, rapidly developed in Cowper, and in the next age grew so intense in Wordsworth, that in order to serve a great idea, necessary, as he thought, for the progress of the race, he wished, in lines which thrill with excitement, that the fleets and armies of England might be beaten by the foreigner." Goldsmith was one of the conspicuous figures that gathered around Samuel Johnson, whose imitations of Juvenal, the "Vanity of Human Wishes," and "London," are still remembered by right of some striking passages. In the year that witnessed the publication of his moral tale of "Rasselas," died William Collins (1720-59), who in the polish of his verse equals Gray, and in true poetic inspiration rises considerably above him. His "Ode on the Passions" is as full of

fire and vigour as Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," while the "Ode to Evening," written in a classic metre, shines with exquisitely soft pictures. Collins died insane at the age of thirty-nine, cheered in his hour of mental gloom, as throughout his sorrowful life, by his faith in the Divine love. A Chichester clergyman has left on record a touching incident :—"Walking in my vicaral garden one Sunday evening during Collins' last illness, I heard a female (the servant, I suppose) reading the Bible in his chamber. Mr. Collins had been accustomed to rave much and make great moanings, but while she was reading, or rather attempting to read, he was not only silent, but attentive likewise, correcting her mistakes, which, indeed, were very frequent, through the whole twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis."<sup>1</sup>

The age of Collins and Gray and Goldsmith was an age of minor poets, with whom the student will have little leisure or inclination to concern himself. There was William Shenstone (1714-63), whose "Schoolmistress" belongs to our humorous poetry; John Dyer (1700-58), who published his "Grongar Hill" in 1726, the year that saw the publication of Thomson's "Winter," and his "Fleece" in 1757, and showed in both a keen appreciation of the charms of nature and rural life; the burly satirist, Charles Churchill (1731-64), whose strong, clear versification and incisive sketches of character lend interest even now to his "Rosciad," his "Ghost," and his "Prophecy of Famine;" Mark Akenside (1721-70), whose classically cold "Pleasures of Imagination" still finds readers; Edward Young (1681-1765), the sententious poet of the "Night Thoughts;" Robert Blair (1700-46), a Scotch writer, whose poem of "The Grave" is not less gloomy than its subject; and Thomas Chatterton (1752-70), whose promise of poetical genius places him among Shelley's "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," and whose tragic life and death form one of the saddest chapters in the history of literature.

Yet has that history few sadder chapters than that which records the long agony of the life of William Cowper (1731-1800). Oh! what a heavy burden was his to bear, and how submissively, on the whole, were his shoulders bowed to bear it! Of him it may be said that, while yet living, he was doomed again and again to drag his wounded feet and trembling soul through the dark cold valley of the shadow. The phase of insanity which proved his oft-repeated affliction was singularly awful. Suddenly, while he was in the vigour of his capacity, with a heart open to all the genial influences of Nature, with his sensibilities alive to every touch of friendship or affection, the calamity would fall upon him; and thenceforward, until the curtain was raised again by a Divine

<sup>1</sup> Collins, on the death of Thomson, wrote an ode upon his grave at Richmond. Wordsworth, in turn, has commemorated Collins, and prayed

"That never child of song  
May know that poet's sorrows more."

hand, he lived as one who had no fellowship with his brethren, no part in the world, no sweet sympathies and affections in his life. The voice of friendship could not pierce the deep gloom in which he sat involved. No song of birds could excite in him a passing mood of cheerfulness; day and night went by unnoticed, uncared for; the morning brought to him no interests, no duties, no aspirations, no hopes; and the evening no blessed balm of repose. To heart and mind all alike was blank. If thought could have been utterly suspended, happy would it have been for the sufferer, inasmuch as reason had ceased to control the operations of the imagination; and in his dreary solitude—for alone he was, though loving friends surrounded him—alone, for it was the worst bitterness of his affliction that the kindest companionship could not relieve it—he heightened the intensity of his misery by the images of desolation which he conjured up. That he was abandoned of God; that he was a castaway beyond the reach of mercy; that heaven was denied to him, and that hell waited to receive him—such was his agonising belief. He who at other times derived so keen an enjoyment from the “sights and sounds of Nature,” who discovered so many sources of mental and moral recreation in the pastoral landscapes around his Buckinghamshire home; who watched with so lively a concern the movements of the “timorous hare” or the “unwonted villager” going forth with her little ones, “a sportive train,” to pick kingcups in the yellow mead, or prink their hair with daisies, or gather a salad, cheap but wholesome, from the brook; whose quick observation noted the woodman’s daily walk, and “the feathered tribes domestic” trooping at the housewife’s call, and the twanging horn of the postman, “herald of a noisy world;” no longer had eye or ear for men or their avocations, for life or its daily round, for rural scenes or rural pleasures, but shrank from all intercourse with his kind, and remained apart “in continual silence and reserve.”

The attacks of melancholy madness which overgloomed the poet’s life have been ascribed to religion by shallow critics, but, in truth, his first illness preceded his religious fervour—preceded his acquaintance with John Newton and his Calvinistic system. The student will remember that Cowper in his earliest years suffered from excessive nervousness. His morbid self-consciousness drove him to the very brink of suicide when he learned that certain public duties were attached to his appointment as Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords. Instead of saying that religion made Cowper mad, I am inclined to contend that he owed to it his long intervals of sanity. And though the influence of the Rev. John Newton was not wholly beneficial, yet without it our English literature would have wanted one true poet. Had it not been for the fervour of Cowper’s faith, the sincerity of his hope, could he, on recovering from his first terrible lapse, have been able to face life at all? With so dark a shadow impending over him,

could he have had strength to discuss its constant anticipation, and resort to assiduous intellectual exercise? The student will not fail to observe that, Calvinist though he was, Cowper is essentially genial and cheerful, just as he is always pure. To be sure he denounces the vices of the age; inveighs against the hypocrite, the oppressor, the voluptuary; sketches with bitter realism the sycophantic parson and the travelled fop; satirises the follies of fashionable conversation and the pretences of fashionable society; but he is never misanthropical or cynical. Mr. Leslie Stephen accepts as the burden of his teaching: "Leave the world;" the student, perhaps, will more correctly understand it as meaning: "Use the world moderately." I do not see any signs in his poetry that Cowper hated or despised the world; on the contrary, what was good, true, and wholesome in it he frankly recognised and heartily enjoyed. It is not free from a mild asceticism, it is true; he does not wholly shake off, even during a winter morning's walk, that suspicion of the idle tendency of social amusements which belonged to his religious school; but for simple pleasures, and the sweet serene domesticities, and the charms of intellectual converse and fitting companionship, he has an honest liking. His religion is not that of the self-torturing sophist; nor that of the anchorite, who flees from temptation because he lacks the strength to wrestle with it and conquer it. I think the student will regard it as, on the whole, a manly and a reasonable and even a moderately cheerful religion. Assuredly it eschews "the dice-box and the billiard room." It does not love "the smart and snappish dialogue that flippant wits call comedy." But, tranquilly pleased, it shares in

" All the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening, views."

It looks on complacently while

" The needle plies its busy task,  
The pattern grows, the well depicted flower;"

and is sensible of a glow of contentment when round the winter fireside assembles the well-ordered household, and, as Catullus says, laughs every dimple on the cheek of home.

The student should note the sobriety, the healthfulness, the temperate wisdom of Cowper's poetry. We find in it the ardour of the patriot, the gravity of the moralist, the zeal of the Christian, the bland sagacity of the thoughtful observer; all these we find, and these, because the depressing influences of a strange and awful disease could not break down the strength derived from a profound conviction of the righteousness of God.

Cowper was the poet of law and order, of the social decencies, of the home affections, of constitutional government and regulated freedom. He was also the poet of Nature, but of Nature, as might

be expected, in her quiet moods, the Nature of this trim and well-kept England of ours. It is not of her grander manifestations he sings; not of her mountains and their terrors, not of her oceans and their mysteries, but of her woodlands, her rippling streams, and her green pastures. Cowper wrote the "Task" (suggested by his clever friend Lady Austin) in 1783-84, less than sixty years after the production of Thomson's "Seasons;" but he shows no signs of having been affected by the elder poet. He has none of the turgidity and rant of Thomson, but he has none of his occasional fire and splendour. He does not sink so low, but he does not rise so high. His landscapes are carefully drawn and lovingly touched, but they are limited in their scope and tame in their colouring. After all, it is when dealing with questions affecting human happiness that he attains his loftiest flights. The wave of the great revolutionary movement penetrated even to the retirement of Olney and lifted him upon its crest: and his strain is strongest and most impressive when he denounces the Bastille, asserts the brotherhood of man, and proclaims that he alone is the freeman whom the truth makes free.

The "Task" is Cowper's best work; but he is seen to much advantage in his poems of the "Progress of Error," "Table Talk," "Conversations," and "Retirement," all written in the ten-syllable couplets made fashionable by Pope. His playful humour finds its fullest expression in the ballad of "John Gilpin;" his simple pathos in the beautiful "Lines on his Mother's Picture" and the sad stanzas of the "Castaway." There are numerous editions of his poetical works (including his translation of Homer); but for the student's purpose Mr. Barham's or Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke's will suffice. His letters are charming; they will be found in Hayley's "Life and Posthumous Writings" and Grimshawe's "Works and Correspondence." For criticism I would recommend the student to Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Hours in a Library," and Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Theology of the English Poets."

Our attention is next attracted to the great name of Robert Burns (1756-96), who published his first volume of poems in 1786. The story of his life is not a pleasant one; it speaks so much of sin and sorrow and ends so sadly; yet the moral of it is one that young men may take to heart—"As ye sow, so shall ye reap." It has been written by Lockhart, and Chambers, and W. S. Douglas, and the poems, which have lent it an enduring interest, have been edited by Alexander Smith, Dr. Hately Waddell, and many others. A very open-speaking criticism on both the poems and the man appeared recently from the pen of Principal Shairp, but the student must also consult the well-known essay by Thomas Carlyle. When he comes to study Burns for himself, he will probably be struck by the fact that the intensity of his passion is in inverse ratio to the range of his genius. Though he lived in the stormy times of the French Revolution, it had little direct influence



ROBERT BURNS.





on his verse; when he was not satirising Scotch ministers, or celebrating Scotch cottars, or describing Scotch customs, he was singing in exquisite strains of the lover's varying moods. A singer he was before all things—a singer of songs, of words that fitted themselves naturally, so to speak, to music, and were at once caught up by the people in their strong manly beauty and unaffected pathos. I have used the adjective “manly;” it exactly describes the chief characteristic of Burns as a poet. He is manly in his love and his hatred, in his sense of his individual dignity, in his contempt for conventionalities, in his love for the free mountain air and the bright sunshine, in his hearty humour and in his ready sympathy. It cannot be denied that he has written a good deal of indifferent stuff; he has written also much that is coarse and lewd; but if the feet are of clay the head is of gold, and his love-songs are unequalled in their force and power and truth. As much may be said of some of his lyrics. “Auld Lang Syne,” “Highland Mary,” “A Man’s a Man for a’ that,” “Mary Morison,” “Duncan Gray,” these will no more be forgotten than the “Address to the De’il,” or “Tam o’ Shanter,” or the stanzas to “The Daisy,” or “Holy Willie’s Prayer.”

“Independently of the essential gift of poetic feeling,” says Carlyle, “a certain rugged sterling worth pervades whatever Burns has written; a virtue as of green fields and mountain breezes dwells in his poetry; it is redolent of natural life and hardy natural men. There is a decisive strength in him, and yet a sweet native gracefulness; he is tender, he is vehement, yet without constraint or too visible effort; he melts the heart or inflames it with a power which seems habitual and familiar to him. We see that in this man there was the gentleness, the humbling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardour of a hero. Tears lie in him and consuming fire, as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud. He has a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling; the high and the low, the sad, the ludicrous, the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his ‘lightly moved and all-conceiving spirit.’”

Unlike Burns in genius and in character, George Crabbe (1754–1832), poet and clergyman, who, born only two years before him, lived to see the Reform Act carried, was, like him, a poet of the poor. Byron has described him, with more point than truth, as “Nature’s sternest painter, yet the best.” In Crabbe, however, there is no sternness; there is unhesitating truth and dramatic power; and, consequently, as the scenes he describes are mostly tragic scenes of suffering or crime, there is much pain; but Crabbe is never deficient in sympathy. He feels deeply when he speaks most plainly. If the possession of imagination, of fancy, and of a gift of lyrical music be essential to the poet, Crabbe cannot claim that honoured title; and, in truth, his poems are stories in verse, energetic in expression and correct in rhyme, but absolutely lack-

ing in melody, in subtilty of modulation, in delicacy of imagery But he may claim kinship with the poets because of his loving and minute observation of Nature. It has been well said of him that he paints the very blades of grass on the common and the trail of the shellfish on the sand. He carried this microscopic accuracy into his observation of mind, and crowds his poems with details, so that the effect of the whole picture is impaired. This habit prevented him from grasping a large and generous view of humanity, just as it prevented him from comprehending a wide sweep of landscape. It is said that he once rode sixty miles in twenty-four hours to catch a glimpse of the sea; yet it is the shore, the tangled weeds, and sandy hummocks that figure in his pictures. Crabbe published the "Candidate" in 1779, the "Village" in 1783, the "Newspaper" in 1785. Then, after a long interval, came the "Parish Register," perhaps his best work, in 1807, followed by the "Borough" in 1810, "Tales in Verse" in 1812, and "Tales of the Hall" in 1819. A good critical paper upon Crabbe will be found in Lord Jeffrey's "Contributions to the Edinburgh Review." Crabbe used the ten-syllable line of Pope and Dryden, but without the antithetical brilliancy of the one or the roll and resounding march of the other. The principal ornament to which he resorts is alliteration, and this he uses profusely. As, for example:—

"Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way  
O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay;  
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun,  
The waves that faintly fall and slowly run,  
The ships at distance, and the boats at hand,  
And now they walk upon the seaside sand,  
Counting the number, and what kind they be,  
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea."

We now arrive at the greatest of the Nature-poets, who was destined to give a new form and colour to our poetical literature, and to influence it as largely as, and perhaps more permanently than, Chaucer or Spenser or Milton had done. This was William Wordsworth, born at Cockermouth on the 7th of April 1770, the year in which Cowper (at the age of thirty-nine) was writing the "Olney Hymns" under the shadow of great mental depression, the year in which Chatterton committed suicide, the year which gave us Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and saw Samuel Johnson writing political pamphlets. Walter Scott was born a year later; Coleridge in 1772 and Southey in 1774; Francis Jeffrey, their critic, in 1773. Akenside had died a year before; Shenstone, seven years; Allan Ramsay, the Scottish pastoral poet, remembered by his "Gentle Shepherd," twelve years; Collins, fourteen, and Thomson, twenty-two. In 1770, Burke was forty years old and Robert Burns eleven. These data will enable the student to remember Wordsworth's *chronological* place in our literary history. There are numerous editions of his poems; a cheap and

portable one is W. M. Rossetti's; but as Wordsworth demands of us an apprenticeship before he can be thoroughly understood and loved, the student may begin with Mr. Matthew Arnold's selections in the "Golden Treasury" series. Much thoughtful criticism on Wordsworth will be found in R. H. Hutton's "Essays" and Stopford Brooke's "Theology of the English Poets;" George Brimley's "Essays," Principal Shairp's "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," and the Rev. F. W. Robertson's "Lectures and Addresses." A careful perusal and comparison of these authorities will fit the reader for the independent study of Wordsworth.

His life was uneventful, yet it was eminently fitted to develop the characteristics of his patient, introspective, and sympathetic genius. He was not insensible to the spirit of unrest and free inquiry that, while he was still a youth, the French Revolution let loose in Europe; his travel in Germany opened up to him some of the literary moods of German thought; his friendship with Coleridge infused a subtler element into his versification; his tour in Scotland widened his sympathies with Nature; and his long residence among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland nourished that loftier strain of the imagination which came from his early acquaintance with the woods, and rivers, and hills. In his poem of the "Prelude" he has written a vivid and faithful history of his intellectual and moral growth, and has traced for us the origin and gradual systematisation of that philosophy of Nature which his poetry expands. No man has ever written *himself* more completely or more faithfully upon his poems. Take as examples his "Lines upon Tintern Abbey," his "Resolution and Independence," his "Ode to Duty," his address to "The Daisy," his "Small Celandine," his "Yarrow Revisited," his lyric to "The Skylark." But anywhere and at all times it is Wordsworth who speaks to us, in his strength as in his weakness, in his exaltation of sentiment as in his narrowness of idea, in his bursts of imagination as in his prosaic garrulity; and hence it comes to pass that if few great poets have written so much that is of first-rate excellence, none have written so much that is worthy only of forgetfulness. In his highest flights and aspirations, as in his ode on the "Intimations of Immortality," he leaves even Milton behind him; in his lowest descent he sinks lower than almost any reader cares to follow him.

He has told us himself what is the leading thought, the prevailing keynote, of his poetry: it is that an intimate relation exists between Man and Nature, that each exist for the other in and through their Creator. To celebrate the union of Man and Nature is his great object—

"I, long before the blissful hour arrives,  
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse  
Of this great consummation."

To interpret the one to the other; to reveal all that is highest

and best in each ; to consider man and the objects around him as acting and reacting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure ;—that is his special work, and it is the burden of his poetry. He is the high priest of Nature, whose oracles before his time had found no voice to convey them to the world. He stands at her altar, draws away the veil that has concealed the Isis from our gaze, and unlocks the springs of the mighty harmonies that had hitherto been mute and dormant. He shows us her sublimity, her beauty, her loftier significances ; every side of her he can reveal to us, except indeed the emotional, with which he was never in sympathy and of which, therefore, he had but an imperfect knowledge. For his teachings from Nature are teachings of the mind and the soul ; the heart is never touched ; he has no hold upon, scarcely any consciousness of, the passions. In all his contemplation of Nature, in all his inquisition into her mysteries, the intellect reigns supreme. Wordsworth never loses his self-command ; he is always *totus in se*. Among the white peaks of the mountains and in the midst of the fury of the storm, with the peal of heaven's thunders around him and the clang and clash of the falling avalanche, he stands calm and possessed, musing upon the infinite world. Coleridge in such scenes hears Nature proclaiming the might and majesty of God ; Tennyson connects them with the sorrows and sufferings of humanity ; Wordsworth, viewing them with an extended intellectual perception, considers them chiefly in their spiritual relations. Or he uses them to aggrandise man :—

“ Within the soul a faculty abides,  
That, with interpositions which would hide  
And darken, so can deal that they become  
Contingencies of pomp, and serve to exalt  
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,  
In the deep stillness of a summer even,  
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light  
In the green trees ; and, kindling on all sides  
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
Into a substance glorious as her own ;  
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power  
Capacious and serene. Like power abides  
In man's celestial spirit ; virtue thus  
Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds  
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire  
From the encumbrances of mortal life,  
From error, disappointment ; nay, from guilt,  
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,  
From palpable oppressions of despair.”

Mr. Hutton speaks of Wordsworth as the most solitary of poets. Of him may be said, as he himself has said of Milton, and with more truth, “ his soul was like a star and dwelt apart.” When he studies humanity, it is in the mood of one unaffected by its passions,

hopes, or fears. "Of all English poems, his works are the most completely outside the sphere of Shakespeare's universal genius. In solitude only could they have originated, and in solitude only can they be perfectly enjoyed. It is impossible not to feel the loneliness of a mind which never surrenders itself to the natural and obvious currents of thought or feeling in the theme taken, but changes their direction by cool side-winds from his own spiritual nature. Natural rays of feeling are refracted the moment they enter Wordsworth's imagination. It is not the theme acting on the man that you see, but the man acting on the theme." Hence there is a certain coldness in his poetry, a want of human ardour and conscious energy and persistent tenderness. When he sings of the "Highland Girl," she is to him "but as a wave of the wild sea;" the story of Laodamia draws from him simply a moral lesson. He warms into something like sympathy only when he contemplates a nation's struggle for freedom. He is always so busy searching into the intellectual relations of things that he can give no heed to the hopes or fears they awaken, or the associations of suffering and sorrow that may consecrate them. And though the love of man shares his poetry with the love of Nature, it is the love of an abstract humanity, of a lofty ideal at some time or other to be realised, rather than a love of men as they were and are—that love which rises into a supreme and divine charity.

Wordsworth's poetical life divides into three periods, the first of which was marked by the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798-1800, these ballads having been written in accordance with a theory of poetry which he afterwards quietly abandoned. The second saw the composition of the "Prelude," and ended with the publication of the "Excursion" in 1814. The third is that of the "Sonnets," the "White Doe of Rylstone," "Yarrow Revisited," and the "Ecclesiastical Sketches." The moral of his life is thus set forth by Principal Shairp:—"From first to last it was one noble purpose, faithfully kept, thoroughly fulfilled. The world has rarely seen so strong and capacious a soul devote itself to one, and that a lofty end, with such singleness and concentration of aim. No doubt there was a great original mind to begin with, one that saw more things and deeper than any other poet of his time. But what would this have achieved had it not been backed by that moral strength, that ironness of resolve? It was this that enabled him to turn aside from professions that he was little suited for, and with something less than a hundred a year face the future. In time, doubtless, other helps were added, and long before the end he had obtained a competence. But this is only another instance of the maxim, 'Providence helps those who help themselves.' Again, the same moral fortitude appears in the firmness with which he kept his purpose, and the industry with which he wrought it out. Undiscouraged by neglect, undeterred by obloquy and ridicule, in the face of obstacles that would have

daunted almost any other man, he held on his way unmoved, and wrought out the gift that was in him till the work was complete. Few poets have ever so fully expressed the thing that was given them to utter; and the result has been that he has bequeathed to the world a body of high thought and noble feeling which will continue to make all who apprehend it think more deeply and feel more wisely to the end of time."

Of Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) it is to be regretted that his best work hardly contains the full fruition of his genius. He who wrote the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" might have done so much; unhappily, through faults or misfortunes of temperament and character, he has done so little. One small volume contains all Coleridge's poetry; most of it, no doubt, pure gold, but alas! so small in quantity! His best verse is of the highest kind, yet it leaves on the student an impression that the subtle, delicate, and richly-coloured imagination which gave birth to it could have produced something even better. Coleridge founded no school, he has had no imitators; he himself imitated no one, and no traces of the influence of any of his predecessors can, I think, be found in his poetical writings. Whether he sings of "Genevieve" or pours forth the lofty organ music of the "Hymn to Mont Blanc," or weaves the exquisite lyric measures of "Youth and Age," or rises on lofty wing in the "Ode to the Departing Year," he is wholly himself, entirely independent of the thought of others. Who will not regret that opium and disease enfeebled so fine a genius, depriving our literature of what would assuredly have been things rare and precious? "To-morrow," he says in one place, "I will sing the rest of this song, but the to-morrow has yet to come." Unfortunately it never came. Both as poet and man, Coleridge is best seen in his "Ancient Mariner," and it has been acutely remarked that the creation in some sort resembles the creator. Like the Mariner, he had suffered deeply; had been

"Alone on a wide, wide sea,  
So lone it was, that God Himself  
Scarce seemed there to be."

And like him, after wandering through strange regions of thought and fancy, he came home at last, and found rest and consolation in his faith in God, his love of his fellow-man, his reverence for God's handiwork:—

"O sweeter than the marriage feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!  
To walk together to the kirk  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men and babes and loving friends,

And youths and maidens gay.  
 He prayeth best who loveth best  
 All things both great and small,  
 For the dear God who loveth us,  
 He made and loveth all."

In studying the poetry of Coleridge, we must remark his wonderful command over the mysterious and supernatural, his skill in composing the richest and most fantastic metrical harmonies, his power of presenting a picture in a few vivid touches. We may be helped in our study by a comparison of Swinburne's "Essays and Studies," Principal Shairp's "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," and Stopford Brooke's "Theology of the English Poets." Of his poems, and of his fine translation (or rather paraphrase) of Schiller's Wallenstein dramas there are numerous editions. His life has been partly written by his friend Mr. Gillman, under whose roof at Highgate he lived from 1815 until his death in 1834.

From their living in the Lake district for some years and maintaining the ties of friendly intercourse, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey obtained the name of the "Lake Poets," but they were wholly unlike in genius as in character. In original power Robert Southey (1774-1843) was greatly inferior to his friends, while he surpassed them in learning and the "literary faculty." He was poet, historian, essayist, critic, antiquary; in each capacity he did well, but not so well as to prevent others from approaching and outstripping him. His poetry displays fertility of language and readiness of invention, his versification is full and fluent, his images are well chosen, yet somehow or other it lacks the *vividitas*, and very little of it has made any mark on the mind of the nation. His epics—some half dozen in number—"Joan of Arc," 1796; "Thalaba," 1801; "Madoc," 1805; "The Curse of Kehama," 1810; "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," 1814—are almost entirely forgotten, though both "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama" contain many striking passages of description and exhibit a fertile fancy. "Oliver Newman," "All for Love," "A Tale of Paraguay," have they any readers? It must be said, however, that some of his minor poems are very graceful, and that the neglect which has fallen upon his more ambitious productions is by no means deserved. It is the lack of a real human interest, of a genuine passionate throb, that renders them caviare to the multitude, but the student will at least admire their pomp of language and their succession of gorgeous pictures. Southey is the subject of an admirable sketch by Professor Dowden in "English Men of Letters."

The war-songs and lyrics of Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) have the true artist touch, and are among the things that Englishmen will not willingly let die. They live in the heart of the people, while his "Pleasures of Hope" (1799) and "Gertrude of Wyoming" slumber on the library shelf side by side with the "Pleasures of Memory"

and the "Italy" of Samuel Rogers (1765-1815), a man of fine taste and generous literary sympathies, whose fame as a poet never rested on any stable foundation. There was more of true poetic fancy in Thomas Moore (1779-1852), and some passages of his "*Lalla Rookh*," in spite of the artificial glitter, have a genuine grace and a picturesqueness of their own. He is the firefly of poetry, always sparkling, always fluttering, quick of movement, and with more light than glow. Hazlitt speaks of his muse as "another Ariel, as light, as tricksy, as indefatigable, as humane a spirit," but he has not the magic charm and mystery of an Ariel. His besetting weakness is his love of imagery; the temptation to use a conceit or a metaphor he is never able to resist, not even in what he intends for his most impassioned mood. There is no depth, no thought, no power, no real feeling in his poetry; it is all spangle and tinsel on a robe of many colours. His music sinks beneath the burden of grace-notes, trills, and appoggiaturas that he lays upon it. No one will deny the sweetness of the "*Irish Melodies*," but they are entirely deficient in passion. Moore's wit was sharp and polished, and his satirical and burlesque poetry may still be read with admiration, though it has necessarily lost its personal interest.

The poet whose influence was greatest upon his generation, because he the most faithfully reproduced its sense of intellectual unrest and impatience of old traditions, was George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824). The chief elements of his poetry are passion and strength, but to bring these out, to develop them fully, he required to be moved by a potent external impulse. The contempt poured upon his juvenile "*Hours of Idleness*" provoked him into writing "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*." His Eastern experiences led to the production of his Oriental tales ("*The Giaour*" and the "*Bride of Abydos*," 1813, "*The Corsair*," and "*Lara*," 1814); his travels in Switzerland suggested "*Manfred*," 1817; his acquaintance with Shelley was the motive cause of the fourth canto of "*Childe Harold*," 1818; Southey's "*Vision of Judgment*" begat his own powerful and almost ferocious satire; "*Don Juan*" was the result of his war with English society. Byron wrote always like a strong man, but his want of the dramatic faculty and his limited imagination prevented him from attaining to the front rank of English poets. He does not stand upon the same platform as Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Tennyson. The sweep and rush of his verse, the vividness of his descriptions, and the intense force with which he realises the sterner emotions, will always make him popular with the young; but as years bring the habit of meditation, the reader grows more sensible of the fatal defects of his work and the falsehood of his views of life. Notwithstanding the low tone of many passages and the ribaldry of others, "*Don Juan*" is, I think, the greatest effort of his genius. There are some fine pictures in the third and fourth cantos of "*Childe Harold*;" while "*Manfred*," "*Cain*," and "*Sardanapalus*"



bear witness to his energy and versatility. The poet's life has been written by Moore, Sir Egerton Brydges, and Karl Elze, and criticisms on his poetical works will be found in Lord Jeffrey's "Essays," Charles Kingsley's "Miscellanies," Sainte Beuve's "Causeries du Lundi," Sir Henry Taylor's preface to his collected poems, and Mr. A. C. Swinburne's preface to "Selections from the Poems of Lord Byron."

Of an altogether purer and less earthly strain was the genius of Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), which seemed to revel in light and colour and ideal beauty; like his own "Skylark," floating in the golden lightning of the sunken sun—

"Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun."

His poems are woven of ethereal texture, and shot through and through with prismatic tints. They do not belong to the earth, nor, with the exception of "The Cenci," to man; they are abstractions, idealisations clothed in radiant words, set to exquisite music. With an infinite pomp of language and sweetness of strain he goes on his way rejoicing; a "delicate yet powerful spirit," whose proper home is among the seas and skies and mountains, but from whose harp the most exquisite lyric melodies float down to us through midair. Like Spenser, he is a poet's poet; he is too subtle, stands too far apart from human interest, to win the heart of the crowd; even the rare, sweet harmony of his verse can be appreciated only by a cultivated ear. "The poetic ecstasy," says Mr. Rossetti, "took him constantly upwards, and the higher he got the more thoroughly did his thoughts and words become one exquisite and intense unit. With elevation of meaning, and splendour and beauty of perception, he combined the most searching, the most inimitable loveliness of verse-music; and he stands at this day, and perhaps will always remain, the poet who, by instinct of verbal selection and charm of sound, comes nearest to expressing the half-inexpressible—the secret things of beauty, the intolerable light of the arcana."

Of late years quite a Shelleyan literature has sprung up, revolving round the two central points of biography and criticism. For the poet's life, the student will find it sufficient to consult the monograph of Mr. J. Addington Symonds, or Hogg, Trelawny, and T. C. Peacock. A good memoir is prefixed to Mr. W. M. Rossetti's edition of the poems. For assistance in his task of criticism, he may turn to Mr. R. H. Hutton's "Essays" and Professor Masson's "Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats." Mr. A. C. Swinburne, in his "Essays and Studies," breaks out into eloquent dithyrambs of praise. For the student whose time is limited, the following poems will give the best and clearest idea of Shelley's individuality as a poet:—"Prometheus Unbound" (his masterpiece), "Alastor," "The Cenci," "Adonais," "The Sensitive Plant," "Lines written among the Euganean Hills," "Ode to the Skylark,"

"To a Lady with a Guitar," and the "Songs," each one of which is a pearl beyond price, and round and lustrous as a pearl.

The poems of John Keats (1795-1821) will, in field and grove as in the study, be the loved companions of all who desire to "escape out of the strife of commonplaces into the haven of solitude and imagination." There is enough poetry in them to furnish out a dozen ordinary poets. Some of them are almost overwhelmed by the burden of gems and gold which a profuse imagination has accumulated. The rich, glancing lights illuminate the verse like lines of sunset floating over a blooming garden. The grand procession of rapturous song has all the irregular splendour in the "Endymion" of the triumphal march of an Oriental king. So full was the young poet in heart and brain, so full of emotion and fine feeling and noble images, that he could not control the flow. His genius was like an impetuous river, rolling over golden sands, which it carries down with it in its current, along with many-coloured foliage and fragrant blossoms, and echoes of the dainty songs of the water-spirits. Since Shakespeare, no poet has displayed such an extraordinary affluence of imagination. That such works should have been produced by a young surgeon's apprentice before he was twenty-five years old, is a phenomenon in the annals of poetry. Had he lived he would have soared to loftier heights, for he was learning self-restraint and a wise use of his powers, and to his sympathy with Nature would have been added a knowledge of life and man.

His love of Nature was a passion. Stars, and flowers, and seas mingled in all his dreams. While Wordsworth studied Nature with the calm of a philosopher and expounded its mysteries with the dignity of a high priest, Keats embraced it with all the ardour of a lover, and sang of its beauties in a mood of rapt enjoyment. Higher and brighter visions rose before him as he swiftly went down towards his grave, and in his "Hyperion" he plumed his wing for a majestic flight. He had a glimpse of the ideal which shines through all Shelley's loftiest verse—an ideal of love and truth (as the components of perfect beauty), to be realised by man in a happier, purer time, and he sang—

"As heaven and earth are fairer, fairer far  
Than chaos and blank darkness, though once chiefs;  
And as we show beyond that heaven and earth  
In form and shape compact and beautiful,  
In will, in action free, companionship,  
And thousand other signs of purer life;  
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,  
A power more strong in beauty, born of us  
And fated to excel us, as we pass  
In glory that old darkness."

The "Hyperion," which Lord Byron characterised as "actually inspired by the Titans and as sublime as *Æschylus*," the student must not overlook, and the odes "To the Nightingale" and to

a "Greek Urn," "Isabella," the "Eve of St. Agnes," and the marvellous "Sonnets," in which the poet's prevailing sin of over-sensuousness makes no sign. "It cannot be denied," says Lord Houghton, "that they are read by every accurate student. It is natural that the young should find especial delight in productions which take so much of their inspiration from the exuberant vitality of the author and the world. But the eternal youth of antique beauty does not confine its influences to any portion of the life of man. And thus the admiration of the writings of Keats survives the best impulses of early years, and these pages often remain open when the clamorous sublimities of Byron and Shelley come to be unwelcome intruders on the calm of maturer age."

Keats was born in London, October 29, 1795, was educated at Enfield, and at the age of fifteen apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton. He afterwards pursued his medical studies in London, made the friendship of Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Haydon, Severn; published "Endymion" in 1818; fell ill through poverty, excessive sensibility, and inherited weakness of constitution; gave to the world "Lamia, Isabella, and other Poems" in 1820; and visited Italy to die there, February 27, 1821. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, and Shelley, who was afterwards interred in the same spot, consecrated to the memory of his genius and his premature death the beautiful elegy of the "Adonais."

When the name of Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) is mentioned, it is generally as that of the great novelist, and that of Thomas Hood (1798-1845) suggests his renown as a humorist of infinite fancy. Scott, however, as a poet is worthy of being held in remembrance. His narrative-poems are likely to live in virtue of their picturesque, vigour, and spirited versification. "Marmion" and the "Last Minstrel," and the "Lady of the Lake" and "Rokeby," will not soon be forgotten, though Scott's admirers would not presume to rank them with the masterpieces of the great poets. In Hood's serious poetry, the pathos, always simple, is often profound, the diction is rich and musical, the fancy very charming and delicate. I should be inclined to test a student's critical faculty by placing before him the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," and if he failed to appreciate it, should pronounce him hopeless. The "Dream of Eugene Aram" is full of weird power, while the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs" fill the reader's eyes with tears. I have no space to dwell on the grace and ease and spontaneous lyrical flow of Leigh Hunt (1784-1859), or the admirable qualities as a song-writer of Bryan Walter Proctor (1790-1874), or the classic point and condensation of Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864), or the thoughtful gravity and keen insight into character of Sir Henry Taylor (1801), or the bold imagination and opulent imagery of the author of "Festus," Philip James Bailey (1806). I pass on to the two great poets of the Victorian period—Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson, the former born in 1812, the latter in 1809.

Robert Browning was educated at the London University. At the age of twenty-four he published his first work, "Paracelsus," which found not many readers, but whose every reader was an admirer. The history of a soul yearning after hidden knowledge and happiness and power, it has some points of resemblance to Goethe's "Faust," and may have helped to suggest Mr. Bailey's "Festus." His next production was the fanciful Italian dramatic poem of "Pippa Passes," which seems interpenetrated with the glow of radiant skies and the bloom of purple vineyards. Pippa is a girl from a silk-factory, who "passes" the different *dramatis personæ* at certain critical moments in the course of her holiday, and, all unwittingly, exercises a determining influence on the fortune of each. Next came the fine tragedy of "Strafford," "a piece of passionate action with the tones of poetry;" followed by the strange, metaphysical, obscure, and, it must be owned, in some places unintelligible, poem of "Sordello," which is replete with problems and paradoxes; and the powerful drama of "The Blot on the Scutcheon," produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1843. In 1846 Mr. Browning found a congenial helpmate in Elizabeth Barrett (1809-61), the most original of poetesses, a writer whose genius was touched to the finest issues, and whose "Aurora Leigh" constitutes a noble plea for the intellectual elevation of woman,—and thenceforward resided in Italy until her deeply-lamented death. Besides the works already mentioned, which are in themselves the title-deeds to a living fame, Mr. Browning has enriched our literature with several plays; a gallery of portraits of "Men and Women," painted with the strength of Velasquez, the splendour of Giorgione, or the tender grace of Correggio; "Luria," "Colombe's Birthday," and "The Return of the Druses," "Christmas Eve and Easter Eve," "A Soul's Tragedy," and "In a Balcony." In 1869 he produced "The Ring and the Book," a prolix tale of vulgar crime, in which the psychological analysis is wrought to an extreme; "Balaustion's Adventure," a classical reproduction, in 1871; "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," in 1873; and in 1879 his "Dramatic Idylls," the best work of his later years. In every one of these poems may be seen the evidence of a strong, masterful, if somewhat rugged genius—a genius too prone to analysis, but with a keen insight into humanity, a warm sympathy with Nature, and a remarkable subjective faculty. In every one of them may also be seen an occasional obscurity of thought and a wearisome complexity of reasoning. The language is startlingly bold, often harsh, with strange, wayward rhymes and abrupt, elliptical phrases; but also with many glowing pictures, as distinct and clear as if seen in a mirror. "Mr. Browning's poetry," says a critic, "is not to be dipped into or skimmed lightly with swallow-flights of attention. Its pearls must be dived for. It must be read, studied, and dwelt with for a while." This, however, is scarcely a recommendation. The best poetry should be clear

on the surface, like a pure stream, though with shining depths that can be fathomed only by the patient gaze. Did Chaucer's or Spenser's contemporaries take their poetry and dwell with it a while before they could understand it? Or was it, or is this, the case with Shakespeare? Is not the *first* meaning, the upper, the surface-meaning, intelligible to all, though it may be granted that the inner meaning is not mastered except by careful study? But I agree with the critic that Mr. Browning's poems, with all their faults and peculiarities, their defects of construction and involved psychological subtleties, are thoroughly sanative, masculine, and bracing in their influence. "It breathes into modern verse a breath of new life, and more vigorous health, with its aroma of a newly-turned and virgin soil."

If the greatness of a poet may be estimated by the extent of his influence over his contemporaries, we must give to Alfred Tennyson one of the very highest places in English poetry. For half a century he has been before the public, and his fame seems to have widened and deepened with "the procession of the years." New poets have risen and sung new songs, but they have been unable to shake the allegiance of the public. Tennyson is now, as he has been for a considerable period, the most popular of poets, the most extensively read, the most largely imitated. He has founded a school of poetry, and indeed very few contemporary singers have escaped the attraction of his style and method. His blank verse—a blank verse distinctively his own—is echoed, with more or less success, by a host of minor minstrels. The position he has attained is one fully deserved by his genius. He is as emphatically a true poet as Chaucer, Spenser, or Milton. When a flood of waters bursts in over the plains and valleys, we see a hill-top rising here and there above the shining wastes, conspicuous landmarks, which draw our attention towards them in the distance, as they reflect the light of rising and setting suns. So, to the student, looking back over the ages past, certain immortal names appear above the surface of oblivion, like mountain-peaks, glowing in the grandeur of eternity. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth—to these must we not add, and will not posterity add, the name of Alfred Tennyson?

Each of the poets I have mentioned had his special characteristic; that of Tennyson is his *artistic sense*. He is an artist, and a poet because he is an artist. He has used language as the painter uses colours; has sedulously studied their harmonies, their possibilities, their various resources of form and music. His eye is as keen and true, his feeling for beauty as subtle, as that of the artist. He can present figures as statuesque as any that come from the sculptor's chisel; landscapes as vivid as any that ever glowed on the painter's canvas; melodies as sweet and sensuous and richly complex as any that have proceeded from the musician's brain. The principles of art he has studied carefully and

elaborately applied them to poetry; and, of course, it is his perfection as an artist that has enabled him in most cases to conceal his art; so that the reader, while enjoying the exquisite result, is generally unconscious of the way in which it has been brought about. Naturally it was most evident in his earlier poems, before his hand had acquired its full cunning. Thus the tentativeness of the artist comes out in the "Dream of Fair Women" and in "Ænone;" in the "Palace of Art" and in "Ulysses" the artist is fully master of himself and his art, and the work is so perfect that no trace of the worker's toil can be detected. Strange to say, in some of his latest compositions the artist is less successful, and admits us "behind the scenes," to see him graduating his tints and adjusting his perspective.

At Somersby Parsonage, in Lincolnshire, among the fen scenery which he has so often described, Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809. He completed his education at Cambridge, where he won in 1829 the Chancellor's gold medal for his poem of "Timbuctoo," and formed an intimate friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of Hallam the historian. He had already published, in conjunction with his brother Charles, a small volume of poetry (240 pages duodecimo) under the title of "Poems by Two Brothers." In 1830, at the age of twenty-one, he issued his "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," containing many pieces now familiar to every ear, but, as a whole, making no impression on the public. Some judicious critics, however, as John Stuart Mill and Leigh Hunt, saw in them a rare promise of future excellence: and after an interval of twelve years, the publication of his "Poems" in two volumes, which included many of the early pieces revised and rewritten, convinced the world that a new and genuine poet had risen among them. The public fancy was caught at once by the rare melody and exquisite lyric glow, the artistic completeness and fine descriptive colouring, of "Locksley Hall," "The Two Voices," "Ænone," and the "Morte d'Arthur," the last a grand and weird picture, which Tennyson, to my thinking, has never excelled. His poetical reputation was thenceforward ensured; but it was elevated and extended by the appearance of "In Memoriam," in 1850, as a tribute to the memory of the friend of his young manhood, Arthur Henry Hallam, who had been cut off in 1832 in the blossom of his days. On the death of Wordsworth in 1851, it was acknowledged by all that to him and him only could be granted "the laurel greener from the brows of him who uttered nothing base." In 1852 he issued his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," and in 1853 a new edition of "The Princess: a Medley," which had appeared in outline (so to speak) in 1847. "Maud and other Poems" were published in 1855, and in 1858 "The Idyls of the King," founded on the old Arthurian legends, to which were added "The Holy Grail" in 1869; the "Last Tournament" in 1871, and "Gareth and Lynette" in 1872. "Enoch

Arden, and other Poems" appeared in 1864. In 1875 Mr. Tennyson essayed the drama in his "Queen Mary," followed by that of "Harold" in 1876; but it cannot be said that either displays anything of the dramatist's constructive skill.

"Mr. Tennyson," says an acute critic,<sup>1</sup> "is a poet of large compass, of profound insight, of finished skill. We find him possessing the clearest insight into our modern life, one who discerns its rich poetical resources, who tells us what we are and may be; how we can live free, joyous, and harmonious lives; what grand elements of thought, feeling, and action lie around us; what a field there is for the various activities fermenting within us. We do not call him a Shakespeare, or even a Chaucer; but what Shakespeare and Chaucer did for the ages they lived in, Mr. Tennyson is doing for our age after his measure. He is showing it to us as an age in which an Englishman may live a man's life and be neither a mere man of business nor a mere man of pleasure, but may find in his affections, studies, business, and relaxations, scope for his spiritual faculties. . . . Since John Dryden died no English poet has written verse so noble, so sonorous, of such sustained majesty and might; no English poet has brought pictures so clear and splendid before the eye by the power of single epithets and phrases."

Mr. Tennyson's poems, both as the expression of a ripe and original genius and in relation to their age, demand very careful study; and in undertaking this study the reader will be in no want of critical guides. I doubt, indeed, whether any poet has elicited a larger amount of criticism. It will be enough for my purpose to recommend Mr. Brimley's essay and Mr. R. H. Hutton's, Robert Buchanan in "Master Spirits," Mr. Stedman in the "Victorian Poets," Charles Kingsley in his "Miscellanies," and M. Taine in his "History of English Literature." I suppose the chief points to which the student's attention will be directed by this multitude of counsellors are:—

a. The sweet subtle music of his verse, its variety of form, and its originality.

β. The admirable appropriateness of his epithets, the right word appearing always in the right place, and a single adjective frequently conveying a whole picture (as, for instance, "the creamy vapour," "the league-long roller," "the hollower-bellowing ocean").

γ. The wide scope of his genius, which is almost equally successful in the idyl and the lyric, and attains no small success in the epic and the dramatic.

δ. His power of drawing character.

ε. His minute and living observation of Nature, though here it may be noted that the Nature of Tennyson is always a well-ordered and regulated Nature, not the Nature of mountains and rocks and

<sup>1</sup> Essays by the late George Brimley, M.A.

shaggy forests, but of "dewy pastures," green valleys, and "trickling streams;" and,

f. His sympathy with the great social and religious questions of his time, which he treats not less boldly than searchingly, not less frankly than tenderly.<sup>1</sup>

The sweet singers of this generation are legion, and as I am not writing a guide to English literature, but simply suggesting a course of English reading, it is not necessary—and I certainly have not the space—to deal with them. It is noticeable that they all exhibit great finish of language, and all draw largely upon Nature. As a storyteller, William Morris has been unequalled since Chaucer. He tells his narratives with much the same simplicity and sweetness, though he has none of Chaucer's humour, broad human sympathies, and insight into the heart of man. A. H. Clough is the poet of intellectual speculation; a type, not uncommon at the present day, of the mind that refuses to accept the old beliefs, and yet mourns over its own want of faith. A wonderful rush and flow of lyrical music, somewhat injured in effect by the excessive use of alliteration, a fierce fervour of passion, and a bold luxuriance of imagery, mark out the poetry of A. C. Swinburne from that of his contemporaries. He allows himself, however, a freedom of expression and a latitude in his choice of themes which can hardly be admitted to harmonise with the highest poetry. Other poets (both living and dead) who have earned a well-deserved distinction may be named alphabetically:—Thomas Aird, Thomas Ashe, William Allingham, Thomas Lovel Beddoes, W. C. Bennett, Robert Buchanan, Austin Dobson, Sydney Dobell, E. W. Gosse, Lord Houghton, Jean Ingelow, the Rev. John Keble, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Frederick Locker, Robert Lord Lytton, George MacDonald, Charles Mackay, Gerald Massey, Lewis Morris, Coventry Patmore, James Payn, W. M. Praed, Adelaide Anne Proctor, Christina Rossetti, W. B. Scott, Alexander Smith, Archbishop Trench, and Aubrey de Vere. These belong to the "Victorian Age;" their respective claims and positions we leave to their admirers to settle. Certain it is that each, in the reign of Anne, would have

<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Tennyson's powers of observation, though by no means rapid, are exceedingly close and tenacious, and he has the strong apprehensive grasp of the naturalist in conjunction with the harmonising faculty of the poet. He seems to have studied his 'Grandmother' and his two 'Northern Farmers' much as he has studied the habits of bees and animals. He has a striking microscopic faculty on which his poetic imagination works. No poet has so many and such accurate references to the vegetable world, and yet at the same time references so thoroughly poetic. . . . In painting, Mr. Tennyson is so terse and compressed that, though he never suggests the idea of swiftness—there is too much pains expended upon the individual stroke for that—it would be simply absurd to call his manner dilatory. . . . If not the most perfectly finished of Mr. Tennyson's poems, 'The Idylls of the King' has a grander aim and larger scope than any, and paints the waste places of the heart and the strength of the naked soul with a stronger and more nervous touch."—*R. H. Hutton*.



been acknowledged with fervour as worthy of the bays ; and that together they discuss almost every question, literary, social, political, psychological, and religious, which in the last half-century has disturbed the thoughts or excited the feelings of men.

The foregoing *resumé* omits *one* name which calls for separate recognition, that of Matthew Arnold (born 1822), who, if not on the same level as Tennyson or Browning, towers above all other contemporaries. As an artist he is scarcely less perfect than Tennyson. His "Empedocles on Etna," his "Heine's Grave," his "Obermann" and "Rugby Chapel," his "Rustum and Zohrab," his "Tristram and Iseult," and his "Scholar Gipsy," are beautiful productions—beautiful, with a grave, sad, tranquil beauty peculiarly their own. "There is not much, indeed, of heat or flame in the vestal or lunar light that shines from this poet's hearth ; but it does not burn down. His poetry is a pure temple, a white flower of marble, unfretted without by grotesque intricacies, unvexed within by fumes of shaken censers or intoning of human choristers—large and clear and cool, with many chapels in it and outer courts, full of quiet and music." No poet has more successfully poured new wine into old bottles, the modern thought into the old classic form.





## CHAPTER III.

### ENGLISH HISTORY : A COURSE OF READING.



HAVE treated our poetic literature chronologically, because the poets are always so largely affected by the tendencies and passions, the sympathies and intellectual movements, of the age in which they live. This is not necessarily the case with the prose writers. The historian of past times, the inquirer into mental phenomena, the scientific pioneer, is, to a great extent, independent of external influences. Apart from this consideration, I am met by the fact that, owing to the immense range of our English literature, few students can hope to master even more than a portion of it, and therefore it is desirable that, instead of attempting a chronological survey, they should turn to such branches as they find most pleasurable or profitable. I propose, therefore, to glance at our prose writers in groups, according to the subjects which principally occupied their pens, and in each group to observe such order as may seem most conducive to the scholar's progress.

The first group or section shall be that of the HISTORICAL WRITERS; for, of all our studies, history seems the most important, and to offer the most tangible results in proportion to the research employed. English literature is specially affluent in this department, and the difficulty one has in dealing with it is the proverbial *embarras de richesses*. The question arises, How shall we deal with it? To follow the plan I have adopted with the poets, and to enumerate our annalists and historians in the order of their lives, would hardly facilitate the student's labours. At all events, it would not assist him in the study of *history*. It is obvious, I think, that the only really practical method is to study history by *epochs*, working upon each epoch as a whole, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of one before we pass on to another. The history of our native land is far and away the most interesting to us as Englishmen. We cannot adequately fulfil our duties as English citizens, or appreciate our responsibilities, or value our privileges, unless we have a fairly extensive knowledge of it. And as that history has been a history of constant *growth*, of steady development and regular progress, of the gradual maturity of our

constitutional freedom and extension of our empire, it will be desirable to examine it in the natural sequence of consecutive periods, as I have suggested.

Let us begin, then, with English history *before the Conquest*. Here, as a capital text-book, we have E. A. Freeman's "Old English History," written for schools, but valuable for students generally. This will lead us on to Dr. Pauli's "Life of Alfred the Great," Lappenberg's "England under the Saxon Kings" (Thorpe's translation), and J. M. Kemble's "Saxons in England." Original authorities we shall find in the "Life of Alfred" by the monk Asser, and in the "Ecclesiastical History" of Bede and the famous old "Saxon Chronicle," both of which are accessible in a cheap form in Mr. Bohn's useful series. These books, I think, will assist the reader to a clear idea of the government, laws, and social condition of the people under their old English kings. Sharon Turner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons" is a sober piece of work, but written in an involved style, and deficient in philosophical insight. Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of the Anglo-Saxons" is of a higher character. Dean Church's "St. Anselm" should not be forgotten.

Coming down to the Norman conquest, we take at once as our chief guide Mr. E. A. Freeman, who, with Professor Stubbs, belongs to what may be called the critical school, in opposition to the picturesque school of Macaulay and Froude. Its value lies in its exhaustive comparison and analysis of original authorities, its minute accuracy of detail, its laborious accumulation of facts; but it may be questioned whether it does not sometimes show a tendency to exaggerate the proportions of a single epoch or character, and to lay undue emphasis on points which are really of subordinate importance. However this may be, Mr. Freeman's "History" is one of the masterpieces of our historical literature. The style is always clear and forcible, and sometimes rises into a strain of manly eloquence. He it is who first taught Englishmen to realise the *continuity* of their history, who first estimated aright the way in which and the extent to which the Norman Conquest acted upon our national genius. His third volume closes with the battle of Senlac or Hastings; his fourth is occupied with the reign of William I.; his fifth traces the absorption of the Normans into the English people down to the reign of Henry III. Along with Mr. Freeman, and as far as the accession of Henry VII., we must read the "Constitutional History of England" by Professor Stubbs, a work which for profound learning and philosophic grasp cannot be too highly praised. Its keynote is thus struck:—"The roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is. 'It is true constitutional history has a point of view, an insight, and a language of its own; it reads the exploits and characters of men by a different light from that shed by the false glare of arms, and interprets positions and facts in words

that are voiceless to those who have only listened to the trumpet of fame." Mr. C. Pearson's "History of England during the Early and Middle Ages" may be recommended, and Professor Brewer's prefaces to "Monumenta Franciscana" and "Monumenta Academica" (in the Rolls series).

The reign of Henry II. has been illustrated by Lord Lyttelton (1709-73); but we acquire a closer and more vivid knowledge of the struggle between Church and State which marked it from Canon Robertson's "Life of Thomas Becket," the essay on Becket in Mr. Freeman's "Historical Essays," and the memoir in Dean Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury." There is also a noticeable sketch of the great Archbishop in the "Remains" of R. Hurrell Froude. Our historical studies may be at the same time refreshed by the introduction of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's fine dramatic poem of "St. Thomas of Canterbury." Mr. Pearson and Professor Stubbs will conduct us through the reigns of John and Henry III. In the latter, the events that revolved around the action of Simon de Montfort (the first of our great popular leaders) are fully detailed by Mr. G. W. Prothero in his "Life of Simon de Montfort" and Mr. Blaauw in his "Barons' War." Through the "Political Songs" of the period, edited by Wright, we may learn what were the sentiments of the people at this crisis of the national life. I may here note that many curious facts in connection with the great English families, and their part in the strife and struggles of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, are scattered through the quaint laborious pages of "The Baronage of England," by the antiquary, William Dugdale (1605-85). To continue: Edward I. has found a eulogist and a biographer in the author of "The Greatest of the Plantagenets;" but for this reign Professor Stubbs is an indispensable authority, and so is Mr. J. Hill Burton, with his valuable "History of Scotland." (See also Mr. E. W. Robertson's "Scotland under the Early Kings," edit. 1862). Dr. Lingard, in his judicious "History of England," is a safe guide for the reign of Edward II., which has its poetical illustration in Michael Drayton's "Barons' Wars" (1603), a poem in six books containing some splendid pictures.<sup>1</sup> The long and eventful reign of Edward III. is the subject of a quaintly written "History" by Joshua Barnes (1688); but the student will do better to refer to Mr. William Longman's comprehensive work, which makes good use of the chivalrous old chronicler Froissart. For the Black Prince see Dean Stanley's "Historical Memoirs of Canterbury Cathedral;" the Life by G. P. R. James is very slight and poor. The principal contemporary authorities are Robert of Avesbury's "Wonderful Deeds of Edward the Third," Knighton and Walsingham; also, the "Poem of the Black Prince," by John

<sup>1</sup> Marlowe's best drama deals with "The Troublesome Reign and Lamentable Death of Edward the Second" (1598); and George Peele wrote a curious chronicle-play on "Edward the First" (1593).

Chandos. For Henry IV. and Henry V. we may depend upon Lord Brougham's "History of England under the House of Lancaster," and Sir Harris Nicolas's exhaustive "History of the Battle of Agincourt." Poetically, the period is treated in Shakespeare's chronicle-plays and Drayton's poem of the "Battle of Agincourt."

Our survey now brings us to the Wars of the Roses, which the present writer has described in a handy manual, "The White Rose and the Red." They have had their poet in Samuel Daniel<sup>1</sup> (1562-1619), who wrote eight books in fluent octave rhymes on the "Civil Wars between the Two Houses of Lancaster and York." Among the earlier authorities are Henry Hall (died 1547), a graphic and industrious writer, and Richard Grafton (1565). The "Life of Edward IV." by William Habington, the poet (1605-45), is written in a stately style, but is excelled in literary merit by the "History of Edward the Fifth and Richard the Third" by Sir Thomas More (1478-1535), which, indeed, has all the charm of a romance. The "vexed questions" of Richard III.'s guilt or innocence of the charges levelled against him by the Lancastrian writers are examined, on the king's side, by Sir George Buck, Horace Walpole ("Historic Doubts," 1768), and Miss C. Halstead; with a bias on the other side by Mr. James Gairdner. "The Paston Letters," edited by Mr. Gairdner, are invaluable for the side-lights they throw on the social condition of the people. Written by or to the members of the Norfolk family of the Pastons, they extend over the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III. The literature of the period is examined in Mr. Hallam's learned and discriminative "Introduction to the Literature of Europe during the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries." Bosworth Field is the subject of a poem by Sir John Beaumont (1582-1628), a novel by Mrs. Bray, and an antiquarian and topographical monograph by William Hutton (1722-1815).

For the reign of Henry VII. we take Lord Bacon's admirable "History" (dedicated to "the most illustrious and most excellent Prince Charles"), a model of philosophical historical writing, entirely free from the rancour of prejudice. "He was a wise man," says Bacon, "and an excellent king, and yet the times were rough and full of mutations and rare accidents. . . . I have not flattered him, but took him to life as well as I could, sitting so far off, and having no better light." A throng of authorities press upon us when we reach the reign of Henry VIII., with all its stirring events, its rise of the New Learning, its reformation of the Church, its degradation of the power of the aristocracy, and its consolidation of the prerogatives of the monarchy. After glancing at Hall and Raphael Hollinshed (who published his "Chronicle of England" in 1577), we turn at once to the "History of England" by James Anthony

<sup>1</sup> Daniel was also the author of a "History of England to the Time of Edward III.," published in 1613-18.

Froude, which, in spite of obvious defects and an unfortunate theory, has taken its position among English classics. By copious use of the State papers and contemporary documents Mr. Froude lets in a flood of light upon questions previously obscure, but he has not succeeded in what seems to have been his main object, the vindication of Henry VIII. Mr. Hallam's "Constitutional History" must still be consulted; and, in biography, Cresacre More's "Life of Sir Thomas More," Dean Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," Thomas Cavendish's "Life of Cardinal Wolsey,"<sup>1</sup> and Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens," Professor Brewer's prefaces to his "Calendars of State Papers" are absolutely indispensable to the student. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Two Queens" is picturesquely written. Of special value is Mr. Seebohm's "Oxford Reformers of 1498." The tragic story of Anne Boleyn forms the subject of a dramatic poem by Dean Milman.

For Edward VI we have Hayward's Life and the King's own diary, with Nicholls' "Chronicle of Queen Jane," and Tytler's "England under Edward the Sixth and Mary." Tennyson has presented to us a careful psychological study of "Queen Mary," and has also composed a vivid picture of her reign in his dramatic poem with that title. Mr. Froude remains our chief historical authority. The religious aspects of the time may be studied in Foxe's "Acts and Monuments of the Martyrs" (1517-87), and Thomas Fuller's "Church History of Britain" (1608-61), corrected by reference to Maitland's "Essays on the Reformation." See also Bishop Burnet's graphically written "History of the Reformation." For Archbishop Cranmer see the memoirs by Dean Hook and Dr. Wordsworth ("Ecclesiastical Biography"); also by John Strype (1643-1737), whose "Ecclesiastical Memorials," I may add, cover the reigns of Mary and her two predecessors. Read Bishop Latimer's "Sermons," and his Life by Demaus. The "History of the Reformation," by Peter Heylin (1600-62), edited by the Rev. J. C. Robertson, is the work of a bitter partisan. For their contemporary illustrations, the student may turn to the Epistles of Roger Ascham (1515-68), author of "The Schoolmaster," and preceptor, and afterwards Latin secretary, to Queen Elizabeth. The "Itinerary" of John Leland (died 1552) supplied a topographical sketch of the England of this period. In the next reign the travels of Paul Hentzner prove of the highest value.

The reign of Elizabeth has been the exciting cause of a vast amount of literary labour, has set in motion the pens of poets, antiquaries, memoir-writers, and novelists, as well as historians. I begin with the poets. In Spenser's "Faery Queen" some of the subordinate allegories refer to contemporary events,<sup>2</sup> while

<sup>1</sup> "The Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey" is a play by Thomas Storer, published in 1594.

<sup>2</sup> As, for example, the struggle between Elizabeth and Mary is imaged in that between Mercilla and the treacherous Duessa.

the great Queen herself figures as "Gloriana" and "Belphebe," the former representing her royal and the latter her womanly character. Graceful adulation was laid at her feet by John Harrington, Ben Jonson, Peele, and John Lyly, Thomas Churchyard, Vere, Earl of Oxford, and James Aske (in his "Elizabetha Triumphans"). Of the novelists I can mention only quaint Robert Barclay, with his "Argenis; or, the Loves of Poliarchus and Argenis" (1621), and Charles Kingsley, with his stirring romance of "Westward Ho!" Sir Walter Scott has laid the plot of his "Monastery" in this period, and delineated Elizabeth and her court in his "Kenilworth." Historically her reign is illustrated in the "Annals" of William Camden (1551-1623), originally published in Latin; the "State Papers" of Haynes and Murdin; the elaborate "Memoirs" of Birch; "Elizabeth and her Times" of Mr. Thomas Wright; the "Letters of Elizabeth," edited by Bruce; the Sidney, Burleigh, Sadler, and Egerton Papers, and Lord Bacon's "Letters." Mr. Froude's "History" becomes now a valuable companion, but for Scotch affairs should be compared with Mr. Hill Burton's "History of Scotland." There is a very vivid and charming account of Elizabeth's reign in Mr. J. R. Green's "History of the English People." For the connection between England and the Dutch, see Mr. J. Lothrop Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "History of the United Netherlands"—works of unique research picturesquely written. For Mary, Queen of Scots, consult the old authorities, George Buchanan (James the First's tutor), and Melville's Memoirs; also Mignet's "Life of Mary Stuart" and Mr. Hosack's "Apologia." (Observe that the love episodes in Mary's romantic life have suggested Mr. A. C. Swinburne's dramatic poems of "Chastelard" and "Bothwell.") On the general history, Hallam and Lingard remain useful authorities, but in Lingard's case allowance must be made for his pro-Catholic bias. Industrious Lucy Aikin has written a pleasant "Memoir of the Court of Elizabeth." The chief authorities for ecclesiastical events are the laborious Strype; Dean Hook's "Archbishops of Canterbury;" the publications of the Parker Society; Father Morris's "Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers;" Mr. J. Parker's "Introduction to the Revisions of the Book of Common Prayer;" and (for the Puritans) Maskell's "History of the Martin-Marprelate Controversy." The Elizabethan literature is reviewed by Hazlitt, Hallam, and M. Taine, and a good sketch of it occurs in George Lillie Craik's "History of English Literature." The maritime enterprise of the period may be studied in Hakluyt's collection of "Voyages" (1582-89), and the "Pilgrims; or, Relations of the World," of Samuel Purchas (1613). The Lives of Drake and Cavendish, and Mr. Fox Bourne's "English Seamen under Elizabeth," may be read in this connection. It was the peculiar fortune of Elizabeth that around her gathered a group of statesmen and warriors renowned for their patriotic devotion. They have all found biographers,

whose works are pleasant reading for the enthralling interest of their subjects if not always for their literary merits. I can point only to Nares' "Life of Lord Burleigh," the sketches of the two Veres and others in "British Military Commanders" (Cabinet Encyclopædia), Edwards' "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," Fox Bourne's "Life of Sir Philip Sidney" (see also the earlier biographies by Fulke Greville, Lord Burke, 1652, and Thomas Zouch, 1780), and, for Sir Francis Walsingham, Lodge's "Portraits." Nicholls' "Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth" contains a good deal of interesting matter.

Ranke's "History of England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" does not belong to English literature, but is a work of so much value that I desire to draw the attention of the historical student to it. With the reign of James the First we approach the most important, and, as I think, the grandest era of our history, when the national character reached its highest point and the public morality was at its best. Slowly, during the latter part of Elizabeth's rule and during that of her successor, the temper of the people underwent a mighty change, acted upon by that religious spirit which the influences of the Reformation and the long struggle against Spain and the Parliament had quickened into life. Our historians call it "Puritanism," but the popular idea of Puritanism is that of a cramped and narrow theology, fatal to culture and domestic happiness, whereas the Puritan was a man of broad sympathies and cultivated intellect—a loyal husband and an honest citizen. The development of this religious spirit is clearly traced in Mr. S. R. Gardiner's "History of England from the Accession of James the First"—a book with which no student of this period can possibly dispense. For the reign of James, he may also consult Mr. Hallam's "Constitutional History," always calm and impartial; Mr. Gardiner's "History of the Spanish Match;" and Mr. Spedding's elaborate edition of the Works and Letters of Lord Bacon, or his "Life of Bacon" (in two vols.). Earlier authorities are Camden's "Annals," Sir Anthony Weldon's "Court and Character of King James" (1650), a *chronique scandaleuse* not to be accepted without due sifting; and Goodman's "Court of King James." The State Papers published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls place at our disposal a mine of valuable information, neglected by or unknown to the earlier school of historical writers. Among the publications of the Camden Society will be found several which help to clear up various points connected with the troubled history of James the First; as, for instance, Walter Young's "Diary" (1604-28), Lord Carew's "Letters to Sir Thomas Roe" (1615-17), and Sir J. Whitelocke's "Liber Famelicus." The extent to which these and similar helps are used by the student must depend, of course, upon his time, tastes, and opportunities.

No period of English history has attracted more general attention or excited a deeper interest than that which was marked by



the prolonged struggle between the Crown and the Parliament, nor is it surprising that such should have been the case. It was an age of great men and great events; the age of Pym, Hampden, Eliot, Strafford, Selden, Milton, Cromwell; the age of Marston Moor and Naseby; of Charles I.'s execution and Blake's sea victories. It witnessed the overthrow of an ancient monarchy and the brief splendour of a powerful Commonwealth. It saw the great contest between Puritanism and Episcopacy, between the apparently antagonistic principles of established authority and individual freedom. As an age of plain living and high thinking, when the government of the English nation was administered, to an extent seen never before or since, in harmony with the everlasting laws of God; as an age which, in spite of the temporary reaction that followed it, has left a profound impression on our national history and largely moulded our national sympathies; as an age to which we owe much that is noblest in the character of our people, and nearly all that is loftiest in the spirit of our literature and policy, it could not do otherwise than engage the investigations of the historian. It is a period which the student, I venture to think, should examine with special care and fulness. He will find no lack of helpful guides. The State Papers, the Memoirs of Sir Philip Warwick, Sir Thomas Herbert, John Ludlow, and Bulstrode Whitelocke (1605-76), Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson's delightful biography of her noble husband, Colonel Hutchinson, the Diary of Nehemiah Wallington, Sprigge's "*Anglia Rediviva*," Thurloe's "*State Papers*" (found after the death of their author in a false ceiling in Lincoln's Inn), the "*Letters and Journals*" of the stern old Scotchman, Principal Robert Baillie (edited by Dr. Laing), Carte's "*History of the Life of James, Duke of Ormond*" (1735), and Bishop Burnet's "*Memoir of the Dukes of Hamilton*," with Thomas May's carefully-written "*History of the [Long] Parliament of England*" (May was a scholar, and translated Lucan and Virgil), are among the early authorities. Then there is the "*Diary*" of Archbishop Laud, which affords so strange a revelation of his modes of thought and course of feeling, and, not less important, Sir G. Radcliffe's collection of the Earl of Strafford's "*Letters*." Clarendon's celebrated "*History of the Rebellion*" is valueless as *history*, except when supported by independent witnesses, but must be read for the sake of the elaborate "*characters*" it embodies and the general dignity of its composition. Coming down to later writers, the student may turn to Mr. S. R. Gardiner's "*Buckingham and Charles the First*," and "*Personal Government of Charles the First*," and John Forster's exhaustive monographs on "*The Grand Remonstrance*" and "*The Arrest of the Five Members*." Forster's "*Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth*" are of much interest. An excellent guide is Guizot, but he lies out of our present province; and I may name instead Dr. Vaughan's "*Revolutions in English History*," Brodie's "*History*"

of the British Empire," William Godwin's "History of the Commonwealth of England," the elder Disraeli's "Commentaries of the Reign of Charles the First" (strongly pro-royalist), Sandford's "Illustrations of the Great Rebellion," and Bisset's "Some Omitted Chapters of English History." For Cromwell, the student must consult Thomas Carlyle's great prose epic, "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations and a Connecting Narrative," which has revolutionised public opinion with respect to the character and genius of the great Protector; Forster's "Life of Cromwell" and the Lives of Harris and Noble. Archbishop Laud has found biographers in Heylin and Dean Hook; "Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers" are commemorated by Eliot Warburton; Robert Blake by Hepworth Dixon; Sir Thomas Fairfax by Clement Markham. Dr. Peter Bayne's "Biographical Studies" may be read with advantage, while Professor Masson's exhaustive "Life of John Milton" (to which reference has already been made) is practically a history of the poet's time. Milton himself may be consulted by the student.<sup>1</sup>

"I propose to write the History of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart." It is thus that Macaulay begins his celebrated work, but unfortunately he did not live to carry out his design. His "History" stops short at the Treaty of Ryswick. It dates, however, from an earlier period than is indicated in the foregoing sentences, the second and third chapters being devoted to the reign of Charles II. and the condition of England in that reign. But our chief historical authorities must now be Dr. Lingard and Sir James Mackintosh, whom we may test by reference to Bishop White Kennet's "Register and Chronicle," Sir William Temple's "Memoirs of what Passed in Christendom from 1672 to 1679," and "Memoirs of his Life and Negotiations," and Bishop Burnet's "History of his Own Times," which goes down to 1713, and is "very entertaining" (as Johnson said), despite its prejudices and inaccuracies of statement. The genius and character of the celebrated Shaftesbury (the first Earl), whom Macaulay epigrammatically describes as having "served and betrayed a succession of Governments," have been warmly and ably vindicated by the late W. D. Christie. For the movements of those silent forces which determine the great surface-currents of history we must go to Samuel Butler's "Hudibras," a burlesque poem, yet in one sense a political chronicle; Count Anthony Hamilton's "Memoirs of the Count de Grammont," Dryden and Wycherly's "Comedies," the

<sup>1</sup> In poetry the death of Charles I. is commemorated by Andrew Marvel, that of the Protector by Dryden. Edmund Waller wrote a panegyric upon Cromwell. The Cavalier and Puritan fugitive poetry has been collected in an elegant little volume by Henry Morley.

"Diary" of Samuel Pepys (1660-69), and that of John Evelyn (extending to the Revolution), and Sir Roger L'Estrange's "Brief History of the Times" (1687).<sup>1</sup> Hallam's "Constitutional History" is still available. For ecclesiastical questions, compare Richard Baxter's "Narrative of the Most Memorable Passages of my Life and Times," which S. T. Coleridge terms "an inestimable work," and Johnson read with interest; Edmund Calamy, the Nonconformist divine's "Account of his Own Life;" the Memoirs of John Howe and other Ejected Ministers; and John Bunyan's "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," which is really an autobiographical narrative. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Life of William Penn" and Mr. Paget's "Examen" correct some highly coloured statements of Macaulay. The institution of the Royal Society was an event of importance in the annals of physical science. It is described by Bishop Sprat in his "History of the Royal Society" (1724). "It was in the lodgings of Dr. Wilkins, in Wadham College," says the elder Disraeli, "that a small philosophical club met together, which proved to be, as Aubrey expresses it, the *incunabula* of the Royal Society. When their members were dispersed about London, they convened their meetings first at a tavern, then at a private house, and when the Society became too great to be called a club, they assembled in 'the parlour' of Gresham College, which itself had been raised by the munificence of a citizen. The Society afterwards derived its title from a sort of accident. The warm loyalty of Evelyn in the first hopeful days of the Restoration, in his dedicatory epistle of Naude's 'Treatise on Libraries,' called that philosophical meeting the Royal Society." To its exertions, much ridiculed by the wits at first, we owe the growth in England of a spirit of scientific inquiry.

The reigns of James II. and William III. constitute a single epoch, of which the focus (if such an expression be allowable) is the "glorious Revolution" of 1688, still enthusiastically toasted by the Orangemen of Ulster. This was the concluding phase and legitimate result of the great struggle for a constitutional Government which the student will have watched in its earlier stage, in the reign of the first Stuart king. We still take for our guides Macaulay (down to the peace of Ryswick), Dr. Lingard, and Hallam. Gossiping Bishop Burnet is also available. The literary history of this period is of special interest, for we now begin to see the moulding and colouring influence of public opinion upon our writers, who learned to address themselves directly to the people as the Elizabethan poets had done in the best days of the stage. At the accession of William III. we find

<sup>1</sup> Scott's "Peveril of the Peak" and Leigh Hunt's "Sir Ralph Esher" are fictions the scenes of which are cast in Charles II.'s reign. Scott's "Woodstock," Horace Smith's "Brambletye House," Whyte-Melville's "Holmby House," and George MacDonald's "St. George and St. Michael," belong to the preceding period.

Dryden and Locke, and Isaac Newton, Tillotson, South, and Burnet in their mature manhood, some of them having reached sixty years of age; while Defoe, Atterbury, and Prior were between twenty-five and thirty, Vanbrugh and Congreve between twenty and twenty-five, Steele and Addison seventeen, and Bolingbroke only eleven. Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" belongs to William's reign; so do his "Two Treatises of Government." Dryden was still writing plays for a livelihood and translating Virgil, Juvenal, and Persius. Richard Steele wrote some lines in honour of Queen Mary's death and funeral. William Congreve produced his "Comedies," and Farquhar and Vanbrugh also essayed the drama, provoking from Jeremy Collier his "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage." Matthew Prior, who had already won a literary reputation by his share in Charles Montague's "Country Mouse and City Mouse," a clever parody on Dryden's "Hind and Panther,"<sup>1</sup> established himself as William the Third's court poet. Besides his lively ballad "On the Taking of Namur," 1695, and other "Occasional Pieces," he composed the "Carmen Seculare" for the year 1700, which, addressing James, bids him "be to William just" :—

"To faithful History his actions trust;  
Command her, with peculiar care,  
To trace each toil and comment every war:  
His saving wonders bid her write  
In characters distinctly bright;  
That each revolving age may read  
The Patriot's piety, the Hero's deed."

It cannot be said that Earl Stanhope, in his "History of England under Queen Anne," shows himself the equal of a Macaulay or a Froude, a Stubbs or a Freeman. His narrative, however, is sober, clear, and accurate. Dr. Hill Burton, the historian of Scotland, has made a special study of the time, and his history of "The Reign of Queen Anne" is lucid and impartial. But it still leaves a gap to be filled in our historical literature. The activity of the pamphleteers now revives, and in the British Museum the student will find abundant specimens of their fugitive literature. Anne's reign was favourable to back-stairs politics, and their throes and eddies are described in Swift's "Journal to Stella," in the "Medley," and the Whig "Examiner," while indications of the temper of the people may be traced in the street poetry collected in Wilkins's "Political Ballads of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." For Marlborough's campaigns, as well as for his political action, the best authority is Archdeacon Coxe's "Life,"

<sup>1</sup> It opens thus :—

"A milk-white mouse, immortal and unchanged,  
Fed on soft cheese, and o'er the dairy ranged  
Without unspotted, innocent within,  
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin."

which may be supplemented by "The Marlborough Despatches" (edited by Sir George Murray), and Sir Archibald Alison's "Military Life of the Hero of Blenheim." I may note that his victories were celebrated by poets and rhymesters, among others by Addison in "The Campaign," by Prior in the "Letter to M. Boileau Despreaux," by Oldmixon, a dry and dusty historian, and by John Phillips (1676-1708), the author of the capital burlesque poem of "The Splendid Shilling," in his "Blenheim." For the literature of the period see M. Taine, Thackeray's "English Humourists," and Forster's "Life of Swift." Swift's "Battle of the Books" appeared in 1704, and also his "Tale of a Tub," in which his genius is seen in its impetuous luxuriance, and he never afterwards surpassed or even equalled the flow and rush of its wit, the copiousness of its images, the vivacity of its diction. Daniel Defoe founded English journalism in this reign, publishing in February 1704, while lying a prisoner in Newgate, his "Review," which, at first a twice-a-week issue, eventually made its appearance on alternate days. Its great merit is that it suggested to Sir Richard Steele his "Tatler," of which the first number bears date the 12th of April 1709, and the last the 2d of January 1711. On the 1st of the following March its place was supplied by the "Spectator," over the pages of which the bland genius of Addison shed an undying light. In 1713 the "Spectator" was followed by Sir Richard Steele's "Guardian." Mr. Thackeray's highly wrought novel of "Esmond" contains vivid pictures of English society in the reign of Queen Anne.

The nearer we approach to our own times the more difficult shall we find it to distinguish among the authorities that press upon us those most deserving of patient consideration. We may single out, however, for the reigns of the first and second Georges, as an able, and, on the whole, impartial guide, Mr. W. H. Lecky's "History of England in the Seventeenth Century," which is always philosophical in tone and in its judgments discriminative. Earl Stanhope's "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht" is not less sober and judicious. We have also at our disposal Archdeacon Coxe's "Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole," Nicholas Tindal's continuation of Rapin's "History of England," and Bishop Atterbury's and Bolingbroke's "Correspondence." To the "Craftsman" Bolingbroke was a frequent contributor. Mr. Wright's "Caricature History of the Georges" furnishes the student with a carefully made collection of those straws which show the direction of the current. Lord Herve's "History of the Reign of George the Second" is remarkable for its liveliness of narration, and the satirical vein of Sir C. Hanbury Williams is clever and amusing. For the *on dits* of society, its scandals, and its political intrigues, we turn to the "Letters of Horace Walpole," which, if destitute, as Macaulay says, of every charm derived from elevation or tenderness of sentiment, possess, at all events, the irresistible charm

of wit. He loved letter-writing, and had evidently studied it as an art, and his study had been eminently successful. Our attention must also be given to the not less charming though less witty letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Macaulay's essays on the "War of the Succession in Spain," "Horace Walpole," "Frederick the Great," and "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," cannot be overlooked; they are models of finished composition. England's share in the Seven Years' War is amply explained by Mr. Carlyle in his *magnum opus*, the "History of Frederick the Great." Some agreeable character-portraits occur in Mrs. Oliphant's "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George the Second." For Chatham, see the Rev. F. Thackeray's "Memoirs" and the "Correspondence," as well as the "Greville Correspondence," Alison's "Anecdotes," Lord Waldegrave's "Memoirs," and Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice's brightly written Life of his illustrious ancestor, William, Earl of Shelburne. From 1758 the "Annual Register" comes to the student's assistance. The reign of George II. saw the foundation of both our Colonial and Indian empires, and therefore we must turn to Wright's "Life of General Wolfe" and Eliot Warburton's "Conquest of Canada" for the one, and Macaulay's "Essay on Clive" and Sir John Malcolm's "Life of Robert, Lord Clive" for the other. The growth of our Indian Empire is exhibited in Robert Orme's "History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation," James Mill's "History of British India," J. C. Marshman's "History of India" and Mr. Talboys Wheeler's "Short History of India." The literature of the period must be studied apart from its political and military history. It shows us the rise of English fiction in the works of Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson. In poetry it boasts of the names of Pope, Thomson, Akenside, Churchill, Goldsmith, and Cowper, Shenstone, Young, Collins, Gay, and Gray. At the accession of George III. in 1760, Johnson was fifty-one years old, and had produced his "Dictionary of the English Language." David Hume had matured his metaphysical system, and was on the point of completing his "History of England," terminating at the Revolution, where Smollett took it up. Lawrence Sterne had created Uncle Toby, and Corporal Trim, and the Widow Wadman, but his "Sentimental Journey," in which he blends a flavour of Rousseau with his own fantastic humour and superficial morality, was not published until 1768. Dr. William Robertson had flourished his Latinisms in his "History of Scotland." His "Reign of Charles V." appeared in 1769, but Gibbon did not give to the world the first volume of his great work, the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," until 1776, the year of the death of Hume, and the sixteenth of the reign of George the Third.

For a full and exhaustive study of the "Georgian Era," extending, as it did, over sixty years (1760-1820), and embracing such great events as the revolt of the American Colonies and the long

war against Napoleon, the student will need much ampler leisure and more abundant opportunities than generally fall to the lot of the votary of self-culture. Down to the opening years of the French Revolution, he may use Mr. Massey's "History of the Reign of George the Third," and the historical works of Adolphus and Belsham, allowance being made for the prejudices of partisanship, may be usefully consulted. The brilliant generalisations and multifarious reading of Mr. Buckle in his "History of Civilisation" (published in 1857-67) will entertain the reader, and are frequently suggestive. Effective character-portraits are drawn by Lord Brougham in his "Statesmen of the Time of George the Third," and his "Lives of Men of Letters and Science." See also William Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits." For general European history we must refer to Sir Archibald Alison (1792-1867), though the author of "Coningsby" not unjustly satirises him as Mr. Wordy, who writes to prove that "Providence is always on the side of the Tories." Our maritime warfare has found a conscientious and intelligent chronicler in Mr. William James, whose "Naval History of Great Britain" begins in 1792 and goes down to 1820, with a continuation by Captain Chamier. See also Campbell's "Lives of the Admirals," Southey's "Life of Nelson," Barrow's "Life of Earl Howe," and Jervis's "Life of Earl St. Vincent." For the French Revolution, Thomas Carlyle's great History, which exhibits a series of word-pictures unequalled for lucid power, and is, in fact, an epic in prose of the highest class, will always remain the unrivalled authority. It may be followed up by Scott's and Hazlitt's "Lives of Napoleon;" Professor Smyth's "Lectures on Modern History" will also be found useful. The period must also be studied in the careers of its great men. For Edmund Burke (1730-97), besides his "Works" and "Correspondence," the "Reflections on the Revolution of France" (one of those books which make and mark an epoch), "Letters to a Noble Lord" (the Duke of Bedford), and "On the Proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France," we have the biographies by Prior, Dr. Croly, Thomas Macknight (1858), and John Morley (1867). For Charles James Fox (1749-1806), we have Earl Russell's "Life" and "Memorials and Correspondence." It will be necessary also to consult the "Rockingham Correspondence," the "Granville Papers," and the "Correspondence of George the Third with Lord North." For William Pitt (1759-1806), the reader must refer to the Lives by John Gifford (1809) and Earl Stanhope (1861); "The Life of William Wilberforce" by his sons; the Duke of Buckingham's "Courts and Cabinets of George the Third" (a badly edited book); the "Diaries of Lord Colchester" (Abbot, formerly Speaker of the House of Commons); and the Diaries and Letters of the first Earl of Malmesbury and the Marquis of Londonderry. To the political history of the reign no better guide can be desired than Sir George Cornwall Lewis in his

"Essays on the Administrations of Great Britain," and to Hallam succeeds Sir Thomas Erskine May with his "Constitutional History of England." The dryness of his historical labours the student may relieve by the perusal of "The Rolliad," the "New Whig Guide," and the "Anti-Jacobin," in which Canning's airy satire invests the dulllest and vilest themes with interest. For George Canning (1770-1827), see the "Life and Speeches" by Thierry, the "Political Life" by Stapleton, and Mr. Robert Bell's brief biography. He is sketched with a firm hand by Lord Dal-ling in his "Historical Characters." The military history of the period must be sought in Alison's ponderous volumes, and in Sir William Napier's brilliant "History of the Peninsular War." A whole literature has sprung up around Wellington and the battle of Waterloo; we can but indicate as satisfactory authorities Gleig's "Life of the Great Duke;" the "Wellington Despatches," which present a wonderful picture of the activity and clearness of his intellect; Mr. George Hooper's monograph on "Waterloo;" Siborne's well-known "Waterloo Campaign;" and Colonel Chesney's "Waterloo Lectures." For later events the student may consult Miss Martineau's "History of England," and Mr. Justin M'Carthy's "History of Our Time," with the Rev. W. N. Molesworth's "History of the Reform Bill," and Mr. Evelyn Ashley's "Life of Lord Palmerston."







## CHAPTER IV.

### ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY : A COURSE OF READING.

**EXT** in importance to the study of history must be placed that of biography. If the study of the life of a nation has for us both interest and value, that of a single fellow-creature—a man of like feelings and passions as ourselves—must necessarily engage our sympathies much more closely. It may serve us as a warning or an example, may show us what to avoid or what to imitate. It has, so to speak, a twofold motive ; for while we are following the fortunes of the hero of the narrative, we unconsciously project ourselves into his place, and apply to ourselves the experiences he underwent. We read ourselves, as it were, into his life. *De nobis, mutato nomine, fabula narratur.* It is not only the life of Washington or Alfred the Great or Cromwell, but the life of A. or B., of me or you, if put into Washington's or Alfred's or Cromwell's place. Again, there are so many things in every man's life that concern every other man. In one of Sir Arthur Helps's pleasant essays he remarks that he had always been exceedingly curious to know how men of great intellectual labour perform their work. To some extent biography reveals the *how*. It reveals also what effect upon a certain mind is produced by a certain sequence of events ; how this or that man met misfortune and was humbled by it or rose above it, and *why* ; in what manner the opportunity which one man misses is seized by another and made use of ; the qualities which seem generally to ensure success in a small sphere and those best fitted for a large sphere ; and the kind of self-education which every vigorous mind undergoes : all these are considerations of the highest interest, which biography puts before us in the plainest possible form, and they have for us a direct application. In history the individual is lost, or at least occupies a subordinate position ; but it is just the sorrows and sufferings, the trials and temptations, the successes and joys, of the individual that we want to know about. The share which Hampden had in the earlier work of the Puritan Revolution is a matter of history, and the student cannot overlook it ; but, after all, he has a profounder interest in the personal qualifications

which enabled Hampden to do what he did, and in the chain of events that placed him in the position to do it.

For these reasons, biography has always been popular reading, and, in fact, the popularity of fiction is partly due to its biographical interest. "Lives" of great and good men will always find readers, and there would be more readers if they were better done. But to write a good biography is no easy task. It requires, on the biographer's part, an intense sympathy, a keen insight, and great literary skill. He must be able to see what were the characteristic features of the man, and reproduce them so that others may see them; in other words, he needs the distinctive power of the dramatist. Necessarily such biographers are few, and therefore first-class biographies are few. But if we cannot get a portrait by Titian or Vandyke, we must take what is available, and in English literature there is a host of "Lives" tolerably well done, which engage our attention, if not by brilliant workmanship, by the nature of the incidents they relate and the individuality of the men to whom they are devoted. There are thus two classes of biographies: in the first we include those which are read for the sake both of their subjects and their writers; in the second, those which are read for the sake of their subjects only.

Those which should for one or the other reason engage the student's attention I shall indicate in loose chronological order. Sir Thomas More's "Richard the Third," to which I have referred in a preceding section, is really a biography, and as such belongs to the first class. To the same class belongs Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson's "Memoirs of her Husband, Colonel John Hutchinson," which is most charmingly written and indirectly presents a very attractive portrait of the writer. A considerable interest attaches to the autobiography of Lady Fanshawe, the wife of Sir Richard Fanshawe, the diplomatist and poet. The writer is clear and lively, and some of the domestic scenes are told with engaging simplicity. The biographer proper, however, first appears in the person of Izaak Walton, the "Complete Angler" (1593-1683), who supplies us with Lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Bishop Sanderson, which Wordsworth picturesquely describes as

"Satellites turning in a lucid ring  
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."

They are very tender and earnest in tone, with that flavour of quaintness which is as relishing as the *bouquet* of old wine; concise to a fault, and yet presenting the characters of their subjects in every light.

Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker (1639-1713), the pupil and friend of Milton, has left on record an interesting autobiography ("History of my Life"), which contains some valuable particulars of the great poet's later life. Lord Hervey (1696-1743) must be included

among the memoir-writers, a class apart from the biographers proper; and among the autobiographers figures conspicuously the historian Gibbon (1737-94).<sup>1</sup> The great biography of the eighteenth century, however, is James Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson," published in 1790. If he be the best biographer who presents the most vivid delineation of the man he has undertaken to describe, Boswell may justly contend for the laurel. Without his aid we should know the great man of letters but imperfectly. It was Boswell who showed him to us in his habit as he lived; honest, manly, loving truth, notwithstanding his prejudices; inclined to be dictatorial; shrewd in judgment and terse in expression; rough and rugged in manner, but with a heart alive to every charitable impulse. Boswell's book brings before us Johnson with all his peculiarities, Johnson with his friends, Johnson in Mrs. Thrale's drawing-room, and Johnson at the club, where he reigned the great Cham of Literature. This last is, I think, the pleasantest scene in the whole comedy. "There are assembled those heads which live for ever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall thin form of Langton, the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, and the beaming smile of Garrick, Gibbon tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear." In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up; the gigantic body, the huge massy face seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the grey wig with the scorched fore-top, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing, and then comes the 'Why, sir!' and the 'What then, sir?' and the 'No, sir!' and 'You don't see your way through the question, sir!'"

Along with Boswell's "Life of Johnson" the student, in order to complete his knowledge of the man and his time, should read Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi's "Anecdotes," and Mr. A. Hayward's edition of her "Autobiography," Sir Joshua Hawkins' *Life*, which, however, is very heavy; Arthur Murphy's, which is much better written; John Forster's "Life of Goldsmith," and the *Essays* by Carlyle and Lord Macaulay.

In this connection may fittingly be mentioned Dr. Johnson's own biographical compilations, which, if not exhibiting the research nowadays expected of the biographer, are well worth reading for their sagacity, critical acumen, and dignified style. The "Lives of

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Hobbes, the great champion of the Selfish School of Moral Philosophy, and author of the "Leviathan," has written his autobiography, but in Latin verse. He was eighty-five years old when he composed it.

<sup>2</sup> To this ear-trumpet Goldsmith alludes in his "Retaliation":—

"He shifted his trumpet and calmly took snuff."

the Poets" is a book imperfect in parts, but as a whole most admirably executed, and it is to be noted that few of its judgments have been reversed by posterity. The latest criticism on Gray is not more favourable than Johnson's to that elegant coiner of apt and graceful epithets. Does any very wide difference exist between Mr. Elwin's estimate of Pope and Johnson's? It must be admitted that he did not understand Milton, and that his strong political prejudices blinded him to the nobility of his character; yet he pronounced a really fine panegyric on "Paradise Lost." The Life of Dryden is in all respects sufficient, and in the notices of the metaphysical poets Johnson's strength and solidity of intellect are clearly seen. Of earlier biographies a word or two may be said. Those of Boerhaave and Drake are clear and judicious; that of Richard Savage, if it were worth writing at all, could not have been better written. As an apology it is complete, yet candid. While we have numerous proofs of the natural kindness of the writer, we see that it never persuaded him to disguise or conceal the failings of his friend.

Archdeacon Coxe, is not one of those writers whom one reads for their own sake. His style is without polish and without grace; nor is there the necessary clearness in his method of ordering facts. We owe to him, however, two biographies which are rendered valuable by the quantity of first-hand information they contain—those of the Duke of Marlborough and Sir Robert Walpole. Neither has been superseded by the works of later writers, yet can neither be declared fully worthy of its subject. Perhaps with both the difficulty lies in the fact that the interesting periods of their lives cannot be separated from the history of their country. William Roscoe (1753–1831) claims a place in literature as the author of a "Life of Lorenzo de' Medicis" and a "Life of Leo X.," the two dealing very discriminatively with some aspects of the Italian Renaissance. Neither, however, can now be accepted as an authority, the ground having since been surveyed by more philosophical writers, and in a spirit of wider and deeper research. About 1756 that industrious antiquary, William Oldys, whose life was spent in unwearied literary industry, wrote a memoir of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was followed by Dr. Birch (1750), and by Cayley in 1805. The next biographer of the great Elizabethan was Patrick Fraser Tytler (1791–1849), whose work was a considerable advance on that of his predecessors. A still better book was that of Mr. J. A. St. John in 1869, but the most complete is the Life published by Mr. Edwards in 1870, which throws much light on his last expedition to Guiana, and clears up some difficult questions. In studying his life, recourse must necessarily be had to the history of his age (see p. 163).

Mr. Mark Napier is the author of a "Life of Napier of Merchiston," the inventor of logarithms, but his chief work has been done in vindicating the fame of the Scottish cavaliers, the Marquis

of Montrose, and Graham of Claverhouse. Montrose has also found a biographer in Mr. James Grant; and his graceful love-lyrics are included in Dr. Hannah's "Courtly Poets." Both Montrose and Claverhouse belong to history, and a very fair view of them is presented by Dr. Hill Burton in his "History of Scotland." It is now well known that Macaulay's account of Claverhouse is greatly overcharged.<sup>1</sup> The Napiers have ever been as expert with their pen as with their sword, and Sir William Napier (1785-1860), the historian of the Peninsular War, has written a fervidly eloquent biography of his brother Sir Charles, the celebrated conqueror of Scinde. His own Life is written in a very interesting manner (edited by N. A. Bruce, 1863). The two Napiers were just entering on their career of renown when Dr. James Currie published his memoir of Robert Burns (1810), the first and one of the best of a long series of biographies of the poet (as, for example, John Gibson Lockhart, 1828; Allan Cunningham, 1847; Dr. Hatley Waddell, 1869; Alexander Smith; and W. L. Douglas, 1878). In connection with it should be read Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," and a paper in the "Cornhill Magazine," 1879, by Principal Shairp. Three years after the publication of Currie's memoir appeared William Hayley's "Life of Cowper" (1808), a work of very considerable interest. It was followed in 1835 by Southey's Life of the poet, who has also found biographers in Grimshaw, H. F. Cary, Sir Harris Nicolas, John Bruce (prefixed to the Aldine edition of the poems), and Thomas Taylor (1835). Southey, the biographer of Cowper, wrote two of the most popular and charming biographies in the language, distinguished by a rare grace of style and a lucid ordering of facts—the Life of Nelson and the Life of John Wesley. There have been Lives of Nelson since (*par exemple*, Sir Harris Nicolas's) and of Wesley (as a specimen of pretentious dullness take Tyerman's), but none have approached Southey's in excellence or popularity. He closes his account of the hero of Trafalgar in a strain of unpretending eloquence:—"The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them."

The stern old Scotch Reformer, who feared not the face of living

<sup>1</sup> "A soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper and of obdurate heart, has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred."

man, John Knox, found a biographer in Dr. Thomas M'Crie in 1812; but I think that the later biographies of Laing and Brandes are more judicious in spirit. Knox, moreover, is a man who helped to make history, and we must go to the historians to study him thoroughly. M'Crie had a literary quarrel with Sir Walter Scott respecting the latter's presentment of the Covenanters in "Old Mortality." Scott, in his laborious and various literary career, found time to undertake a good deal of biographical work, amongst which we may mention the critical memoirs prefixed to his edition of the British novelists, and more particularly his prolix "Life of Napoleon." This is very diffusely and even loosely written, and, moreover, was written before all the documents essential to the just representation of a wonderful career became accessible; but it is unquestionably the work of a strong man, and abounds in picturesque and animated passages. More condensed and more forcibly written is Scott's son-in-law's "Life of Napoleon," and William Hazlitt's biographical panegyric is "good to read;" but we have not yet in English any such philosophic and exhaustive biography of the "modern Attila" (a misleading phrase) as M. Lanfrey has "created" in French (though unhappily unfinished). John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854), already referred to as Scott's son-in-law, wrote an able "Life of Burns," but his *magnum opus* was and is the "Life of Scott," which is remarkable for the beauty of its writing, but unfortunately is planned on a too extensive scale. There is, however, an excellent epitome of it by Henry Jenkinson; and Mr. R. H. Hutton's recent monograph is a graphic "miniature taken from the great picture, with care enough to tempt on those who look on it to the study of the fuller Life, as well as of that image of Sir Walter which is impressed by his own hand upon his works."

The British novelists, male and female, have been "biographed" by Scott, and the poets by Thomas Campbell in the brief memoirs included in his "Specimens." Lives also accompany the Aldine edition. Thomas Campbell will be remembered by his fine battle-songs and lyrics rather than by his dull "Life of Mrs. Siddons" and unsympathetic "Life of Petrarch." Another poet, about the same time appeared in the biographical lists, Thomas Moore (1779-1852), whose "Life of Lord Byron," though deficient in critical insight, is one of the standard biographies we English boast of. He wrote also a "Life of Sheridan" and a "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," but neither rises much above mediocrity. The former suggested an obvious *bon mot* to George IV. Some one told the King, in reference to the biography, that "Moore had been murdering Sheridan!" "Not so," replied George IV., "but he has certainly attempted his life!" A Life of the famous wit, orator, and dramatist by Browne appeared a few years ago. Moore himself had a statesman, the late Earl Russell, for his biographer. Another poet, Bryan Waller Proctor (1790-1874), or

Barry Cornwall, as he loved to call himself, compiled biographies of Charles Kean (whose *Life* has also been written by Hawkins), and Charles Lamb. Gentle Elia, however, is seen at greater length in Justice Talfourd's "*Life and Letters*" and Percy Fitzgerald's "*Charles Lamb: his Friends, Haunts, and Books*" (1866). Of Charles Lamb's friend, the poet, philosopher, essayist, and dreamer, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, there is a *Life* by his kind benefactor, Mr. Gillman, and some valuable references occur in his daughter Sara Coleridge's "*Memoirs and Letters*"—a charming book, which, somehow or other, seems always to associate itself with "*Memoirs of a Quiet Life*"—the "*quiet life*" being that of Augustus William Hare's accomplished wife. Hare and his brother Julius, the rector of Hurstmonceux, were the authors, or principal authors, of that wise and kindly book, "*Guesses at Truth*" (1847). Two better men the Church of England never ranked among her clergy. In that quiet Sussex rectory, sheltered among the chalk-downs, John Sterling was for a while Hare's curate. Sterling was a man of unfulfilled promise (he was cut off at the age of thirty-eight), and the most noticeable thing about him is that his *Life* was written by Thomas Carlyle. The name of the author of "*Sartor Resartus*" reminds one of his *Life of Cromwell*, as given in the "*Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations*," a curiously vivid portrait, full of subtle touches; of the "*Life of Schiller*" (1825, which may be compared with Lord Lytton's *Life of the poet*); and the "*Life of Friedrich II.*," of which J. R. Lowell says:—"It is a bundle of lively episodes rather than a continuous narrative. But the episodes are lively, the humour and pathos spring from a profound nature, the sketches of character are masterly, the seizure of every picturesque incident infallible, and the literary judgments those of a thorough scholar and critic."

For every ten persons who read Lord Macaulay's essay on Lord Clive, we may take it that not more than one reads Sir John Malcolm's very careful and interesting biography of the great Indian statesman. In like manner, Lord Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings is the most popular source of information concerning him. Macaulay's biographical sketches are always picturesque, copious in knowledge, and fluent of narration; the story never halts; the panorama, in all its brilliancy of colour and finish of detail, moves easily and continuously. He contributed several to the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" (1857-58), among which I may particularise that of William Pitt as forming a sequel and supplement to that of Pitt's famous father, the Earl of Chatham, in the "*Historical Essays*." Macaulay himself is nobly commemorated in the "*Life and Letters*" by Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, a work conceived and executed in the right spirit. "Believing, as I do," says the biographer, "that if he were now living he would have sufficient judgment and sufficient greatness of mind to wish to be shown as himself, I will suppress no trait in his disposition or

incident in his career which might provoke blame or question. Such in all points as he was, the world, which has been so indulgent to him, has a right to know him; and those who best love him do not fear the consequences of freely submitting his character and his actions to the public verdict." Our Indian statesmen, from Cornwallis to Dalhousie, have all found biographers, but biographers of very different merit. The men who among ourselves have known

"The seasons when to take  
Occasion by the hand and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet,"

have not been forgotten. We have Lord Nugent's "Memoirs of John Hampden," who, with Pym and Vane, finds a place in John Forster's "Statesmen of the Commonwealth;" Lord Falkland figures in Lady Theresa Lewis's "Contemporaries and Friends of Lord Clarendon" (whose Life has been judiciously written by T. H. Lister), and in Principal Tulloch's "Rational Theology" (where you will also meet with Chillingworth, and the "ever-memorable" John Hales,<sup>1</sup> and Cudworth, and Henry More the Platonist); the unfortunate Earl of Strafford may be seen in Forster's book to which reference has already been made, and Mr. S. R. Gardiner's "Personal History of Charles I.;" the able and astute Anthony Ashley, first Earl of Shaftesbury (Dryden's Achitophel), owns a doughty defender in Mr. W. D. Christie; for Lord Chancellor Somers we turn to Lord Campbell, and for Lord William Russell, to his descendant, Earl Russell. Of Coxe's "Sir Robert Walpole" I have already spoken; his brilliant opponent, Bolingbroke, Pope's "St. John," can hardly be called fortunate in his biographers, Mallet, Cooke, Thomas Macknight (the last, the best). The Life of the elder Pitt was written by the Rev. Francis Thackeray, in two quarto volumes as ponderous as Nares's "Life of Lord Burleigh" (of which Macaulay says that, "compared with the labour of reading through it, all other labour, the labour of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of negroes in sugar-plantations, is an agreeable recreation"). The younger Pitt's first biographer was his tutor, Bishop Tomline (whose effort in biography "enjoys the distinction of being the worst biographical work of its kind in the world"); his next was John Gifford; his best, Earl Stanhope. Earl Russell has written a memoir of Charles James Fox; Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, a "Life of William, Earl of Shelburne;" Edmund Burke, as politician, essayist, and political writer, has drawn after him a train of biographers, Bisset, Prior, Dr. Croly (author of "Sala-thiel"), Thomas Macknight, Napier, and John Morley, the last treating his character and career with fine insight and just appreciation. For George Canning we must take Augustus Stapleton and Robert Bell; for the Earl of Liverpool, Mr. C. D. Yonge.

<sup>1</sup> See also Mr. Maxwell Lyte's "History of Eton College" (1875).



The Life of William Wilberforce has been admirably told by his sons; and that of Sir Samuel Romilly (if I may put him in this category), also by *his* son. With much incisiveness of touch and keen discernment Lord Brougham has sketched the characters, mingling occasional biographical details, of the "Statesmen" (and "Men of Letters") of the reigns of George III. and George IV. As yet no really good biography of Sir Robert Peel has appeared; Doubleday's is a mere farrago of personal crotchets; and the "Memorials" by Earl Stanhope and Lord Cardwell are not designed to show us *the man*. The Hon. A. Grey has written a "Life of Charles, Earl Grey;" Mr. W. M. Torrens, of Viscount Melbourne; the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, of Lord Palmerston.

The intimate sympathy which we feel with the poets through the living force and power of their genius necessarily renders us desirous of knowing something of their manner of life, of the conditions under which they worked, of the nature and quality of their experiences of humanity and the world. We are enabled to acquire this knowledge of Milton through Professor Masson's noble biography. Of John Keats we gain glimpses through Lord Houghton's memoir; of Percy Bysshe Shelley through Hogg, Trelawny, Medwin, J. L. Peacock, and J. Addington Symonds. But I think it will be admitted that our English biography is specially weak and unsatisfactory in this department; perhaps because our poets have generally led lives which outwardly present little of a sharp and vivid interest. We have, however, an exhaustive Life of Pope by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin; a fairly good one of Byron by Moore; of Spenser by Todd, by the Rev. John Mitford, and George Lillie Craik. But what shall be said of Godwin's "Life of Chaucer," where the extraneous matter is to the real biography in the same proportion as Falstaff's gallon of sack to the pennyworth of bread? There is no good Life of Wordsworth; no *very* good Life of Dryden; and Butler, Cowley, Quarles, Ben Jonson, and many others, seem still in want of a worthy biographer.

Of the famous men who at sea have upheld the name and extended the power of England, biographies are not wanting. We may begin with John Barrow's "Life of Sir Francis Drake," and come down to Allen's "Life of the Earl of Dundonald." There are Lives of Martin Frobisher, of John Davies, of Sir John Hawkins; the story of Robert Blake has been told by Mr. Hepworth Dixon; of many of the old admirals by industrious Dr. Campbell and the yet more industrious Robert Southey. Barrow's "Life of Earl Howe" and Jervis's "Life of Earl St. Vincent" may be read with interest. There is also a pleasing biography of Nelson's friend, lieutenant, and successor, Lord Collingwood; and another of Sir Philip Broke, who in the frigate "Shannon" defeated and captured the larger American frigate "Chesapeake" in sight of Boston harbour. For few of these, however, will the student have any leisure, and their principal value to him must necessarily lie in the light

they throw upon the byways of history. As much may be said of the lives of military commanders ; with these, too, our literature is well provided, though few of them possess any literary merit.

The bulk of many of our biographies is an enormity against which the student may well protest. He has not time to wade through ten thick volumes of the "Life and Letters" of every man who attains temporary distinction as a divine or a littérateur, a lawyer or a soldier, a theologian or a politician. Very few are the men whose life-story may not be fitly and fully told, so far as the public are concerned, in a single volume, and that not much larger than the volume that Izaak Walton devotes to a Hooker or a Herbert. Hence the popularity of those biographical essays or summaries which have recently become quite a distinctive portion of our literature. They began with the "Reviews;" with those fine essays of Macanlay's on Warren Hastings, Clive, Pitt, Johnson ; with those of Carlyle on Burns, and Heine, and Diderot, Mirabeau and Voltaire ; and the example has been followed with good results by many competent writers. There are now several series of such compilations : "Ancient" and "Foreign Classics for English Readers," "English Men of Letters," and "The New Plutarch." Here we have presented in a quintessential form all that is known respecting the famous men selected by the various biographers, and this condensed biography, capable of ready absorption and digestion, is of the greatest service to the "general reader" or the young man with brief leisure and few opportunities, while not preventing or exonerating the student from independent research if he have the means of entering upon it.

I have named in the course of the preceding paragraphs several biographies which belong to our standard literature as surely as the work of a Bacon or a Bishop Butler ; biographies in which genius has been employed in the welcome task of portraying and doing justice to kindred genius. There are others in which men of quick observation and lively sympathies have been very successful in furnishing accurate and vividly coloured portraits of their subjects and assisting us to a right perception of their characteristic features. Such an one is the "Life of Dr. Arnold" by Dean Stanley—a book to be read by young men for the moral lessons it conveys no less than for the sake of the comprehensive view it supplies of a man of fine nature and eminent ability. Such an one is the "Life of the Rev. Frederick William Robertson of Brighton" by Mr. Stopford Brooke, the intense interest of which is partly due to the literary skill of the biographer, who was in entire sympathy with his subject, and has therefore contrived to show us the man as he lived and felt and thought, so that we seem to know him as we might know a brother. Books such as these cannot fail to stimulate the moral and intellectual nature of the student if he make proper use of them ; if he gather from them a clear and definite image of the man whose life is before him, trace the influences

which shaped and moulded his character, mark the sacrifices he underwent or the services he rendered to the cause of truth, and follow with accurate insight the various currents of his thoughts. He will then ask himself, Is there anything here for me to imitate, or anything which I should avoid? How can I profit by this man's suffering and sorrow, or by his achievements and triumphs? What has his life done for *me* specially? What did it do for others? How is it to be summed up—as a failure or a success, and why? The student will thus learn to build up for himself a *science of biography*, and to discern in it one of the most important of the various branches of study he possesses. He will understand that it is something very much higher than a mere source of recreation or a means of gratifying a superficial and idle curiosity. Every man lives that others may benefit by his having lived, and most truly is this the case when the man has taken life in earnest, has thought great thoughts or done great deeds, or swayed the fortunes of nations, or influenced the movement of the human mind.

I am perfectly conscious of having omitted many biographies which, for one reason or another, it will be desirable the student should consult; some which, like Mrs. Chapman's "Life of Harriet Martineau," or the "Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," or the "Life of Leonard Horner," or Lord Cockburn's "Life of Lord Jeffrey," the great Aristarchus of the "Edinburgh Review," are of value from the pictures they preserve of original and individual characters; others which, like Twiss's "Life of Lord Eldon," are useful as companions to our histories; and others which, like Muir's or Irving's "Life of Mahomet," and Irving's "Life of Columbus," or John Morley's "Life of Rousseau," or Demaus's "Life of Latimer," or Principal Tulloch's "Leaders of the Reformation," or Knight's "Life of William Caxton," help to illustrate great historical epochs or stages in the intellectual progress of mankind. Then there are many valuable autobiographies, in which the man himself becomes the chronicler of his own experiences; as, for instance, those of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, of David Hume, of Edmund Gibbon, of Fanny Burney, of Hugh Miller, of De Quincey. This kind of biography is not very common among us, owing, perhaps, to our English reserve and the difficulty which we feel in laying bare our hearts to others, or in speaking of what we have done and left undone. Nor must I omit the historical biographies, such as Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" and "Philip II.," and J. L. Motley's "Life and Death of John of Barneveldt." Probably Helps's Lives of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, and Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, should be included in this class, which is a large and rapidly increasing one. Some men make such a mark upon their age and country, as Charlemagne and Napoleon, Cromwell and William the Silent, that it is almost impossible, as I have said, to separate the one from the other, the history from the biography. The philosophical biography has an

admirable exponent in G. Henry Lewes's "Life of Goethe," a fine study of a remarkable intellect. And now, in conclusion, I must put together, without attempting any arrangement, some recent biographies of acknowledged interest and merit, such as Mr. W. H. Lecky's *Lives of Flood, Grattan, and Daniel O'Connell*, in his "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland;" Lord Dalling's "Historic Characters," which, however, are more critical than biographical; Miss Agnes Strickland's entertaining "Lives of the Queens" and Mrs. Everett Green's "Lives of the Princesses" of England; Canon Ashwell's (unfinished) "Life of Bishop Wilberforce;" Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.;" George Henry Lewes's "Life of Maximilian Robespierre;" Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Edward Irving," a man of fine but wayward genius; James Spedding's "Life and Letters of Lord Bacon," a work of profound research, which fulfils the purpose of its writer, and enables us to form a true conception of the kind of man Bacon was; Lord Campbell's gossipy "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" and "Chief Justices," and Dean Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury;" Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *Lives of John Howard and William Penn*; John Forster's masterly "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," his "Life of Sir John Eliot," and biographies of Walter Savage Landor and Charles Dickens (the latter should be read along with the "Letters of Charles Dickens," recently published); Dr. Burn Jones's "Life of Faraday," which contains much encouragement for self-helpers; Dr. Hanna's "Life of Dr. Chalmers;" Mrs. Mary Somerville's "Personal Recollections" (see also the autobiographical narrative of Mrs. Delany and Miss Cornelia Knight); Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" (to be read along with Mr. Wemyss Reid's monograph); Sir Arthur Helps's "Life of Mr. Brassey the Engineer;" Dr. Doran's "Lives of the Prince of Wales" and "Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover;" Mr. H. A. Page's "Thomas De Quincy;" Mrs. Cameron's "Beauties of the Court of Charles II." and "Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns;" Elizabeth Meteyard's "Life of Josiah Wedgwood;" Dr. Smiles's "Life of George Stephenson" and "Lives of the Engineers;" J. P. Muirhead's "Life of James Watt;" Sir James Stephen's "Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography," and David Masson's "Life of William Drummond of Hawthornden," the Scottish poet. Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" approaches to the dignity of history. Miss Yonge portrays a noble character in her "Life of Bishop Pattison;" and the "Life of Charles Kingsley" by his wife admits us to the most familiar acquaintance with a man of high talents, elevated aims, and generous impulses. Mr. Sime's "Life of Lessing" and Miss Zimmerman's "Life and Philosophy of Schopenhauer" will have an interest for philosophical inquirers similar to that which, for the literary student, attaches to Mr. Kegan Paul's "William Godwin, his Friends and Contemporaries."



## CHAPTER V.

### ENGLISH FICTION : A COURSE OF READING.

**T**HE next branch of literature with which we shall concern ourselves is that of Fiction. It divides into two natural sub-branches—the romance and the novel ; the former the older and the latter the newer form ; the former dealing generally with wild, wonderful, and poetic themes, the latter with the everyday events of common life. For the origin of both I must content myself with referring to Mr. Dunlop's "History of Fiction." The romance, it is sufficient to say here, owes its name to the fact that the earliest mediæval tales were written in the Romance languages ; that is, in those languages which arose out of the combination of the Latin with the indigenous tongues of France and Spain. Hence the word "Romans" was applied to them ; and as those tales were luxuriantly imaginative in character, the term "romance" came to be bestowed upon all fictions dealing with purely fanciful themes. In England, the romance, for several generations, was purely an exotic : the old knightly legends were imported from the Continent in rude translations, and no original effort was made until the Renaissance stimulated the national intellect into various forms of literary culture. Then Sir Thomas More produced his "Utopia," the first of a long line of fictions of which the central motive has been the representation of an ideally perfect state of society. In our own time we have seen the idea reproduced in "Erewhon" and "The Coming Race." The "Utopia," however, was written in Latin by Sir Thomas More (1516-18) ; and in Latin, too, as the language of scholars, was written Robert Barclay's "Argenis," a political allegory, which has also been the fertile parent of many imitations. Cowper pronounces it the most amusing romance that was ever written, and Hallam warmly praises its style. Coleridge wished to see it translated and rendered into an English form. The Italian pastoral romances were the models adopted by Sir Philip Sidney for his "Arcadia" (1580-81), the first legitimate English romance. He wrote it at the request of his sister, Mary, Countess of Pembroke (celebrated by Ben Jonson) ; and, as he says to her, "Only for you, only to

you. . . . Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were done." It is written partly in prose, partly in verse, and embodies both the Italian pastoral and the old heroic romance. The style is sometimes very sweet and natural, rising into poetry; at other times it smacks of the Euphuism of the age, and abounds in conceits and forced inversions. I suppose it would not be easy to read it through at one sitting, but it will be relished if taken in instalments; some of the episodes are exceedingly charming. The descriptive passages are drawn with a fine pencil and richly coloured, while the pictures of tender affection and enthusiastic friendship fully justify Southey in speaking of its brilliant author as

"Illustrating the vales of Arcady  
With courteous courage and with loyal loves."

The prayer of Pamela was a great favourite with Charles I., and is reproduced in the "Eikon Basilike."

Contemporaneous with Sidney's "Arcadia" was the "Euphuës; or, the Anatomy of Wit" (1579), written by John Lyly at the age of twenty-five. Its form is that of an Italian story; its style an elaborate development of those verbal conceits and traits of language, which, borrowed from Italy, had become fashionable in England. There is little doubt that Lyly designed to ridicule it, but his satire was so successful that it was taken literally, and this childish and affected form of speech was henceforth known as "Euphuism." It became so popular, especially among the ladies, that "she who spoke not Euphuism" was "as little regarded at court as if she could not speak French." Shakespeare has laughed at it in his "Love's Labour's Lost" and Ben Jonson in his "Every Man out of his Humour." Sir Walter Scott endeavoured to revive the ridicule in the "Sir Piercie Shafton" of his "Monastery." The story of the book is simply the recital of some not very interesting adventures which befell a young Athenian, first at Naples and afterwards in England. He is named Euphuës, because he is the embodiment of that nimble intelligence and physical perfection which Plato describes by that word. The tone is very pure and earnest, and Lyly inveighs against the follies and vices of the time with considerable vehemence. Altogether the work is of a far higher class than is generally represented, and affords a complete mine of moral reflections and aphorisms.

The poets and the dramatists had it all their own way for the next century; and with the exception of Lord Bacon's "Atlantis" and Sir John Harrington's "Oceana," both modelled on the same lines as the "Utopia," we meet with no prose fiction until we come to the novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn (1642-98), who is generally dull when she is not indecent, and in only one of her efforts

has risen above mediocrity. This is "The History of Oronooko; or, the Royal Slave," published in 1698, and founded on the story of an African prince who was sold into slavery, and, after suffering and sorrowing much, was put to death by the authorities of the colony in which he laboured. The story is told with vigour and tenderness. It suggested to the dramatist Thomas Southern his tragedy of "Oronooko;" and, apart from its literary merits, deserves to be remembered as the first English protest against the crime of slavery.

We stand upon more familiar ground when we arrive at the novels of Daniel Defoe (1635-1731). The research of recent biographers has lowered the estimate originally formed of this prolific pamphleteer, and diminished the sympathy with which we were wont to regard his trade failures, his political persecutions, his pillory, and his poverty. It seems tolerably evident that his pen was at the disposal of the highest bidder; yet, on the other hand, he cherished a very genuine love of freedom, and in political ideas was far in advance of his contemporaries. After a busy career as journalist and pamphleteer, he struck out a new line of fiction at fifty-six years of age, and in 1719 published his "Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," a work which, like Shakespeare's plays and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," is one of the familiar masterpieces of our literature, the inheritance of every Englishman, as indisputably as Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights. Whether it was suggested by the story of Alexander Selkirk, or was the natural outcome of the romantic spirit fed by the narratives of Dampier and the Buccaneers, will matter little to the student, who will chiefly be attracted by the extraordinary realism of the writer, the minuteness of the details in which he indulges, and the prosaic manner in which he handles an essentially romantic theme. Defoe himself professed that the book was partly autobiographical, a kind of type of what the dangers and vicissitudes and surprising escapes of his own life had been; but we suspect this was an afterthought. The charm of "Robinson Crusoe" is due to Defoe's remarkable narrative power and to his active sympathy with his subject. The critic will observe its entire originality: it owes nothing to French or Italian models. In no other of his fictions did Defoe rise again to this high level, and, in truth, it is no more given to a man to write two "Robinson Crusoes" than to write two "Hamlets;" but in all of them his mode of working is the same, and in all he displays the same singular success in stamping on his narrative the marks of *véraisemblance*. His "Journal of the Plague" has been quoted as if written by an eyewitness; the great Chatham accepted his "Memoirs of a Cavalier" as authentic; and his "Life and Adventures of Colonel Jack" have been frequently reprinted among accounts of genuine highwaymen. The "Life of Captain Carleton," sometimes accepted as fictitious, is, by some good authorities, believed to be edited

from a genuine narrative. To these, in order to complete the list of Defoe's fictions, must be added "Moll Flanders," "Roxana," "New Voyage round the World," and the "Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton." This last has always seemed to me second only in cleverness of workmanship to "Robinson Crusoe." The description of the Captain's African journeys reads almost like a prophecy.

Dean Swift (1667-1745) wrote his "Tale of a Tub" fifteen years before "Robinson Crusoe" was published, but it is a political satire rather than a novel, and a political satire in the shape of an allegory. A strong book, the book of a keen masculine intellect, it abounds in humorous illustrations and ironical touches. Probably in none of the cynical Dean's works is the copiousness of his genius more evident. It is not only a humorous, but, as all true humour is instinct with wisdom, a wise book, and a book that in the main effectively supports the great principle of religious toleration. In "Gulliver's Travels," published in 1726, I think the influence of Defoe may be traced; there is, at all events, the same directness of narrative, simplicity of language, and attention to detail. Swift, like Defoe, is a master of the realistic, and it may be noted that in this respect both of them resemble Bunyan, the three being the three greatest realists whom our literature has produced. And by "realists" I mean writers who make familiar and acceptable the most imaginative conceptions by working them out through everyday means and investing them with everyday associations. "Gulliver's Travels" is, of course, a political satire, but it is not necessary to the enjoyment of the story that the reader should catch up the political allusions, though he cannot do justice to the writer's skill until these are understood. The hero, Lemuel Gulliver, makes four voyages: first, to Lilliput, a satire on the court of George I., Blefuscu standing for France; second, to Brodingnag, a satire on European and English politics; third, to Laputa, a satire on the philosophers; and fourth, to the country of the Houyhnhms, a terribly savage satire upon the whole human race. Something Swift may have owed to Cyrano de Bergerac's "Comic History of the States and Empires of the Moon," and something to "Utopia," of which it is in effect a travesty; but essentially the book is original, and it is one which only Swift could have written. For it needed not alone a fertile invention, a trenchant wit, a keen faculty of observation, but a heart like his all aflame with mortified ambitions, disappointed hopes, and rage and hate and scorn.

The elegantly fanciful papers, lighted up with genial humour, in which Addison records the fortunes of Sir Roger de Coverley, his vanities and his virtues, his foibles and his humanities, belong to the province of fiction; but simply noting that the first outline of this inimitable character came from the hand of Sir Richard Steele, I pass on to the three great names that stand, *omnium*



*consensu*, at the head of the English novelists—Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. Samuel Richardson (1689–1761), the son of a Derbyshire joiner, was as a boy the letter-writer of the love-sick damsels of his village, and afterwards, as a printer's apprentice in London, corresponded with a gentleman of fortune who was an adept in the epistolary style. As a master-printer he continued to write letters, and his skill in this species of composition led two London booksellers to suggest to him the preparation of a volume of "Familiar Letters" for the use of country persons without tact or talent to write for themselves. "Well," said Richardson, "if I instruct them how to write, why should I not also instruct them how to think and act in common cases?" His friends the publishers were all the more urgent with him to begin the little volume for this hint. "I set about it, and in the progress of it, writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue," he remembered a story of real life which he had once heard, and conceived the idea of incorporating it into his letters "in an easy and natural manner." Such was the origin of "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded." The name of his heroine he borrowed from Sidney's "Arcadia," as a direct protest against the romantic school of writing, and he represented her as a servant-girl sprung of low-born parents, one Andrews and his wife. The entire plot of the story turns upon her resistance to the libertine addresses of her young master, whom, however, she eventually marries in a spirit of pious gratitude. The moral, therefore, is as bad as the plan is inartistic, and it is difficult now to understand the extraordinary success which greeted "Pamela" on its publication, unless we remember that it was a novel appeal to nature, to the common sympathies, to those sentiments and affections which bind together all classes. It was part and parcel of the reaction against the conventionalism of the French style, which had already begun, and readers were charmed with the simplicity of its style and the truthfulness of its incidents. Its prolixity was not felt as a fault by readers who had few books and a good deal of leisure, and that leisure uninterrupted by daily papers, penny posts, and telegrams.

Richardson, like Defoe, had reached middle age before he undertook the craft of the novelist. He was fifty-nine when he published his second and finest novel, "Clarissa Harlowe." As in "Pamela," the story is developed in the awkward form of a series of letters. Clarissa, the heroine, a young lady of birth, fortune, and beauty, urged by her family to accept the hand of a man she does not love, flies from her home, and appeals to the generosity of the man whom she *does* love—a splendid, fascinating libertine, Sir Robert Lovelace, the latter a character borrowed from the "Lothario" of Rowe's "Fair Penitent." Through nearly eight volumes is continued the story of the wrongs she endures at the hands of this brilliant scoundrel. At length he endeavours to repair his crime by offer-

ing marriage. Clarissa indignantly rejects it, and dies of a broken heart. Lovelace is afterwards killed in a duel abroad. The moral here is not a very strong one, and there are whole scenes which, as in "Pamela," though designed by the author to subserve a moral purpose, are unfit to be read *pueris virginibusque*. Nevertheless there is *power* in the book—the power of a narrow intellect perhaps, but of an intellect which has given itself up wholly to the completion of the work before it. Richardson wept over the sorrows of Clarissa as he invented and recorded them; and the reader who does not take fright at the beginning of the tale will find that its pathos has on him also an extraordinary effect.

In 1753, four years after the appearance of "Clarissa," Richardson published his last novel, in which he attempted to paint the antithesis of the libertine Lovelace in the well-born, well-living, accomplished, and handsome "Sir Charles Grandison." To tell the truth, Sir Charles is a prig and a bore; and when his creator represents him as the object of the passionate love of two ladies, one of whom goes mad when the other marries him, we cannot but wonder at their folly. I fear that Lovelace will always have a greater attraction for readers; he is at least a possible and probable character, while Grandison is the faultless monster that the world ne'er saw, and never wants to see! Clementina and Harriet Byron, the two heroines, are drawn with considerably greater skill and more truth. Richardson's peculiar power, as Professor Masson points out, consists in "the subtle imagination of progressive states of feeling rather than of changing external scenes; in the minute anatomy of the human heart as worked upon gradually by little alterations of time, place, and motive, rather than in the rapid succession of external visions and surprises. He writes on and on in a plain, full, somewhat wordy style, not always grammatically perfect; but every page is a series of minute touches, and each touch is from thorough conception of the cause which he is representing. In minute requisition into the human heart, and especially the female heart, and in the exhibition of conduct as affected from day to day by growing complications of feeling and circumstance, Richardson is a master."

Whatever may be the opinions we hold of Richardson as a novelist, we must all of us rejoice that by the production of "Pamela" he stimulated the genius of Henry Fielding, which otherwise might never have flowed in what we now know to be its true channel. Henry Fielding (1707-54), son of Lieutenant-General Fielding, was educated at Eton and at Leyden; at twenty, by the extravagance of his father, he was forced to grapple with the world to obtain a livelihood; began to write comedies and farces, and struck a rich vein of burlesque in his "Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great" and "The Covent Garden Tragedy." Marrying for love, he lived awhile in a Dorsetshire village, but his funds again failing, was forced to return to London and resume his pen. After many

vicissitudes he was called to the bar in 1740. At heart Fielding was thoroughly sound, with an indignant contempt for shams and affectations and a merely conventional morality. Detesting the false teaching of "Pamela," he resolved to expose it by the forcible satire of a caricature, and with this view began his "Adventures of Joseph Andrews and of his friend Mr. Abraham Adams," but as the design grew upon him, he converted it into a regular novel. "Joseph Andrews" met with a success which has lasted to this day. One of the characters, the aforesaid Abraham Adams, is as much everybody's acquaintance as Shakespeare's Falstaff or Sterne's Uncle Toby. We love him for his Christian graces, his purity, his simplicity, his scholarship, and even his absence of mind and personal peculiarities; and we love through him the man who created him, for we feel that such a conception could have sprung only from a healthy and liberal mind. In 1743 he returned to his favourite vein of irony in the "History of the Life of the late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great"—a notorious thief and thieftaker, hung at Tyburn for his crimes in 1725—in which the character really aimed at is that of "the mighty villain and reckless conqueror who invades the rights or destroys the liberties of nations." As W. C. Roscoe says:—"A satire like this strips off the spurious ornaments of hypocrisy, shows the beauty of the moral character, and will always be worthy the attention of the reader who desires to rise wiser or better from the book he peruses."

Six years elapsed before Fielding appeared again as a novelist. He then produced his "Tom Jones: the History of a Foundling," which as a work of art is unsurpassed in all English fiction. Though Thackeray finds fault with its hero, it does not seem that its moral purpose can justly be censured. Fielding did not intend Tom Jones to be a perfect character; he is drawn from life, a young man of generous impulses but strong passions, with little scruple of honour and no sense of religion, but capable of learning from experience, and of being educated by love into a true and honest manhood. With his usual strong and keen satire, Fielding exposes the vices and follies of society, its mean motives, its hypocrisies, its pretences; and no doubt it is bad company into which he introduces us, but he makes amends in Squire Allworthy, who, whether drawn from his friend, Ralph Allen of Bath, or no, is Fielding's picture of a good man. In his "Amelia," published in 1751, he gives us his picture of a good woman, and a very beautiful and attractive picture it is. We love her as heartily as Mr. Booth, her husband, does; and if she were drawn, as is said, from Fielding's own wife, Fielding must indeed have been happy in his choice.

"What a wonderful art!" exclaims Thackeray, who in so many respects resembled Fielding; "what an admirable gift of Nature was it by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people, speculate

gravely upon their faults or their excellences, prefer this one or that, deplore Jones's fondness for drink and play, Booth's fondness for play and drink, and the unfortunate position of the wives of both gentlemen—love and admire those ladies with all our hearts, and talk about them as faithfully as if we had breakfasted with them this morning in their actual drawing-rooms or should meet them this afternoon in the Park. What a genius! what a vigour! What a bright-eyed intelligence and observation! what a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! what a vast sympathy! what a cheerfulness! what a manly relish of life! what a love of human kind! what a poet is here!—watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! What scholars he has formed and accustomed to the exercise of thoughtful humour and the manly play of wit! What a courage he had! What a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse which he endured! and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered."

In 1748, the year in which Richardson published "*Clarissa*," Tobias Smollett, a shrewd young Scotchman, who had served on board one of the King's ships as surgeon's mate and seen much of men and manners, gave to the world his first novel, "*Roderick Random*." Brightly written, broadly humorous, with bold sketches of character and smart reproductions of actual experiences, it sprang into a sudden popularity. The humour is often coarse, the fun sometimes degenerates into buffoonery, and the whole is pitched in a very low key; but the sterling merit of the book has maintained it in the public favour, and as it deals with the incidents of Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthage, it may justly be entitled our first naval novel. Smollett had, like Dickens, a quick eye for external indications of character, and he has collected a gallery of whimsical portraits quite after Dickens's own heart. But he had nothing of Dickens's kindliness of nature and purity of moral feeling, nothing of his reverence for womanhood, and the immorality of "*Roderick Random*" is so gross, that after reading it one is conscious of a nasty taste in one's mouth. It takes all one's interest in and admiration for "*Tom Bowling*" to keep down one's indignation at an author who so recklessly prostituted his great natural powers.

There is more genius, but not less profligacy, in Smollett's second novel, "*Peregrine Pickle*." The hero is a very contemptible personage, but the adventures through which he passes are described with unflagging animal spirits and abundant humour,

and the characters grouped around him are portrayed with inimitable vigour. Commodore Trunnion, Lieutenant Hatchway, and the boatswain Pipes are full of drollery, and the incidents which bring out their peculiarities are happily conceived. Still "Peregrine Pickle" is not pleasant reading; the offences against decency are too many and too gross, and when the "sea characters" are off the stage it is apt to become tedious. One of the most amusing episodes is that description of a dinner given after the ancient fashion, in which Smollett ridicules as the giver of the feast the poet Akenside. In his third novel, the "Adventures of Ferdinand, Count Fathom," 1752, he drew his hero, as he himself tells us, from the purlieus of treachery and fraud, in order "to set him up as a beacon for the benefit of the inexperienced and unwary," who, "from a perusal of his adventures, may learn to avoid the manifold snares with which they are continually surrounded in the paths of life." But it is difficult to see that from such a picture of human depravity one can learn anything more than one might learn from a page of the "Newgate Calendar." The story is not interesting, and none of the characters engage our sympathies. In 1760 appeared an imitation of Cervantes in "The Adventures of Sir Lancelot Greaves," the Don Quixote being an enthusiastic and amiable young English squire, and his Sancho Panza a bluff old sea-captain. Some of the scenes are amusing, but a fatal air of unreality hangs about the book, and one feels that Smollett himself was conscious of it. If "Sir Lancelot" were a failure, he amply retrieved his reputation by his "Humphrey Clinker" (1771), the best, most natural, and purest of all his novels. If I wanted to test a man's capacity for appreciating humour, I should place "Humphrey Clinker" before him. If it did not move him to hearty laughter, I should consider him impervious to genuine fun. It is as good reading as Dickens's "Pickwick." Matthew Bramble, Lisulahago, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, and Tabitha, whose bad spelling is a device since largely employed by comic writers, are amazingly diverting. It may be true that the plot and some of the incidents were borrowed from Anstey's "New Bath Guide," but that agreeable satire was, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, a "light sketch" compared with "the finished and elaborate manner in which Smollett has, in the first place, identified his characters, and then fitted them with language, sentiments, and power of observation in exact correspondence with their talents, temper, condition, and disposition."

Two years before the publication of "Humphrey Clinker," the Rev. Lawrence Sterne (1713-68), a Yorkshire clergyman, astonished the reading world by "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman," in which a wild and wayward genius gave full vein to its eccentricities, but did not fail at the same time to indicate its vast resources of wit and sentiment. It immediately took hold of the public; its affectations piqued the curious,

while the discerning were attracted by its epigrammatic shrewdness and its insight into the human heart. There were not wanting critics to point out that much was borrowed from Rabelais and more from Burton; but they could not deprive Sterne of the honour of having created Yorick and Trim and Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman. Sterne borrowed, and so did Shakespeare, but both passed the materials through the alembic of their own wit, and stamped the purified metal with their own hall-mark. Sterne's style is admirable; it is airy, delicate, and clear, brilliant as a diamond and as pointed. In 1768 he published his "Sentimental Journey," in which we trace the influence of Rousseau, and this, with the exception of some "Sermons," completed his work. An irregular life acted upon his genius, and excellent as is the best of what he did, we feel that he might have done far better if he had wrought in the true artist's spirit. He occupies nevertheless a distinct place in English literature, and we should be sensible of a great blank if "Tristram Shandy" were removed.

As much may be said of "The Vicar of Wakefield;" and, in truth, the work of a true and original genius is always *sui generis*—unique of its kind—a something which cannot be matched elsewhere. Much domestic fiction has been written since this masterpiece of poor Oliver Goldsmith (1728–74), some of it fine in quality and not less durable; but we have never had, and never can have, another Primrose family! Olivia and Sophia, Moses, Mrs. Primrose, and the good Vicar himself, with the Flamborough girls and Squire Burchell and the rogue Jenkinson, constitute an unequalled group. How natural the humour, how simple and yet intense the pathos, how graceful the manner, how pure and bright the atmosphere! One feels after reading Goldsmith's book as one feels after breathing the transparent air of the green hill-tops. Goethe became acquainted with a German translation of it in the year of its author's death, when he himself was a young man of twenty-five, and fifty years later he told a friend that it had exercised a most wholesome influence "just at the critical moment of mental development." Though not published until 1766, it was written two years before. One day Dr. Johnson, calling at Goldsmith's lodgings, found him in a violent passion because his landlady had arrested him for her over-due rent. He had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. "I put the cork into the bottle," says Dr. Johnson, "desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I would soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60." The bookseller was Newbery. Fortunate Newbery!

"The observing reader," as Mr. Hannay points out, "should mark the difference in its kind of merit from that of 'Humphrey Clinker' or 'Tom Jones.' Its beauty is more ideal than that of



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.





these books, and owes more than they do to the inner or sentimental life of the author. Hence the story is more improbable, and the truth to nature which distinguishes it is rather truth to moral and poetic nature than to common life. It is not, for instance, a picture of the times so literally as 'Tom Jones' is." But no reader can understand "The Vicar of Wakefield" who does not understand its author, and the student before taking it up should turn to the *Life of Goldsmith* by Prior or Washington Irving, or the full and sympathetic biography by John Forster.

The next great name in English fiction is that of Frances Burney (1752-1840), or, to call her by her married name, Madame D'Arblay, whose novels Burke sat up all night to read, while Johnson pronounced them superior to Fielding's, which was not true—and declared they would have done honour to Richardson, which may be admitted. It was she who asserted for women their right to a province in the realm of fiction. The stories and romances poured out by an Aphra Behn, a Mrs. Centlivre, and a Susan Fielding, had borne a patent stamp of impurity; but the most captious critics were forced to own that "Evelina" was entitled to a place not far distant from "Amelia" or "Clarissa." In her two best novels, "Evelina" and "Cecilia," Miss Burney showed a quick sense of the humorous, a vigilant eye for the salient points of character, and an admirable facility for depicting "manners." It must also be placed to her credit that she accomplished for the English novel that work of purification which Jeremy Collier did for the English drama, but in a better way. "She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force and with broad comic humour, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality or even with virgin delicacy. She took away the reproach which lay on a most useful and delightful species of composition."

The romantic, or, more correctly speaking, the melodramatic fiction was revived in 1765 by Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," the parent of a long line of wild and wondrous tales, in which chains clank and phantoms gibber, and maidens are spirited away into inaccessible castles by ferocious "feudal barons." To a very different class belong the romances of Mrs. Anne Radcliffe (1764-1823), in which the love of Nature that was beginning to influence our poetry first made itself felt in fiction. Her descriptions of scenery are picturesque and vividly coloured. In the skill with which she excites the emotions of curiosity and awe she has scarcely been surpassed. "The species of romance she introduced," says Scott, "attains its interest neither by the path of comedy nor of tragedy, and yet it has notwithstanding a deep, decided, and powerful effect, gained by means independent of both—by an appeal, in one word, to the passion of fear, whether excited by natural dangers or by the suggestions of superstition. Her materials are all selected with a view to the author's primary object. Her scenery is gener-

ally as gloomy as her tale, and her personages are those at whose frown that gloom grows darker. She has made much use of obscurity and suspense."

Mrs. Radcliffe's last romance, "The Italian," was published in 1797; Madame D'Arblay's "Camilla" in 1796. Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley" saw the light in 1814. The interval had produced not a single work of fiction of conspicuous merit, and latterly it seemed as if the novelists had been dispossessed by the writers of metrical tales—romances in verse—by "Marmion" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Giaour" and "The Bride of Abydos." "Waverley" was the first of a series of fictions which, taken all in all, are unsurpassed for power, picturesqueness, and variety, as well as for healthy sentiment and wholesome morality. What a brilliant series it is! The purely Scotch novels: "Waverley" (1814), "Guy Mannering" (1815), "The Antiquary" (1816), "Old Mortality" (1816), "The Black Dwarf" (1816), "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" (1818), "Rob Roy" (1818), "The Bride of Lammermoor" (1819), "The Legend of Montrose" (1819), "The Pirate" (1822), "St. Ronan's Well" and "Redgauntlet" (1824), and "The Fair Maid of Perth" (1828); the English novels: "Ivanhoe" (1820), "Kenilworth" (1821), "Peveril of the Peak" (1823), "Woodstock" (1826); the novels partly English and partly Scotch: "The Monastery" (1820), "The Abbot" (1820), "The Fortunes of Nigel" (1822); and those in which the scene is laid abroad: "Quentin Durward" (1823), "The Talisman" (1825), and "Anne of Geierstein" (1829)—what a noble contribution to the amusement, aye, and the instruction, of the English-speaking race!<sup>1</sup> To what delightful scenes are we not introduced; with what a world of character we make acquaintance! As a tale-teller, a *raconteur* (to use the French word), I do not think Scott ever had his equal. No doubt he does not see into the inner workings of the mind; the subtler elements of human nature elude his vigorous but somewhat hasty grasp; he cannot trace psychological phenomena like a George Eliot, or strip the disguises off vice and folly like Thackeray; but for swing of narrative, interest of situation, development of the broader aspects of character, and strong and full mastery of the reader's emotions, who can equal him? Who that has once read can ever forget the tragic intensity of the "Bride of Lammermoor," or the unaffected humour of "The Antiquary"? Who is not familiar with Dandie Dinmont, and Edie Ochiltree, and the "Dougal cratur," and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, with Flora Macdonald and Effie Deans and Rebecca the Jewess? Scott's rich gallery of "female portraits," from Rose Bradwardine to Anne of Geierstein, is, to my mind, one of the most striking illustrations of the fertility, breadth, and purity of his genius. How various they are, how strongly defined! Yet observe, there is not among them a single

<sup>1</sup> This enumeration is not, of course, complete.

abandoned or sensual woman of the type now unfortunately so common in English fiction. He can move our tears without insisting on the misfortunes of demireps. His humour, too, is always healthy; he depends entirely on legitimate effects, and does not drag us into the kennels or the gutter to force from us a laugh. I would point out to the student another noticeable character of Scott's work—its evenness. I do not say that one novel is not better than another, but I *do* say that the difference is so slight as not to affect the general estimate. In what respect is "Woodstock," published in 1826, inferior to "Waverley," published in 1814? Or is "Guy Mannering," published in 1815, below "The Fortunes of Nigel," published in 1822?

"For creating types of actual human life," says a thoughtful critic,<sup>1</sup> "Scott is perhaps surpassed by Crabbe; he does not analyse character or delineate it in its depths, but exhibits the man rather by speech and action; he is 'extensive' rather than 'intensive'; has more of Chaucer in him than of Goethe: yet if we look at the variety and richness of his gallery, at his command over pathos and terror, the laughter and the tears, at the many large interests besides those of romance which he realises to us, at the way in which he paints the whole life of men, not their humours or passions alone, at his unfailing wholesomeness and freshness, like the sea and air and great elementary forces of nature, it may be pronounced a just estimate which—without trying to measure the space which separates those stars—places Scott second in our creative or imaginative literature to Shakespeare. 'All is great in the Waverley novels,' said Goethe in 1831, 'material, effect, characters, execution.' Astronomers tell us that there are no fixed points in the heavens, and that earth and sun momentarily shift their bearings. An analogous displacement may be preparing for the loftiest glories of the human intellect; Homer may become dim and Shakespeare too distant. Perhaps the same fate is destined for Scott. But it would be idle to speculate on this, or try to predict the time when men will no longer be impressed by the vividness of 'Waverley' or the pathos of 'Lammermoor.'"

Some good criticism on Scott will be found in Carlyle's "Essays," Taine's "History of English Literature," Professor Masson's "Novelists and their Styles," Leslie Stephen's "Hours in a Library," and R. H. Hutton's monograph on Scott in the series known as "English Men of Letters."

Scott's critical opinions were always well considered, and that which he passed on Jane Austen (1775-1827) has been endorsed by posterity. "That young lady," he says, "had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with." He adds with amusing frankness:—"The big *bow-wow* strain I can

<sup>1</sup> F. T. Paigrave.

do myself, like any now going ; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me." Miss Austin's principal novels are "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," "Persuasion," "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Northanger Abbey." In these she describes what she thoroughly knows, the higher and middle classes of English society, with all their vanities and littlenesses, their domestic virtues and honest feelings, her pencil being no less delicate than faithful. There is perhaps an excess of still life in her tranquil pages, for even the English middle class has its romance, its surprises, and its tragic accidents, and her exquisite humour is almost too subdued. But as a painter of manners she is without a rival, and the "finish" of her workmanship might be advantageously imitated by even greater writers. She herself compared her novels to little bits of ivory, two inches wide, on which she worked with a touch so fine as to produce little effect after much labour. Examine them closely, however, and the "effect" is undeniable; it is like the finest painting on enamel or the gracefulest embroidery wrought by the lissom Hindu fingers.

The popular taste for fiction has been gratified, since Scott's time, by a host of respectable writers, none of whom, however, can claim to be considered as *artists*, or to be included in the same rank as the acknowledged masters of the craft. The student's leisure may sometimes be pleasantly beguiled by a reference to the novels of Miss Edgeworth or Mrs. Opie, Theodore Hook, Captain Marryat, John Galt, Thomas Love Peacock, Michael Scott, or Mrs. Gore; but they do not call for the appropriation of any of the hours devoted to study. Those of Charlotte Brontë (1816-55) occupy a higher position. Her "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette," are full of power—power not always kept under control. Her conception was intensely clear, her execution vigorous to excess. Charles Kingsley (1819-75) is another of the later artists whose works must not be hastily dismissed, if only for the earnestness with which he sets himself to examine the many problems forced upon our consideration by existing social conditions, and the loving, eloquent, poetical force with which he paints the various aspects of Nature. Mr. Brimley lays down as the aims of fiction:—"To make us wiser and larger-hearted; to conduct us through a wider range of experience than the actual life of each generally permits; to make us live in the lives of other types of character than our own, or than those of our daily acquaintance; to enable us to pass by sympathy into other minds and other circumstances, and especially to train the moral nature by sympathy with noble characters and noble actions." These assuredly were Charles Kingsley's "aims." They are evident on the face of his "Yeast," his "Westward Ho!" his "Two Years Since," and his "Hypatia;" and he advocated them strenuously and enthusiastically, forgetting

the artist too often in the teacher, and consequently weakening his moral by his defect in art, but always maintaining a lofty purpose and holding up a bright ideal.

The career of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield (born 1805), is, by common consent, infinitely more interesting, picturesque, and varied than his novels. It is certain that they exhibit little of the artist's sympathy, and less of the artist's sense of proportion. Their faults are very serious—faults of construction, faults of style, faults of *motive*; and yet they are worth reading for their sparkle and liveliness, and worth studying for their reflection of a very remarkable and unique idiosyncrasy. For in no novels is the writer so strongly portrayed as in those of Disraeli. For any like example of a man's projection of *himself* into his writings we must turn to Byron's poems. It would be possible, had we no other means of estimating Benjamin Disraeli in his strength and weakness, his genius and its limitations, his moral character and its deficiencies, to build up an entirely accurate and comprehensive *eidolon* from his various fictions. There we find his strange theories of statesmanship, his views of principles, his power of condensed sarcasm, his felicity of epigram, his love of the stage-picturesque, his quick insight into the foibles of mankind, his curious combination of contempt for the aristocracy with a profound sense of the splendour of their position, his tawdry eloquence, his want of earnestness, his faith in himself and his fortunes. Apart from this consideration, "Vivian Grey," "The Young Duke," "Coningsby," "Sybil," "Tancred," are all readable for their vivid descriptions, their vein of sentiment and fine wit, their bold if superficial sketches of character, and their political satire. The "diamond point" glitters in his lighter fancies, such as "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla" and "Ixion in Heaven." In "Contarini Fleming" an attempt is made to trace the growth of a poet's mind. "Henrietta Temple" is a love story, and a very charming one; the dialogues are almost perfect. "Venetia" introduces us to Byron and Shelley in caricature; the mixture of the real and the imaginary is not well managed; the style is laboured and the tone throughout artificial. In "Lothair," the last of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, the portraits are drawn with all the old incisiveness, and there is much of the old epigrammatic felicity; but the language, when not twaddling, is offensive from its profusion of frippery.

Charles Lever (1809-72) had three distinct periods as a novelist: in the first, his youth, he wrote for young men; in his manhood, he wrote for the sedate public; in his maturity, he endeavoured to win the suffrages of the more intelligent. To the first belong the "rollicking" fictions of "Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," "Tom Burke;" to the next, "The Daltons," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Davenport Dunn," and "Tony Butler;" the third, and latest, produced "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke," "The

Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," and "Lord Kilgobbin." In the first the attraction is the vivacity and dash, the bold dragoon, the comic Irishman, the drinking and fighting squire, the penniless beauty; in the second, Lever imposes on us his worldly wisdom, his knowledge of the "seamy side of life," his experiences of men and manners; the third is the period of studied conversations and "set scenes;" the construction is more elaborate, the characters are more carefully studied. As he had three periods, so had his genius three favourite fields of exercise—Irish life, Continental and military life; and, so far as he knew them, he painted them with equal vivacity and faithfulness. Lever always writes like a shrewd man of the world, but like a man of the world who is also a gentleman, with a fine temper and a good stock of animal spirits. His pages are never dull, never vapid; they have all the effervescence of champagne, and all its clearness.

As a contrast to Lever, take "George Eliot"—Miss Marian Evans. I do not mean that the lady's pages are dull or obscure, but they are the very antitheses of Lever's in their leading characteristics. They are as thoughtful as his are commonplace, are as strong in purpose as his are feeble, as sententious as his are epigrammatic. The difference between "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Romola," and "Tom Burke," "Davenport Dunn," and "Lord Kilgobbin," is as vast as the difference between a Titian and a Teniers. It is not only a difference of genius but of texture, and a difference of the point of view from which the novelist looks at life and humanity. "In all her novels," says Professor Morley, "she instils her own faith in 'plain living and high thinking,' by showing that it is well in life to care greatly for something worthy of our care; choose worthy work, believe in it with our souls, and labour to live, through inevitable checks and hindrances, true to our best sense of the highest life we can attain." Her first tales, "Janet's Repentance," "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story," and "The Sad Fortunes of Mr. Amos Barton," appearing under the general title of "Scenes of Clerical Life," were recognised by all good critics as giving promise of the highest excellence of the artist; and this promise was more than fulfilled in "Adam Bede" (1859), where a plot of the deepest interest is worked out with consummate skill, while the characters, studied from real life, are rendered with considerable purity and power. The two heroines, Hetty Sorrel and Dinah Morris, supply an effective contrast, while Adam Bede and his brother, Mr. Irwine, Farmer Poyser, Squire Donnithorne, form the leading figures in a picture of touching beauty. As for Mrs. Poyser, she belongs to the immortals, and will go down to the "latest posterity" along with Shakespeare's creations. Her worldly wisdom is as sound as that of Polonius, while it finds expression in pithy sayings which form a complete body of proverbial philosophy. For example: "It's hard to tell which is Old Harry when everybody's got boots on." . . . "There's

many a good bit o' work done with a sad heart." . . . "If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner."<sup>5</sup>

The tragic strain of "The Mill on the Floss," George Eliot's next work, published in 1860, marks the intensity of her genius. The association of Maggie Tulliver's life with the river, whose sorrowful voices echo throughout the story, is a fine touch of poetic feeling; and the final catastrophe is as dramatic a scene as any in English fiction. Maggie is drawn with an almost startling distinctness; but Stephen Guest is not so successful, and it is difficult to believe that his lower and coarser nature could have obtained that influence over Maggie's stronger and loftier nature which is ascribed to it. George Eliot's style is here at its best; clear, incisive, musical, and swelling at times into the noblest eloquence, which never loses its simplicity. In "Romola" (1863) she made a bold and brilliant effort to realise the life and manners of the Florence of Lorenzo de' Medici, the Florence of the Renaissance, the Florence of the great Dominican preacher and Church reformer, Savonarola. The Greek element is typified in Tito Melema; and the different aspects of the time are similarly represented by carefully-drawn characters. Romola herself is one of those women, with a profound sense of duty and capacity for self-sacrifice, whom George Eliot loves to paint, every feature being affectionately studied, and the whole finished with elaborate care. Her relation to Savonarola is skilfully contrived, and enables her creator to place before the reader a succession of stirring scenes, in which the manners and passions of the age are alike vividly depicted. In "Romola" George Eliot's genius reached its climax. In "Felix Holt" a decided declension is evident; the art is less spontaneous, the pathos more stagey; the humour, at first so free and natural, is assiduously worked up; and the style, once so sharp and bright and luminous, grows obscure and involved. "Middlemarch" (1871-72) exhibits the same faults; but they are redeemed by the fine representation of character in Dorothea, who, by the way, is "own sister" to Romola. "Daniel Deronda" (1876), of all its author's romances, is the object of the fiercest contention among the critics. It is a work of genius, for it is George Eliot's; but we cannot conceive that any impartial judge will rank it with her first three great novels.

I come now to speak of our nineteenth-century Fielding, William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-62), the lineal successor and true heir not only of that greatest of eighteenth-century novelists, but also of Steele and Addison, and the greatest of the eighteenth-century humourists. It is, perhaps, as a humourist that he should be mainly regarded; for even his pathos comes in by way of contrast to deepen and intensify his humour, as in the famous scene in "Vanity Fair" where Rawdon Crawley discovers his wife's villany and chastises the Marquis of Steyne. "There are several

varieties of the humourists," says Hannay; "there is the poetic humourist, in whom the faculty exercises itself on materials supplied by the imagination and the feelings, and there is the humourist who is a man of the world, not necessarily destitute of poetry and sentiment, but who, by preference, draws his materials from observation, analysing common experience and every-day life. To this latter division Thackeray belongs. He was not without poetry, imagination, and sentiment; nevertheless, these qualities do not hold the same prominence in his writings that they do in those of some other novelists. He is more a humourist than a poet; more a man of the world than a man of sentiment. The substance of his intellect was a robust humorous sagacity; and to this weighty element, which, by a natural law, gravitated towards absolute mirth, he kept everything else subordinate. . . . In the class of humourists among whom we have placed Thackeray he held a perfectly distinct position. He is original as a humourist no less than as a novelist. It has been said that his humour was 'broad at once and fine,' and its union of these two characteristics deserves particular notice. He could be 'Charles Yellowplush,' 'Jeames,' the 'Fat Contributor,' and 'Pleeceman X.,' and he could also produce the most delicate, subtle, decorous irony. Windy sentimentalism, flatulence of style, these he early began to expose; these, and sordid self-seeking, unkindliness, servility, were what he detested, and loved to hold up to contempt. Perhaps the most thorough proof of Thackeray's greatness as a humourist is the way in which he embodies his humour in characters. Sometimes the humour depends solely on what the character says. Sometimes he is an oddity, with crotchets or peculiarities, which reappear as regularly as he does, and are mere matters of trick. But the most amusing of Thackeray's personages is a character in a deeper sense, and shows more than one or two points or angles to the observer." This is a long quotation; but the book from which I take it, the late James Hannay's "Studies in Thackeray," is well worth reading by the student of Thackeray.

One of the faults alleged against Thackeray as a novelist is his cynicism. Granted that a flavour of cynicism pervades his writings, it is the cynicism of the head and not of the heart; if his judgment condemns, his kindly nature forgives. There is a smile on the lip or a tear in the eye even when his frown is sternest. The man who could create Colonel Newcome and George Warrington might occasionally wear the cynic's mask and play the cynic's part, but to those who look closely the pretence is obvious enough. His satire is keen, but then it is always just. His shafts burn like fire, but they are directed against the errors and follies of humanity, against sham and hypocrisy, against the coarseness of snobbery and the vulgarity of ignorance. All pure and tender feelings he treats with reverence; he makes no mock at true love, at the domestic



affections, at unpretending charity. What is specially noticeable in Thackeray's fiction is the gentleness with which he treats his women. Even Becky Sharp he cannot dismiss without a pang of regret; while for Lady Castlewood and Laura Pendennis and the poor governess he evidently feels a strong sympathy and respectful affection. The wide range of his portraiture is next to be considered. From Henry Esmond to Barry Lyndon, from Lord Castlewood to Harry Foker, from George Warrington to Captain Costigan, what a breadth of sweep! His great contemporary, Charles Dickens, could not draw a gentleman; but Thackeray could, and very true and genuine his gentlemen are. He was not confined to his own time, to the men and manners of the society around him, but could reproduce in "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians" the details and features of a past age with wonderful fidelity. But why dwell on these particulars? His wit, his humour, his sagacity, his tenderness, his imagination, his hearty abhorrence of the false, his no less hearty admiration of the true, his insight into the human heart, his strong grasp of character, his finely sympathetic and gracefully robust style, in which at times there is a touch of lyrical melody—all these points will be noted by the student who conscientiously seeks to get at the special excellences of Thackeray as a novelist. He had a high sense of the dignity of his vocation; he was preacher, teacher, *vates*; and he was careful that in his hands it should lose nothing of its importance.

Of Charles Dickens (1812-70) I have not much to say. His merits, no less than his defects, are so salient that they are easily distinguished. He was a humourist like Thackeray, but his humour was broader, stronger, more boisterous. When Thackeray makes us smile, the tear is never far off; but Dickens prompts us to a genuine roar of laughter; and if there be tears, it is because we laugh until we cry. He is the great priest and prophet of the odd and ridiculous, and it is by our laughter that we show our acceptance of his ministrations. No writer has ever contributed so largely to human enjoyment; he is responsible for more side-shaking and rib-tickling and cachinnatory exertion than any half-dozen of merrymakers in any time or country. It is pleasant to write down the names of his novels, and count up the hours of fun and jollity we owe to them: to the "Pickwick Papers," with Sam Weller, and the strange company at Dingley Dell, and the rival editors, and the immortal trial scene, and the "swarry," which turns out to be "a leg of mutton and trimmings;" to "Nicholas Nickleby," with the Mantalinis, and Newman Noggs, and the humours of that great Thespian, Vincent Crummles; to "Martin Chuzzlewit," with the Pecksniff and his daughter, and young Bailey, and Mark Tapley, and the wonderful American scenes and persons; to "David Copperfield," with Tommy Traddles, and the inexhaustible Barkis, and Peggotty, and the evergreen, dirty, and delightful Wilkins Micawber; to— but I might go over the whole catalogue, for even in his later and

poorer compositions, when he weakly attempted the sentimental or romantic, and had lost much of his original spontaneity, the vein of humour never runs wholly dry. Of course, everybody knows that Dickens's characters are caricatures; that the world never saw, for instance, and never will see, a Micawber or a Tony Veck, a Sam Weller or a Wackford Squeers; but, on the other hand, the particular quality which each represents is to be found in human nature, and to have this quality put before us in such a shape and with so much exaggeration—the Micawberism of Micawber or the sham “umility” of Uriah Heap—that we cannot fail to see at a glance what is good or bad in it, and how far it affects ourselves, is a definite gain. Dickens's defects are easily noted; they lie on the very surface of his novels. There you may observe the pretentiousness of his pathos, the unreality of his sentiment, the bombast which he mistakes for fine writing, the loose and irregular construction of his plots, which consist, indeed, of little more than a sequence of striking scenes, intended to present in the most obvious light the eccentricities of the personages he calls into existence. It is not difficult either to perceive that he knows nothing of ladies or gentlemen, and cannot draw them; that with the subtler emotions and more delicate feelings he has no real sympathy. It is clear, too, that the higher female character lies beyond his grasp, and that his tragedy when most elaborate is always on the point of coming to grief, except, perhaps, in the “Tale of Two Cities,” where the self-sacrifice of Sydney Carton seems to me the high-water mark of Dickens's pathetic work. His range of thought, moreover, is essentially narrow, and he is most bigoted often when he assumes to be most liberal. But in spite of these and other scarcely less conspicuous faults, his claim to rank among our very greatest novelists is unimpeachable; it rests on a thousand brilliantly successful conceptions; it rests on a fertility of imagination and a breadth of humour which no other writer has ever equalled.

It has been said that as Sir Walter Scott was the novelist of the upper class, aristocratic, nay, almost feudal, in his ideas and sentiments, so was Dickens the novelist of the middle class, with whom he identifies himself in his strength as well as his weakness. In like manner, perhaps, we may say of Thackeray that he appealed to cultured, scholarly, and thoughtful readers; while—at all events in his earlier writings—Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton (1805-73), addressed himself to the young and imaginative. Three points call for notice in connection with this most industrious of men of letters. First, his capacity of growth. His mind was always growing; he was always open to the reception of new ideas; and his later work was incomparably superior to his earlier. In this respect he differed from almost all our great novelists, who have generally shown a marked falling-off after attaining to a certain height. But, clever as were “*Pelham*” and “*The Disowned*,” no



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one will pretend that they equal in finished workmanship or elevation of tone or knowledge of mental phenomena "The Caxtons," "My Novel," or "The Parisians." Lytton was in his sixty-eighth year when he died, and he was then at his best. His "Kenelm Chillingly," published in the year of his death, seems to me superior even in those qualities of vivacity and vigour, which are generally identified with youth, to any of his earlier works. Second, reference must be made to his conscientiousness as an artist. He constructed his plots with the greatest care. Every scene, every situation, was thoroughly studied; every detail was considered in its relation to the general effect. The same elaboration was bestowed upon his characters; and if Lytton's novels fall far short of the very best, it is from no want of effort and thought on the part of the artist. He manipulated his colours skilfully; his figures were perfectly proportional, so far as he could conceive them. The scenery was always in due perspective and keeping. What was wanting, after all was finished, was exactly what no industry or intelligence or care of the artist can supply—the exquisitely subtle and delicate yet enduring touch of genius. Lytton was a man of very considerable talents and varied accomplishments; the gifts he had received from Nature he industriously and persistently cultivated, so that he was always coming close to the goal, though he never reached it. He had a real poetic taste, but not the poetic faculty: he had the artist's ambition and temperament, but not the artist's power. He succeeded most when he made the least effort; his heroes and heroines are always failures, but his secondary characters are very good indeed. A few types, such as the man of fashion and the middle-class vagabond, he presented with great distinctness and with real artistic force. So, too, his historical personages are drawn with a strong, true hand. Third, we must note his versatility. He was not only poet, dramatist, essayist, orator, and novelist, but he essayed every kind of fiction. He produced fashionable novels, like "Pelham"; romances of crime, like "Eugene Aram" and "Paul Clifford"; classical romances, like "The Last Days of Pompeii"; novels of sentiment, like "The Disowned," "Ernest Maltravers," and "Alice"; historical fictions, like "Rienzi" and "The Last of the Barons"; novels of manners, like "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and "What will he do with it?"; novels of intrigue, like "Night and Morning" and "Lucretia"; and psychological romances, like "Zanoni" and "A Strange Story." In "The Coming Race" he took up the Utopian style of fiction. "Kenelm Chillingly" and "The Parisians" belong to the novels of manners. I have already hinted that he always came short of the highest and best; but what he did was nevertheless very well done—as well done as talent and culture without imagination could do it. As to the versatility of the man, it cannot be questioned, any more than his ambition. I say his ambition, for he yearned to make

good his position among the great masters of fiction ; and his long, laborious, and not wholly unsuccessful effort commands our sympathy. I think that, on the whole, his works (in spite of their melodramatic tone, their false sentiment, their false pathos and tawdry style, and the irritating mannerisms which group around their worship of the Ideal and the Beautiful) are worth studying. I am sure his life is ; for it was a life of untiring energy, unflagging perseverance, and earnest devotion to his art, informed and stimulated by an honourable ambition.





## CHAPTER VI.

### TRAVEL AND DISCOVERY : A COURSE OF READING.

**T**HE strain of adventure which runs in our English blood, inherited doubtless from those restless forefathers who, in dragon-prowed galleys, swarmed out of the creeks and fiords of the North, and sought "fresh woods and pastures new" across the rolling sea, has always made popular with us the literature of travel and discovery. In this department, indeed, we English are rich beyond any other people, as might be expected of a nation which has sent its sons far and wide over the world, and planted its laws, language, and polity in the American continent as in Australia, in South Africa as in the islands of Polynesia. It is no matter of wonder, therefore, that the first complete book in English was a book of travel, namely, "The Voyage and Travaile which treateth of the Way to the Hierusalem, and of the Marvayles of Inde, with other Islands and Countries," written in 1356 by Sir John Mandeville, a native of St. Albans, who travelled in Oriental countries for upwards of thirty-four years, writing down on his return all he saw and all he heard, so as to produce an amusing combination of truth and falsehood. His book was one of the earliest issues from the Italian press (1480). A century later the English press was busy with the publication of records of travel. Sir Francis Drake's circumnavigation of the world found a chronicler in the author of the "World Encompassed;" Raleigh's adventures on the American mainland were described in the "Discovery of Guiana." To this period belong the "Voyage of Sir H. Middleton to the Malacca Islands," and Fletcher and Korny's "Russia in the Sixteenth Century." With indefatigable industry, stimulated by an ardent love of geographical knowledge, Richard Hakluyt, in 1598, collected and preserved "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or over Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, within the Compass of these 1500 Years." It would be impossible, I think, to overestimate the influence of this great work upon the maritime spirit of the English people. Similar in purpose, and scarcely inferior in influence, is the "Pilgrimes, or Relations of the World

and the Religions observed in all Ages and Places discovered from the Creation to the Present," by Samuel Purchas, published in 1613. There are five volumes in all, and Purchas professes to have consulted in compiling them upwards of twelve hundred authors. "The accuracy of this useful compiler," says Hallam,<sup>1</sup> "has been denied by those who have had better means of knowledge, and probably is inferior to that of Hakluyt; but his labour was far more comprehensive. The 'Pilgrinus' was at all events a great source of knowledge to the contemporaries of Purchas." And they have been the delight of adventurous youth for successive generations, besides suggesting to poets, dramatists, and romancists many a pleasant and picturesque fancy.

In 1595 John Davis published a curious little volume, "The World's Hydrographical Description," which was one of the earliest pleas for the feasibility of a North-West Passage (*i.e.*, by the north of America) to "far Cathay." In this he describes his own gallant voyages to the North, in one of which he "alone, without farther comfort or company," in a small bark of thirty tons, having reached latitude 66°, came to "a strait," which he followed for eighty leagues, until he came among many islands. Then, finding small hope of passing that way, he returned to the open sea, coasted the shore towards the south, and in so doing "found another great inlet, near forty leagues broad, where the water entered in with violent swiftness." All which he relates with the utmost simplicity, and by no means in the tone of a man who is conscious of having accomplished any unusual action; yet in a bark of thirty tons to venture among the Polar ice was surely a heroic deed! About twenty years after Davis, a Scotchman named William Lithgow published the "Total Discourse" of his nineteen years' wanderings and painful peregrinations in Europe, Asia, and America, in the course of which he professed to have surveyed "forty-eight kingdoms, ancient and modern, twenty-one republics, ten absolute principalities, with two hundred islands." He writes in crabbed Scotch, but with the flavour of quaintness which is as inseparable from old authors as the aroma is from old wine.

The naturalist, John Ray, travelled in 1663 through the Netherlands, Germany, Holland, and France, and on his return duly published his "Observations," as so many tourists through the same countries have since done. Ray's, however, are those of an acute and intelligent mind. A far higher merit attaches to the "Epistolæ Ho-Eliañæ, or Letters of James Howell" (1594-1666), describing his Continental travels, which, extended over three years, enabled him to accumulate a mass of interesting and valuable particulars. The letters are written in a very graphic style, and the comments on men and manners and places are very fresh and entertaining. That loyal cavalier, Sir Thomas Herbert,

<sup>1</sup> Hallam, "Literature of Europe," iii. 450.



Charles I.'s groom of the bedchamber, and his faithful friend and attendant during that dark period of his life which ended, one frosty January morning, on the scaffold outside Whitehall, published as early as 1634 an interesting narrative of his travels in Africa and "the Greater Asia," especially Persia, and some parts of the Oriental Indies and isles adjacent. I may point out that to read such works with the help of later authorities, taking all necessary pains to collate and compare their different statements, is an instructive process, besides being a very thorough and agreeable mode of studying geography. And thus I am reminded of the "Microcosmus, or Description of the Great World," of Peter Heylin (1600-62), whom we have already met with as an ecclesiastical historian. The "Microcosmus" is a tolerable attempt at systematic geography. The title seems to have been a favourite one in the early part of the seventeenth century, for Bishop Earle used it (in "Microcosmography"), and Purchas, and a poet named Thomas Nobles.

Some admirable description will be found in Henry Fielding's "Voyage to Lisbon," and it is allowable, perhaps, to include among books of travel Sterne's "Sentimental Journey through France and Italy," the precursor of numerous books in which, as in Longfellow's "Hyperion" and Lord Lytton's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," an element of fiction is introduced to enliven accounts of scenery. Almost the first, if not the first, of English books on the United States, was William Cobbett's "Year's Residence" (1818-19), which exhibits all its writer's eccentric peculiarities as well as the substratum of solid sense on which they were fantastically reared. Of travellers "with a purpose" Andrew Young seems to have been the pioneer; and the agricultural data collected in his "Travels in France" (1777-89) are arranged with so much acumen, and so skillfully used to illustrate general principles, that the book is still held much in esteem. The view of the condition of France, on the verge of the Great Revolution, has its points of interest for the historian; and Arthur Young is a writer, therefore, to whom the student may profitably give his attention. (See also Dr. Rigby's "Letters to his Family from France in 1789," edited by Lady Eastlake.) Of far inferior calibre is the Sir John Carr whom Byron satirised, the prototype of the superficial gossipy tourist, who rushes through a country intent only on making a book, and dashes off his superficial sketches with equal audacity and ignorance. His style, however, has an easy fluency, and he sometimes succeeds in particularising a scene or an individual so as to fix it or him on the reader's imagination. He wrote "The Stranger in France" (1803) and "The Stranger in Iceland" (1806), "Travels Round the Baltic" (1804-5), "A Rove through Holland" (1807), and "Travels in Spain" (1811).

Lord Macartney's Chinese embassy in 1792-93 was the occasion of two books upon China—the ambassador's own "Journal," and

the "Authentic Account of the Embassy," by his secretary of legation, Sir George Staunton. The latter is remarkably well written and full of interesting information, which, when the book was published, had all the attraction of novelty for the British public. It may be read to this day with advantage, supplemented by the works of Fortune, Gutzlaff, Wingrove Cooke, and others. The popularity it achieved was as nothing, however, to the *furor* excited by the "Travels of James Bruce" (1790), in which he described his adventures in Abyssinia and his discovery of the sources of the Bahr-el-Azrek, which he mistakenly supposed to be the *true* Nile. The extraordinary nature of the incidents he related combined with the irritation provoked by a most undisguised egotism to excite against him a strong prejudice in the minds of men of letters, and he was assailed with volleys of lampoons, in which his veracity was openly questioned. "The Travels of Baron Munchausen" were written, it is said, in ridicule of Bruce's narrative, the accuracy of which, however, has been fully confirmed by later travellers. It should be stated that he had been anticipated in his discovery of the source of the Blue Nile by Paez, the Portuguese.

I need hardly refer to Mungo Park's "African Travels" (1799), as, owing to the simplicity of their style, and the strong interest of the experiences they describe, they have always been a favourite "boys' book." I suppose everybody knows the three pathetic episodes of the brave traveller's succour by the pitying African woman at Sego, of the stimulus he derived in a moment of despondency from the accidental presence of "a small moss in fructification," and his innocent exultation on reaching the bank of the Joliba or Quorra. African travel has furnished the English gentleman's library with a succession of important works. In 1826 was published the "Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa," by Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney. Half a century later appeared David Livingstone's "Researches in South Africa." During the interval, it may almost be said, British enterprise was constantly active in the exploration of the African interior, and each succeeding traveller did not fail to publish the results of his investigations. The narrative of the expedition of Richard Lander, who traced the source of the Niger, was issued in 1857. Burckhardt, Belzoni, Bowdich, Campbell, each contributed his "stone" to the cairn of African discovery. As for Egypt, its antiquities, its scenery, its people, its mighty river, have been celebrated by a hundred pens. Let me take a few in alphabetical order :—Adams, A. L., "The Naturalist in the Nile Valley;" Bartlett, W. H., "The Nile Boat;" Belzoni, G. B., "Narrative of the Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids," a record of marvellous perseverance and energy, as well as a mine of valuable information; Burckhardt, "Travels in Nubia;" Hoskins, G. A., "Travels in Ethiopia above the Second

Cataract;" "Kinglake, A. W., "Eöthen; or, Footprints of Eastern Travel" (1844), a book of rare eloquence, with sketches of scenery unsurpassed for glow of colour and felicity of touch; Lane, Edw., "Modern Egyptians," a recognised authority; Lindsay, Lord (afterwards Earl of Crawford), "Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land;" Martineau, Harriet, "Eastern Life, Past and Present," fresh and picturesque, but occasionally fanciful in theory; Melly, G., "Khartoum and the Two Niles;" Richardson, Dr., "Travels along the Mediterranean and Adjacent Parts;" Romer, Mrs., "Temples and Tombs of Egypt and Nubia," a book spoiled by its style and want of method; Smith, Rev. A. C., "The Nile and its Banks;" Warburton, Eliot, "The Crescent and the Cross;" and Wilkinson, Sir G., a deservedly eminent Egyptologist, "Modern Egypt and Thebes," and "Topography of Thebes and General View of Egypt." To this list may be added a later book, very freshly and charmingly written, by Miss M. B. Edwards, "A Thousand Miles up the Nile;" and Mr. Villiers Stuart's valuable "Nile Gleanings."

A still larger number of authorities might easily be brought forward under the heading of Italian travel. One of the earliest, and, all things considered, one of the best, is Mr. J. Forsyth in his narrative of an "Excursion in Italy in 1802 and 1803." The descriptions are lively, the criticisms acute, and the whole tone of the book is scholarly. It is superior far and away to Eustace's "Classical Tour" or Stewart Rose's "Letters from the North of Italy." In 1835 was published "Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal," by W. Beckford, the author of "Vathek." It is picturesquely written, and a cultivated taste is evident in every page. Sir A. C. Hoare's "Classical Tour" is unfit to bear the ordeal of current criticism. There is pleasant description in Hilliard's "Six Months in Italy;" and Charles Dickens's "Pictures from Italy" are interesting as showing the impressions produced by Italian scenes on a man of specially keen observation, with a quick recognition of salient points, but strongly deficient in the higher sentiment. Dean Alford's "Letters from Italy" may be glanced at; they are very superficial. The reader will find much useful material in Augustus Hare's "Wanderings in Italy."

The tale of adventure in the frozen wilderness of the North, begun by John Davis in 1595, has been continued by Sir Edward Parry, Sir John Franklin, Bach, Dr. Richardson, Dr. Scoresby, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Beechey, M'Clintock, M'Clure, Dr. Kane, and other "mariners good and true." China was farther opened up in 1816 by Lord Amherst's mission, of which Mr. Henry Ellis wrote a clear and unassuming account. In the East, geographical knowledge was enlarged by Sir John Malcolm, "Sketches of Persia;" J. Morier, "Journeys through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor;" Sir William Ouseley and Sir Robert Ker Porter; W. Moorcroft, "Travels in the Himalayan Provinces;" J. Baillie Fraser,

"Tour through the Snowy Range," "Winter Journey from Constantinople to Teheran," and other works; and Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Alexander) Burnes (murdered at Cabul), "Travels into Bokhara." Few travellers, however, had brought much literary skill to the embellishment of their narratives, until Captain Basil Hall, in 1818, showed how a record of travel might be made as interesting as a romance in his "Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West Coast of Corea and the Great Loo-Choo Island." He followed it up with several narratives of adventure, written with equal spirit and pictorial power. Basil Hall, by the way, figures in Christopher North's "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Pictorial power, but of a higher order, is also visible in Henry David Inglis's "Solitary Walks through Many Lands," and his other travel-books, in which a warm love of nature and a strong sympathy with its loftier aspects secure the reader's attention. Mrs. Trollope brought considerable literary skill and a caustic satire to enliven her sketches of America. She also wrote upon "Belgium and Western Germany" and "Vienna and the Austrians" and "Italy," but I do not think that the student will be well advised to disturb the dusty slumber in which these books tranquilly repose. A book of travel from the pen of the younger Disraeli (the Earl of Beaconsfield) would, judging from descriptive passages in "Vivian Grey" and "Tancred," have been very brilliant and fascinating, with as many paradoxes, perhaps, as landscapes, but not deficient in accuracy of observation. In Charles Dickens's "American Notes" the descriptions of scenery are exaggerated, but individual oddities, as might be expected, are touched firmly and felicitously. Charles Kingsley's true poetic feeling, his knowledge of nature, and his intense sympathy, finely colour the pictures of wild Mexican scenery in his "Westward Ho!" and in his *one* book of travel—"At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies" (1871), which sparkles with pure lights like a diamond. The student will find much fluent and graceful writing, tempered with gentle sentiment, in Miss Kavanagh's "A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies" (1858). Women seem to possess a special facility for writing agreeable travel-books; as witness Miss Bird's accounts of her visit to Hawaii and her journey across the Rocky Mountains; Mrs. Brassey's of her yachting voyage round the world ("A Cruise in the Sunbeam," 1878) and her trip to the Holy Land ("Voyage in the Mediterranean," 1880); and Miss Gordon Cumming's of her travels in India and the Himalaya. Southern France found an appreciative visitor in Angus Reach ("Claret and Olives," 1852), a clever and accomplished litterateur, who broke down through overwork at thirty-five. Another novelist, of stronger fibre and more varied powers, Mr. Anthony Trollope, has found time to compile several books of travel, not less distinguished by shrewdness of perception and solid sense than by his characteristic ease of style, in which he has related his personal experiences and

recorded his observations in the West Indies, North America, Australia and New Zealand, and South Africa. His elder brother, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, is the author of "A Summer in Brittany" and "A Summer in Western Africa." Mr. Hepworth Dixon has written picturesquely upon the Holy Land (which has also been described by Irby and Mangles, Dr. Robinson, Dean Stanley in his "Sinai and Palestine," Lieutenant Conder, and "Rob Roy" Macgregor), New America, and Switzerland; Mr. Mackenzie Wallace is the author of an exhaustive work, not purely topographical, upon Russia; Sir Charles Dilke has sketched "Greater Britain," the islands and lands beyond the sea inhabited by English-speaking peoples. Iceland has attracted Dr. Robert Chambers, Captain R. Burton ("Ultima Thule"), and Lord Dufferin ("Letters from High Latitudes"). Vivacity is the chief characteristic of Sir Francis Head's "Rough Notes taken during some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes." Charles Waterton, the naturalist, a man of infinite enthusiasm and courage, has described his "Wanderings in South America, the North-West of the United States, and the Antilles" in quest of new or interesting forms of animal life; and to Mr. H. W. Bates, another naturalist, the public owe a delightful volume, "The Naturalist on the Amazon." The glorious scenery and luxuriant vegetation of the Amazonian region have fascinated numerous adventurers; among others, Agassiz, W. T. Edwards, Herbert H. Smith, and Alfred Wallace, the author of a very valuable work on "The Malay Archipelago." In 1845-49, Sir Austin Layard was led to undertake a series of explorations among the ruins of ancient Nineveh, which led to various important discoveries; nor were the researches of the late Mr. George Smith in 1866-72 and 1873-74 less successful. The past history and antiquities of Babylonia have found copious illustration in the works of Rich, Sir R. Ker Porter, Ainsworth, Major Rennell, Sir H. Layard, and Sir H. Rawlinson; the course of the Tigris was explored by Captain Chesney.

The late Eliot Warburton, who perished in the "Amazon" in 1852, was the author of "The Crescent and the Cross," which for thirty-five years has enjoyed a considerable popularity. Nearly as long a lease of life has been granted to Harriet Martineau's "Eastern Life, Past and Present," notwithstanding its strain of hazardous speculation. The scenery and native life of Polynesia have been portrayed with a bold pencil by Herman Melville in his "Typee" and "Omoo;" by the Rev. W. Ellis in his "Polynesian Sketches;" by the Earl of Pembroke in "South-Sea Bubbles;" and by Lord George Campbell in his "Log-Book of the Challenger." The remarkable exploring voyage of the "Challenger" has also been recorded by Dr. Wyville Thomson. Were we about to form a standard library of travel, we should not fail to include in it Sir Charles Fellow's "Excursion in Asia Minor" and "Ancient Lydia;" Mrs. Postans's "Cutch" (an accurate description of one

of the northern provinces of Western India); Sir John Francis Bowring's "Kingdom and People of Siam;" and Mr. John Davis's valuable "Sketches of China" and his "General Description of the Empire of China and its Inhabitants." With the last must, of course, be placed Mr. Robert Fortune's books on China, and Mr. George Wingrove Cooke's, both telling of what their writers knew and saw. Lady Eastlake, while Miss Rigby, published some gracefully written letters descriptive of a "Residence on the Shores of the Baltic." Our standard library should also contain the "Narrative of the Voyages of the 'Adventure' and the 'Beagle,'" by Captains King and Fitzroy, and by Charles Darwin, the illustrious naturalist; Atkinson's "Oriental Siberia," Spencer's "Travels in Circassia," and William Gifford Palgrave's "Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia" (1862-63), which he made in the disguise of a Mohammedan *hakim*. Nor must we forget Captain Wood's "Travels to the Source of the Oxus," or the writings of Mr. T. W. Atkinson. An extensive literature has accumulated about our Arctic expeditions, the latest additions being Sir George Nares's "Voyage of the 'Albert' and 'Discovery' in 1875-76," and Captain Markham's "Great Frozen Sea." With African discovery will always be associated the names of Captain R. F. Burton ("Lake Regions of Central Africa"), Captain Speke ("Journal of the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile," 1863), Captain Grant ("A Walk across Africa," 1864), Sir Samuel Baker ("The Albert Nyanza" and "The Nile Tributaries," 1866-67), Dr. Livingstone ("Researches in South Africa," 1857, "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi," 1864, and "Last Journals," 1875), Henry M. Stanley ("How I Found Livingstone," 1872, and "Through the Dark Continent," 1878), and Lieutenant Cameron ("Across Africa," 1876).

Among more recent works of travel I would venture to recommend to the student Major Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva" and "Ride through Asia Minor," Sir Samuel Baker's "Cyprus," Lieutenant-Colonel Baker's "Turkey in Europe," Sir J. D. Hooker's "Journal of a Tour in Morocco," Mr. Boddam Whetham's "Roraima and British Guiana," Captain Gill's "Journey through China to Burmah," Mrs. Scott Stevenson's "Our Home in Cyprus," and Oswald Craufurd's "Portugal, Old and New." Captain Burton is one of the most indefatigable and independent of travellers, and his characteristic dogmatism lends a piquant flavour to his narratives, of which the latest is, I believe, "Midian Revisited." Mr. A. Wilson's "Abode of Snow" (the Himalaya), Mr. Drew's "Cashmir Valley," Mr. A. W. Hughes's "Country of Beloochistan," Captain Forbes's "British Burmah," C. Lambert's "Trip to Cashmere," Mr. Val Prinsep's "Imperial India," and Commander Cameron's "Our Future Highway to India," must necessarily possess an interest for every intelligent citizen of that far-reaching imperial State which counts India among its depend-

encies. But every year, nay, every month, every week, brings forth an ever-increasing crop of travel-books, and there is no department of literature in which selection is more imperative or more difficult. Unless newcomers have something novel to tell of the people and places their predecessors have already described, or something to say about corners of the world that have never before been visited (and these how few !), unless they can open up to us fresh channels of observation or reflection, it will be as well to leave them undisturbed in the tranquil glory of the circulating library.





## CHAPTER VII.

### ENGLISH THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, AND METAPHYSICS : A COURSE OF READING



COUPLE moral philosophy with theology because I do not see how it is possible for a Christian student to consider them separately; he can accept no ethical system which is not based upon the laws laid down by Christianity. Nor can the training of the moral nature be properly dissociated from the education of the spiritual nature; the highest morality must be that which is shaped and inspired by religious principles. A scheme of morals which makes no reference to religion, whether it be formulated by a Bentham or a Stuart Mill, is, as Professor Blackie says, a very unnatural sort of divorce, and a plain sign of a certain narrowness and incompleteness in the mental constitution of those who advocate it. It is an attempt, moreover, to reverse the teaching of eighteen centuries; nay, it is an attempt to revolt against history and sweep aside that Christianity which makes such an attempt possible. I mean that, in so far as modern ethical systems differ from or are superior to those propounded by the ancient moralists, the difference, the superiority, is due to that gradual elevation of the standard of thought and sentiment which Christianity has effected. "The fountain of all the nobler morality is moral inspiration from within, and the feeder of this fountain is God."

It is to be wished that the study of theology and moral philosophy entered more largely and more frequently than it does into our plans of intellectual culture and our educational courses. How that can be called "the higher education" which deliberately ignores the investigation of the problem of the greatest importance to the individual and to the society of which he is a member, I do not profess to understand. The issues in regard to a man's ultimate destiny, to his origin, to his work in life—the "why," the "whence," the "whither," the questions which affect the constitution of society, and govern a man's relation to his fellows, would seem to be not inferior in interest, not less in value, than discussions of the agrarian laws of Rome or the polity of the Greek commonwealths. It may be pointed out, moreover,



that, these subjects having naturally attracted the attention of the finest intellects, he who takes no account of them necessarily remains ignorant of much which is greatest and best in English literature. And this reminds me of the difficulty of the task I undertake in attempting to sketch a course of reading in them. Not only does the vastness of the field to be traversed put me at a disadvantage, but I am called to sit in judgment, as it were, upon men whose latches (not to speak profanely) I feel unworthy to unloose. The reader must understand, therefore, that the following remarks are offered with profound deference; that they do not aspire to be accepted as critical; that they are intended only as *indications* of the nature of the authorities which he should consult. They suggest a tolerably elaborate scheme of reading, and the student must contract it according to his needs. It is based, moreover, on the supposition that, before entering upon it, he will have gone through one or two text-books upon each of the two great subjects which it comprehends.<sup>1</sup>

I shall again adopt, as nearly as possible, a chronological order. And that you may get a notion of the state of English theology at that stage of the Reformation which was reached in the reign of Henry VIII., I recommend, to begin with, Bishop Latimer's "Sermons." They are pleasant reading, for the style is homely and clear, with illustrations which are always familiar and often amusing; the teaching is practical, and enforced by many shrewd and sensible remarks. It is a characteristic of our literature that it *flowered all at once*, attained at a sudden bound to the highest excellence; and that the age which, within less than a century of the establishment of Caxton's printing-press under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, gave us Spenser and Shakespeare, gave us also Richard Hooker and Lord Bacon. Hooker's treatise "Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," begun (I suppose) about 1580 and finished about 1599—he died in 1600—is one of those master-pieces which, I fear, few read, and everybody talks about. It is essentially a *wonderful* book—wonderful in the solidity and force of its arguments, the wise liberality of its sentiments, the stateliness of its eloquence. The present writer first met with it, along with many other choice old authors, in the library of an old Devonshire parsonage, and he well remembers the delight with which he followed up the rhythmical harmony of its periods. He was still in his boyhood, and, of course, much of it he did but imperfectly understand or appreciate; but it was not the less a revelation to him of a world of thought, of the existence of which he had had no conception. Hooker's treatise is so broad in its plan, that, while professedly vindicating the lawfulness of Episcopacy, it really includes a statement of all the principles on which

<sup>1</sup> Such as George Henry Lewes's "Biographical History of Philosophy," and Dr. Whewell's "Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England."

our moral and political systems should be grounded. It is a grand and irrefragable defence of, and plea for, law and order, and at the same time a protest against any attempt of Authority to put down Reason.<sup>1</sup> "Hooker," says Hallam, "like most great moral writers both of antiquity and of modern ages, rests his positions on one solid basis, the eternal obligation of natural law." He adds :—"He stood out at a vast height above his predecessors and contemporaries in the English Church, and was, perhaps, the first of our writers who had any considerable acquaintance with the philosophers of Greece, not merely displayed in quotation, of which others may have sometimes set an example, but in a spirit of reflection and comprehensiveness which the study of antiquity alone could have infused." Elsewhere Hallam speaks of his magnificent diction. "So stately and graceful," he says, "is the march of his periods, so various the fall of his musical cadences upon the ear, so rich in images, so condensed in sentences, so grave and noble his diction, so little is there of vulgarity in his racy idiom, of pedantry in his learned phrase, that I know not whether any later writer has more admirably displayed the capacities of our language, or produced passages more worthy of comparison with the splendid monuments of antiquity."<sup>2</sup>

Eleven years after the publication of the first part of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" appeared "The Two Bookes of Francis Bacon, of the Proficiencie and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human." These in 1623 were translated into Latin (and expanded) as the "De Augmentis Scientiarum, Libri ix.," and, so translated and expanded, they form a portion of his *magnum opus*, the "Instauratio Magna, or Great Reconstruction of Science." Bacon wrote in Latin, believing that it was more permanent than those "modern languages which would one day play the bankrupt with books," but his writings have frequently been translated, and are accessible in Bohn's "Standard Library." The "Advancement" should, of course, be read in Bacon's own English, which, if less stately than Hooker's, is rich and strenuous. The first book enlarges on the excellence of knowledge, and explains that the defects commonly ascribed to it originate in human errors, in the mistaken choice of subjects of study, or in unwise modes of dealing with them. Knowledge was not to be sought, he said, as if it were a couch whereon a searching and restless spirit might repose; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for

<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to compare his defence of "the star of reason and learning" with Dryden's invective against reason in his "Religio Laici," where it is but as the "dim uncertain light" of moon and stars.

<sup>2</sup> The "Ecclesiastical Polity" is in eight books; the present sixth book is believed not to be Hooker's, and the seventh and eighth did not have the benefit of his revision. The first four are the best.

strife and contention ; or a shop for profit or sale ; but as a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. Having vindicated the dignity of learning, Bacon, in the second book, proceeds to survey the whole field of human knowledge, and to inquire what parts thereof lie fresh and waste, and not improved and converted by the industry of man ; to the end that such a plot, made and recorded to memory, may both minister light to any public designation and also serve to excite voluntary endeavours. He divides knowledge into the three branches of history, poetry, and philosophy, which he refers to the three parts of man's understanding, memory, imagination, and reason ; and having examined what has been done in each, he comments upon revealed religion, and proceeds to show the inquirer the course or path he should follow in his endeavour to compass a cultivated mind ; the right path being that by which we can most easily contribute to the stock of human learning something worth labouring for, something that will prove to the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.

Bacon's object in the "Instauratio," as the title intimates, was to effect a *renewal* or *repair* of human knowledge. We see that in the "Dignity and Advancement of Learning" he has laid down the ground-plan ; he has proved the existence of deficiencies, and he has systematised and arranged the work to be done. In the "Novum Organum" (1620), of which only the first part was completed after the labour of thirty years, he expounds the "new method" by which defects were to be remedied and the treasury of knowledge enlarged. This is done in a series of aphorisms (spread over two books) arranged in logical sequence, and leading naturally the one to the other, like a succession of terraces. The first is the keynote, clew, or foundation of the whole Baconian philosophy, and though trite enough now, was, when first uttered, a revelation.

Man, the servant and interpreter of Nature, can do and understand no further than he has, either in art or in contemplation, observed of the order and method of Nature. Human power and human science are coincident. The dominion of men over things depends upon the arts and sciences ; because to govern Nature you must first obey her. The cause and root of all the evils in the sciences was this, that while men ignorantly wondered at and vaunted the powers of the human mind, they forbore to seek its true aids. How little assistance had the useful arts obtained from science ! how little had science benefited by the labours of practical men ! And whence arose such vagueness, such sterility in the physical systems hitherto presented to the world ? Not certainly from anything in Nature itself, for the steadfastness and regularity of the laws that govern it clearly mark them out as objects of certain and precise knowledge. Not from want of ability in the inventors of those systems, many of whom were

men of the highest genius of the ages in which they flourished. No! it arose solely from the perverseness and insufficiency of the methods that had been pursued. Men had sought to create a world from their own conceptions, to draw from their own minds all the materials they made use of; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts and not opinions for the ground-work of their reasoning, and might have ultimately attained to a knowledge of the laws that govern the material world. What was necessary Bacon defined to be that men should be slow to generalise, going from particular things to those which are but a single step more general, rising from those to others of a broader scope, and so on until they came to universals. This is the true and untried way. (Aph. xix. *et seq.*)

He proceeded to dwell on the distinction between the *idola* or "idols" of the human mind and the ideas of the divine. Of the latter it is said:—"Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." And adopting the apostolic language he exclaimed:—"Little children, keep yourselves from idols." These "idols" or delusions of the understanding he divided into—(1.) *Idols of the Tribe (Idola Tribus)*, those belonging to mankind as a whole, to man as a race or tribe. It is falsely asserted that human sense is the measure or standard of things, whereas, on the contrary, all perceptions, whether of the sense or of the mind, are according to the analogy of man, and not according to the analogy of the universe; and the human intellect to the rays of things is as an unequal mirror, which mixes its own nature with the nature of things, and so distorts and spoils it. (2.) *Idols of the Cave (Idola Specus)*: these are the special weaknesses of the individual, and are only too effectual in prejudicing his search after truth. (3.) *Idols of the Market-place (Idola Fori)*, the creations of prejudice; things not as they are but as they are represented by the common talk of the market-place, the gossip of the world; and (4.) *Idols of the Theatre (Idola Theatri)*, ideas accepted on the authority of men who have played distinguished parts in the world's theatre—ideas accepted from the dogmatic teaching of philosophers, because as many philosophies as have been received or discovered, so many plays have in truth been acted, creating scenic and unreal worlds.

Having set the inquirer on his guard against these *idola*, Bacon, in his second book, explains that "inductive method" by which alone truth can be attained. Everything must be put to the test of experience; no fact must be accepted as such until it has been proved by experiment. In Nature, whatever is, is so under certain conditions, some of which are only accidental, while others are essential. The difference must be carefully ascertained. When this process has been applied to a number of facts, we are in a position by a comparison of the results to determine one of the

laws by which Nature is governed. And when we know the laws (*formæ*) and perceive the real unity of Nature in materials apparently dissimilar, we can go on to further experiment. The search after these eternal and immutable laws or forms he describes as constituting "metaphysics," but that after the intermediate laws, which are not fundamental, constitutes "physics."

The study of Nature, therefore, is to be so conducted as to yield — (α) Axioms or laws deduced from experiment; and (β) New experiments deduced from these axioms. As the foundation of all knowledge, we need a competent "natural and experimental history," which can be obtained only by a "true and legitimate induction." In pursuing our investigations into the laws or *formæ*, we must examine each "nature" or thing in a succession of ways, taking every case as an "instance" (*instantia*) or indication of its possession of certain qualities, and examining them in groups. As, for example, heat: the "instances agreeing" are not as rays of the sun, but vapours, subterranean air, and the like; these we duly tabulate. Then we pass on to "negative instances," rays of the moon, rays of the sun in mid air, cold vapours, all of which are arranged in a second table. In a third we place the *instantiæ* which have more or less of the "nature" under examination, noting the relative increase or decrease in the same subject; this is the Table of Degrees, or Comparative Table. And so we continue through twenty-seven tables or classes of *instantiæ*, until, by analysis and comparison, we can make from them an induction, and gather in the first harvest of our patient and persevering labours. Such, in brief, is an outline of Bacon's experimental philosophy, which threw open the domains of Nature to the enterprise of man. It was no part of his work to accumulate results; his special province was to explain how they might be secured, and to stimulate the mind of man to undertake the task. "Be strong in hope," he said, "and do not fancy that our '*Instauratio*' is something infinite and beyond human reach, when, in truth, it is mindful alike of mortality and humanity. It does not expect to accomplish its work in the course of a single age, but leaves it to the process of the ages. Lastly, it seeks for science, not boastfully, within the little cells of the human intellect, but humbly in the range of the wide, wide world."—For the student's information, it should be added that all scientific men are not agreed upon the value of Bacon's method as a guide in science, holding that in some important particulars it is essentially wrong, and that it is the Newtonian method which has been the parent of Modern Philosophy.<sup>1</sup>

I shall be accused, perhaps, of stretching the term "Moral Philosophy" too far when I include under it Robert Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy, by Democritus junior." But it con-

<sup>1</sup> See Jevons's "Principles of Science," vol. ii., *passim*.

siders the moral as well as the physical and intellectual aspects of a disease from which the author himself appears to have suffered acutely, for which in this wise and witty book he would seem to have provided a palliative, if not a cure. It was published in 1621, and before its author's death in 1639 passed through five editions. From its store of classical quotations, ingenious images, apt illustrations, and pithy sayings, later writers have borrowed freely; the extent of Sterne's indebtedness is well known. There is much original matter, however; and, quaintly as it is expressed, its wit and shrewdness invest it with a perennial charm. I can hardly describe it as a book to be "studied," in the ordinary sense of the word; and though Dr. Johnson speaks of it as "the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise," I suspect that most readers will be content to take it in instalments. A better companion for a summer holiday no one need desire, as you can dip into it here and there for five minutes, or ten, or sixty, without the interest being in any way diminished. And it is a book of which you never grow weary, which you can read a second time and a third, aye, a fourth and a fifth, without any sense of fatigue, without any feeling that the page has lost its freshness. Hazlitt says:—"In reading a book which is an old favourite with me, I not only have the pleasure of imagination and of a critical relish of the work, but the pleasures of memory added to it." These are the pleasures which you taste on each reperusal of the old-world-flavoured periods of Democritus junior; you enjoy again the sentiments they first suggested, revive the associations they first created. Gray's ideal of happiness was to lie on the sofa and read new novels: give *me* the shade of a spreading beech on a summer afternoon, with a glimpse of the sea in the distance, and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" on my knee!

The "Sermons" of Bishop Hall (of Norwich), who died in 1656, are instinct with an animated eloquence, and diversified by passages that breathe a genuine strain of poetical feeling. Under the head of "Theology" John Milton claims a place, in right of his "Treatise on Christian Doctrine," long lost, but recovered in 1623, and published under the editorship of Bishop Sumner, who translated it into English. Milton professes to prove his system from the Bible alone; but his inferences are often without justification. Macaulay's criticism is as follows:—"Some of the heterodox doctrines which he avows seem to have excited considerable amazement, particularly his Arianism and his theory on the subject of polygamy. Yet we can scarcely conceive that any person could have read the 'Paradise Lost' without suspecting him of the former, nor do we think that any reader acquainted with the history of his life ought to be much startled at the latter. The opinions which he has expressed respecting the nature of the Deity, the eternity of matter, and the observation of the Sabbath, might, we think, have caused more just surprise."

In 1651, Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, who, in his early manhood, had enjoyed the friendship of Bacon, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Ben Jonson, published his "Leviathan, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil," a book of original and independent thought, which the Bishops railed at and Parliament formally censured, not because of its erroneous philosophy, but because its principles were supposed to be antagonistic to "established authority." It is divided into four parts:—1. Of Man; 2. Of Commonwealth; 3. Of a Christian Commonwealth; 4. Of the Kingdom of Darkness. In the first part, "man's nature" is defined as "the sum of his natural powers," while his mental powers are classified as *cognitive*, *imaginative* or *conceptive*, and *motive*. Our senses receive impressions from external objects, with which they deal by means of the cognitive faculty. According as they are produced by the senses our conceptions succeed one another, and we give names to them to assist our memory. All knowledge is of two kinds: *original*, which we owe to observation and memory; and *science*, which is the knowledge of names and propositions derived from understanding. Both amount to nothing more than experience—the experience which we obtain from things without, the experience which we acquire from the proper use of names in language. Hobbes proceeds to argue that truth and a true proposition are one and the same, and that knowledge is the evidence of truth; he defines conscience as a man's opinion or belief in the veracity of that which he asserts. The motive powers are those of the heart, acted on and influenced by the impressions received through the senses. All conceptions are brain-motives originating in external causes. When they favour and promote the vital movement, they are called, and the objects producing them are called, pleasant; when they retard it, they are called painful. The former are objects of love, the latter objects of aversion; and every man calls that which pleases him good, and that which he dislikes evil. Absolute goodness, goodness without relation or proportion, is impossible. Things can be only relatively good; even the goodness of God being His goodness to us simply as we understand and receive it.

Starting from these principles, Hobbes builds up what is known as the Selfish system of philosophy, in which our notions of right or wrong are made to depend upon our views of self-interest, every man's self-love being the mainspring of his thoughts, actions, and feelings. Pity is "imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity; that when it lighteth on such as we think have not deserved the same, the compassion is greater, because then there appeareth more probability that the same may happen to us; for the evil that happeneth to an innocent man may happen to every man. But when we see a man suffer for great crimes, which we cannot

easily think will fall upon ourselves, the pity is the less. And therefore men are apt to pity those whom they love; for whom they love they think worthy of good, and therefore not worthy of calamity. Thence it is also that men pity the vices of some persons at the first sight only, out of love to their aspect. The contrary of pity is hardness of heart, proceeding either from slowness of imagination, or some extreme great opinions of their own exemption from the like calamity, or from hatred of all or most men. A similar exposition is furnished of the other passions. Love, for example, has a selfish motive; it is simply the desire of a certain object for our own gratification. And when we laugh, it is from a sense of our superiority to somebody.

This narrow philosophy, which strikes at the root of all that is best and loftiest in human nature, Hobbes, in his work, "*De Corpore Politico*," applied to the body politic. He affirmed the natural equality of men, and their right to an equal possession of all things. But differing as they do in strength and passions, while each thinks well of himself but hates to see the same egotism in others, they fall into contention. In this natural liberty the state of man is a state of war, and therefore irresistible might is right. He is thus forced into the adoption of civil institutions as a means of self-defence, and sacrifices some of his rights in order to preserve the others. Might being right in the state of nature, one man might acquire the rights of conquest over another, just as we have done over the lower animals. Conquest, or else mutual agreement, has led to the establishment of various systems of government, such as the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical. To Hobbes the monarchical seemed to offer the most advantages, or perhaps it is more correct to say, the fewest disadvantages.

The views propounded by Hobbes, materialistic in morals and absolutist in politics, were challenged by numerous pens, as Cudworth, Shaftesbury, Bishop Butler, Lord Kames, and Stewart. Their unsoundness is now generally admitted. But all critics agree in admiring the force and lucidity with which they are stated; and the student who would trace the historical developments of moral philosophy in England must undoubtedly make himself acquainted with his writings. Hume, however, has passed a severe condemnation upon them. Their politics, he says, are fitted only to encourage tyranny; their ethics to encourage licentiousness. "Though an enemy to religion, he partakes nothing of the spirit of scepticism, but is as positive and dogmatical as if human reason, and his reason in particular, could obtain a thorough conviction in these subjects. Clearness and propriety of style are the chief excellences of Hobbes's writings." Hume, however, omits to state that the philosopher's mind was essentially strong and original; that he owed nothing to any predecessor; that all his coin came out of his own mint. The metal may not have been of the best,



but the die was sharply wrought and the impression clean cut. It is one of the recommendations of such books as "The Leviathan" that it compels its readers to think; for we are apt to glide into a sleepy state of mind if we read always to acquiesce and never to dispute.

The influence of Bacon is apparent in the works of the Hon. Robert Boyle (1627-91), one of the founders of the Royal Society, a man of an ingenious mind, with a quick observant faculty. His reflections are generally sound and sensible, but an entire absence of literary skill has been fatal to the longevity of his writings. It is not enough that a man should have something to say; he should know how to say it so that men will be willing or compelled to listen. His "Occasional Reflections upon Several Subjects" seem to have suggested some of the magazine essays "concerning this" and "concerning that," which are now so popular. They were ridiculed by Swift in his "Meditations upon a Broomstick." His "Christian Virtuoso" is, however, a book of higher calibre. It is to the credit of John Ray (1628-1705), the naturalist, that by his once popular work on "The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation" he suggested to Paley the idea of his "Natural Theology," and did much to formulate and make clear that "argument from design," which later reasoners have used with so much effect. In this connection I may mention the great English Platonist, Dr. Henry More (1614-87), because he was fond of enlarging in his works on the Divine teachings of the visible world. More, during his residence at Cambridge, read Plato eagerly, and the New Platonists, Plotinus and Iamblichus, with their refined mysticisms, and the Florentine Platonists, until he was completely saturated with a form of religious philosophy now known as Christian Platonism.<sup>1</sup> He was only twenty-eight when he published his *Ψυχολογία Platonica*; or, a Platonical Song of the Soul, in four books. Five years later (1647) he reissued it, with prefaces and interpretations, under the title of "Philosophical Poems." These are four in number:—1. *Psychozoia* ("The Life of the Soul"); 2. *Psychathanasia* ("The Immortality of the Soul," annexed to which is a metrical "Essay upon the Infinity of Worlds out of Platonical Principles"); 3. *Antipsychopanuzychia* ("A Confutation of the Sleep of the Soul after Death," to which is appended "The Pre-Existency of the Soul"); and 4. *Antimonopsychia* ("A Confutation of the Unity of Souls," with a "Paraphrase upon Apollo's Answer concerning Plotinus his Soul departed this Life"). These poems throughout are written in the Spenserian stanza, but, unfortunately, without the exquisite Spenserian fancy and music. There are occasional fine passages, but the verse is generally rug-

<sup>1</sup> A fanciful theory, to which we owe Wordsworth's magnificent ode on "The Intimations of Immortality in Childhood."

<sup>2</sup> He was also largely influenced by Tauler's "Theologia Germanica," a book which had a strong attraction for Luther.

ged, involved, and barren, while the meaning could hardly have been got at but for the notes and interpretations supplied by More himself.

“Nor ladies’ loves, nor knights’ brave martial deeds,  
Y wrapt in rolls of hid antiquitie;  
But th’ inward fountain and the unseen seeds,  
From whence are these, and what so under eye  
Doth fall, or is record in memorie,  
*Psyche*, I’ll sing. *Psyche*! from thee they sprong,  
O life of Time and all Alterity!  
The life of lives instill his nectar strong,  
My soul t’ inebriate, while I sing *Psyche*’s song.”

A careful and lucid examination of More’s philosophico-religious system will be found in Principal Tulloch’s “Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century.” Principal Tulloch says:—“More’s writings, largely as they bulk in his life, and deeply interesting as some of them are to the religious and philosophical student, have long ceased to exert any influence. They never became literature. None of them have even attained the sort of dignified prominence accorded to Cudworth’s ‘Intellectual System,’ which is eminently one of those books which people agree in highly respecting without thinking of reading. As to their reception in his own age, . . . some of the most characteristic seem to have been the most popular, and amongst these may be mentioned the ‘Antidote against Atheism,’ his first prose publication, in 1652, and the essay on the ‘Immortality of the Soul,’ along with his two extended treatises, the ‘Grand Mystery of Godliness’ and the ‘Mystery of Iniquity,’ the former of which was published in the year of the Restoration, and the latter four years later. But of all his writings, the only one which can be said to have retained any literary popularity, or to be commendable to the modern reader, is his ‘Divine Dialogues.’” Dr. Blair, in his “Lectures on Rhetoric,” characterises this volume as “one of the most remarkable in the English language. Though the style be now in some measure obsolete, and the speakers be marked with the academic stiffness of those times, yet the dialogue is animated by a variety of character and a sprightliness of conversation beyond what are commonly met with in writings of this kind.” In Principal Tulloch’s opinion, the “Divine Dialogues” are the most interesting and readable of all More’s works, and they have certainly this advantage, that they present all the leading features of his theosophic system. A man must have a great deal of time on his hands, and an extraordinary capacity for digesting the aridest food, if he can read through the “Philosophical Poems,” which have very little of poetry and not much of philosophy; but the student should certainly make an effort to master the “Dialogues.”

To the Cambridge School of Rational Theologians, of which More was so illustrious a member, I shall refer hereafter. I must

now, in due observance of chronological order, direct the student's attention to Bishop Jeremy Taylor (1613-67), who, born a year before Henry More, died twenty years before him. The son of a poor Cambridge barber, he was educated at a free school; entered Caius College as a sizar or poor scholar; took holy orders; preached at St. Paul's; attracted the attention and secured the friendship of Archbishop Laud, whose chaplain he became; was made rector of Uppingham, and one of the King's chaplains; adhered to the Royal cause, and was deprived of his living; published his "Episcopacy Asserted," and, at the age of twenty-nine, was rewarded with the degree of D.D.; endured a short imprisonment; was befriended by Lord and Lady Carbery, of Golden Grove, near Llanvihangel, in which quiet Carmarthenshire village he lived for some peaceful years, and wrote his "Liberty of Propheying," his "Great Exemplar," his "Holy Living," his "Sermons," his "Golden Grove" manual of devotion, his "Unum Necessarium," his "Ductor Dubitantium, or the Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures;" at the Restoration was made Bishop of Down and Connor, with Dromore; and closed a laborious, holy, and chequered life, darkened by much domestic affliction, in 1667, the year of the publication of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Of all our theological and devotional writers, Taylor is perhaps the most attractive. He could not write poetry, but he wrote prose like a poet, with a poet's richness of fancy, a poet's copiousness of imagery, and a poet's ear for the melody of language. Says Hazlitt:—"His writings are more like fine poetry than any other prose whatever; they are a choral song in praise of virtue, and a hymn to the Spirit of the Universe." For myself, I read and re-read them, with an ever-deepening sense of the beauty of their ideas and the felicity of their language. The "Holy Living and Dying" is almost perfect as a manual of devotion. As for the "Sermons" and the "Life of Christ," they make the finest reading imaginable. They are rich in lyrical graces of expression, which linger in the memory like strains of remembered music. Elsewhere, speaking of Jeremy Taylor as divine, writer, preacher, and theologian, I have remarked that in all four capacities he exhibited the same wonderful affluence of diction, richness and solidity of thought, copiousness and variety of illustration. In all he exhibited the same well-balanced judgment and dislike of extremes—a dislike which sometimes led him, after the utterance of a strong statement, to qualify it in a later work. In all he exhibited the same liberal and enlightened spirit, and the same disregard of forces when balanced against verities. As to his style, "the mind, the music" breathing in it commands universal admiration. When every deduction has been made by the most censorious, when we have admitted his occasional exuberance, the confusion of his images, his introduction of what to our modern taste seems grotesque and offensive.

he remains beyond all question one of the three or four greatest masters of English prose. There is a harmony, a rich rhythmical movement, in his sentences which cannot be surpassed. They have the "swelling-note" and sonorous cadences of the organ. More plastic than the rhetoric of Gibbon, his style is more sweeping than that of Hooker, and more majestic than that of South. Sir Thomas Browne approaches Taylor nearer than does any other English writer, but he lacks his poetical sensibilities and his picturesque allusiveness. This allusiveness, as the student will not fail to remark, is one of his most striking features. Images, similes, metaphors, illustrations, came to him naturally from the treasures of his reading, his experience, and his observation. Yet not less striking is the grandeur of his conceptions. He seems to have lived always in a high pure atmosphere of thought. The greatest ideas were his ordinary food. He dealt with them as easily as meaner minds deal with their little commonplaces. Pathos, terror, sublimity, tenderness, each chord of the manifold lyre, he touched with equal skill. He was master alike of the serene pencil of Claude and the deep vivid colouring of Salvator Rosa. He could paint scenes which even Dante could hardly equal for horror or Spenser for sweetness.

Of the "Holy Living and Dying," the most popular of Taylor's works—the most popular (as it is incomparably the best) of all English devotional works—it is difficult to speak in adequate terms of praise. How many hearts have been soothed by its pages! How many consciences have been touched! How many souls have been encouraged and lifted up! When John Wesley had read the chapter on "Purity of Intention," he was so moved, so overcome, that thenceforth he resolved to dedicate all his life to God, all his thoughts and words and actions, "being thoroughly convinced that there was no medium, but that every part of life must either be a sacrifice to God or to himself." It has been not inaptly said that the "Holy Living and Dying" are the "Paradise Lost and Regained" of devotional literature, with their sublimity strain softened by the simpler beauty of the Christian "Allegro" and "Penseroso." With Keble we are ready to say, "*Audiamus jam illum bene beateque vivendi ac moriendi Antistitem.*" To the sick, the despondent, the weary, the broken spirit, the fainting heart, the trustful soul, the blitheness of youth, the contentedness of old age, the aspiration of manhood, they bring a blessing and a balm. In those wonderful pages Taylor speaks as if his lips had been touched with a live coal from the altar of God. They glow with light and warmth; they are bright with heaven's sunshine; they seem to throb with soft echoes of heavenly music. "All images of rural delight; the rose and the lily; the lark at heaven's gate; the various accidents of sun and shade; the shadows of trees, the gilding of clouds, the murmuring of waters, whatever charms the eye, or comforts the heart, or enchants the

ear, is collected in these pictures of the religious character." And with all this sweetness there is no effeminacy, as with all his strictness of discipline there is no asceticism. If Taylor appeal to the heart and the soul, he appeals also to the intellect, the understanding. He is invariably practical and genuine; his earnestness never evaporates into a vague and dreamy enthusiasm.

William Chillingworth (1602-44), who had Laud for his godfather in baptism but not in theological belief, at one time joined the Roman Church; repented and returned to the Church of England; after which, in 1637, he published his "Religion of Protestants: A Safe Way to Salvation." The student will find an outline of its argument, which is large and liberal, in the Rev. John Hunt's "History of Religious Thought." Its three principal points are: that appeal in theological disputes can be made only to Scripture; that no Church has the gift of infallibility; that all the essential tenets of the Christian's faith are embodied in the Apostles' Creed. It was one of the very earliest and most powerful pleas for that religious tolerance which Jeremy Taylor also advocated in his "Liberty of Prophesying."

To the Cambridge School of Rational or Moderate Theologians—or, as we may more fitly call them, Religious Liberals—belonged Dr. Ralph Cudworth (1617-88), who for some thirty years was Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge. We owe to him a learned and vigorous counterblast against Atheism, Hobbism, and other forms of sceptical thought, entitled "The Two Intellectual Systems of the Universe," published in 1678. The principles which he lays down are these:—First, "That all things in the world do not float without a head and governor, but that there is a God, an omnipotent, understanding being, presiding over all." Secondly, "That this God being essentially good and just, there is something in its own nature immutably and eternally just and unjust, and not by arbitrary law, will, and command only." And, lastly, "That we are so far first principals or masters of our own actions as to be accountable to justice for them, or to make us guilty and blameworthy for what we do amiss, and to deserve punishment accordingly." From this it will be seen that Cudworth maintains that freedom of the human will which Hobbes in his "Leviathan" had sought to reduce to the shadow of a shade.

Another, and not the least eminent, of the Cambridge School, was Benjamin Whichcote (1610-83), who, as Provost of King's College, impressed his own mode of thought both upon the rising generation of students and his own colleagues in the University. Principal Tulloch speaks of him, perhaps in slightly exaggerated language, as having founded "the new school of philosophical theology," though this school is chiefly known by the works of more copious writers. "Like many eminent teachers, his person-

ality and the general force of his mental character were obviously greater than his intellectual productiveness. A few volumes of sermons are nearly all that survive of his labours to help us to understand them. Yet his sermons, comparatively neglected as they have been, are amongst the most thoughtful in the English language, pregnant with meaning, not only for his own, but for all time." They form four volumes, and unquestionably are well worth the reader's careful attention; but I think he will learn more of Whichcote himself from his "Moral and Religious Aphorisms," which exhibit an extraordinary condensation of thought.

In 1653 Richard Baxter, whom Laud's ecclesiastical high-handedness had driven into Nonconformity, published his "Saint's Everlasting Rest," a book which to this day has retained its popularity among religionists of the austere type. As much may be said, perhaps, of his "Call to the Unconverted." Boswell records, as Dr. Johnson's reply to his question what works of Richard Baxter he should read,—“Read any of them; they are all good;” but there is more to be read nowadays than in Johnson's time, and I cannot advise the student to spend much labour upon them. His most interesting work is his autobiography, entitled “A Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of my Life and Time,” which was a great favourite with Coleridge. John Howe's “Living Temple” has a strong flavour of Calvinism. Of John Bunyan's glorious allegory of “The Pilgrim's Progress” (1678) not a word need be said; it is the favourite of old age, as of childhood; of the scholar, as of the peasant. Less popular is “The Holy War, made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the Regaining of the Metropolis of the World; or, the Losing and Retaking of Mansoul” (1682), but in some passages it reaches as high a strain as the elder allegory. “Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners” is autobiographical, and a curious study in psychology.

Pleasant memories are awakened by the name of Thomas Fuller (1608–61), the quaint, witty, and wise author of “The History of the Holy War,” “The Holy and Profane States,” “The Church History of Britain,” and “The Worthies of England.” Few writers are more successful in engaging the reader's attention, because few have so happy an art of putting an old truth in a new light, or of surprising the reader by some unexpected turn, or confidence, or “aside.” Though his style seems loaded with affectation, no writer is more truly natural; his quaintness is part of himself; his quips spring spontaneously from a shrewd and observant intelligence, which has been carefully cultivated. Look below the surface of his conceits and you will always find some liberal sentiment or sagacious reflection, as when he calls a negro “the image of God cut in ebony,” or observes that “’Tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches,” or that “Moderation is the

silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues." The "Holy and Profane States" exhibit Fuller's knowledge of mankind in the clean-cut characters which they put forward by way of warning or encouragement.

In 1677, ten years after the death of Jeremy Taylor, sixteen after the death of Fuller, died Dr. Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity College, and Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University, whom Charles II., no bad judge, pronounced "the best scholar in England." Not as scholar or mathematician, however, does he claim our notice, but as one of the most eminent of the Anglican divines and theologians, in whom we may see the best growth and fruit of the English Church. His works, as edited by the Rev. A. Napier, occupy nine moderate-sized volumes; the old edition, familiar to me in my youth, was in three ponderous folios. The theological portion consists chiefly of "Sermons." Generally speaking, sermons are a very fugitive kind of literature; they have as short a life as political pamphlets or poems "published at the request of friends;" but those of Dr. Barrow will last as long as English literature itself, because their merits have gained them a place among the standards of that literature. Charles II. said of Barrow that he was "an unfair preacher, because he exhausted every subject, leaving nothing for any person that came after him to say," and this will be noted by the student as the special mark of his sermons. They survey the subject from every point of view; it is looked at first in one light and then in another; it is probed to the very heart, and examined in all its various colours. "Every sermon," says a recent writer, "is exhaustive, in the sense of being a comprehensive discussion of all the component parts of his subject. He goes through them all, one by one, step by step, and places each in its right position. The process, it must be owned, is sometimes tedious, but it must also be allowed that the result, in the hands of a strong and laborious workman like Barrow, is vastly impressive. When the quarry is exhausted, and all the stones are in their appointed places, we have a massive and a solid edifice before us, complete from its foundations to its roof, and strongly compacted in every part." For my part, I do not think that Barrow's sermons, with all their comprehensiveness, and all their solidity of thought, are ever dull or tedious reading; their style is so strong, clear, exact, and decisive. It is that of a man who feels perfectly master of his subject and of himself, who has attempted nothing which he cannot easily perform. There is none of the opulent splendour of Taylor's richly-coloured diction, but then there is the utmost transparency; the current is full and strenuous, but you can see to the bottom of it.

As a theologian, Barrow meddles little with dogma, nor does he deal with any of the subtler questions that perplex inquiring and restless minds. He is the preacher, *par excellence*, of a practical

religion, the religion of every-day life. He says himself :<sup>1</sup> "Religion consisteth not in fair profession and glorious pretences, but in real practice ; not in a pretentious adherence to any sect or party, but in a sincere love of goodness and dislike of naughtiness ; not in a nice orthodoxy, but in a sincere love of truth, in a hearty approbation of, and compliance with, the doctrines fundamentally good and necessary to be believed ; not in harsh censuring and virulently inveighing against others, but in carefully amending our own ways ; not in a furious zeal for or against trivial circumstances, but in a conscionable practising the substantial parts of religion." This is the keynote of Barrow's teaching, the character of which may be conjectured further from the subjects of some of his sermons:—"Upright Walking Sure Walking," "The Folly of Slander," "Not to Offend in Word," "Against Foolish Talking and Jestings," "Of Contentment," "Of Industry," "Of Being Imitators of Christ."

One of Barrow's most distinguished contemporaries in the English Church was Dr. Robert South (1633-1716), a brilliant scholar and a powerful preacher, but a man of narrow views and bitter prejudices, who adulated the right divine of kings and hated Dissenters with an ungovernable hatred. Born three years later than Barrow, he survived him just half a century ; but age did not teach him moderation ; to the last he indulged in the most violent invectives against his opponents. He had none of Barrow's fine temper, calm judgment, and profound religious feeling. To what extremes his passionate genius carried him you may see in his controversy with Sherlock on the doctrine of the Trinity. Still, with all abatements, he was a man of rare intellectual power, a master of analysis and method, endowed with great gifts of expression, and possessed of a sharp and ready wit. His use of homely illustrations reminds one of Latimer, but Latimer had neither South's culture nor his terse, vigorous, sinewy style. With a little moral enthusiasm and something of the poet's divine faculty of imagination, South would have taken, not the first place among English preachers, for that I should still allot to Jeremy Taylor, but, at all events, the second, which, as it is, I think must be given to Barrow.

Of the copiousness and fine humour of his style it is almost impossible to give an idea, but I shall quote a few pithy sentences:—"He who owes all his good-nature to the pot and pipe, to the jollity and compliances of merry company, may possibly go to bed with a wonderful stock of good-nature overnight, but then he will sleep it all away again before the morning." . . . "Love is the great instrument and engine of Nature, the bond and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe. Love is such an affection as cannot so properly be said to be in the soul as the

<sup>1</sup> The following quotation is much condensed.



soul to be in that." . . . "The understanding arbitrated upon all the reports of sense and all the varieties of imagination, not like a drowsy judge only hearing, but directing the verdict." . . . "Questionless, when Christ says that a scribe must be stocked with things new and old, we must not think that He meant that he should have a hoard of old sermons (whosoever made them), with a bundle of new opinions; for this certainly would have furnished out such entertainment to his spiritual guest as no rightly-disposed palate could ever relish." . . . "It is wonderful to consider how a command or call to be liberal, either upon a civil or religious account, all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing, who, at the very same instant, want nothing to spend."

The succession of great philosophical writers which Hobbes continued from Bacon was taken up from Hobbes by John Locke (1632-1704), whose celebrated work, "*An Essay concerning Human Understanding*" (1690), whether we accept its system or reject it, we must be willing to include among the masterpieces of intellectual reasoning. Its composition occupied its author eighteen years, and its scope is far wider than its title implies. In the first of the four books into which it is divided, Locke treats of innate ideas, the existence of which in the mind he absolutely denies. He argues that God having endowed man with powerful faculties of knowing, was no more obliged by His goodness to implant innate ideas in his mind than, after giving him reason, hands, and materials, to build for him a house or a bridge. Have we then no innate conviction of the existence of a God? Locke replies that His existence is made so manifest by the signs of wisdom, power, and design in creation, that no reasonable being who reflects can miss the recognition of a Divine Creator. In the second book Locke traces the origin of our ideas, simple and complex, to reason and reflection; in the third, he dwells upon the utility of languages and signs as the instruments of truth; and, in the fourth, he defines the various arguments he has brought forward, and applies them to the province of the understanding. Knowledge, he says, can extend only so far as we have ideas, and is the perception of the conviction and agreement or rejection and disagreement of any of these ideas. The limit may seem narrow, and yet our knowledge does not reach so far. Through the channel of reason, and by the comparison of clear and distinct ideas exactly named, we acquire knowledge. It springs only from certain and visible truth; and when this cannot be had, we must fall back upon our judgment, and determine our degree of assent to any proposition by reference to the probabilities; the foundation of error lying here in wrong measures of probability, as it may also consist in wrong judgment upon matters of knowledge. The witness of God, who cannot err,

makes an assured revelation the highest certainty. Assurance that the testimony is indeed from God establishes faith; "which as absolutely determines our minds, and as perfectly excludes all wavering as our knowledge itself, and we may as well doubt of our own being as we can whether any revelation from God be true." God has given us reason to discover all that is deducible from human experience; what lies beyond that experience must be the subject of a revelation *above* reason, but not *contrary to it*. Locke concludes by dividing the objects of human knowledge into three classes—1. The study of Nature, which is, in the widest sense, a man's contemplation of things themselves for the discovery of truth. 2. Practical applications, a man's contemplation of the things in his own power for the attainment of his ends; and, 3. Man's contemplation of the signs, chiefly words, that are employed by the mind in the two preceding categories, and the right management of them for its clearer information. All which things—viz., *things*, as they are in themselves knowable; *actions*, as they depend on us in order to happiness; and the *right use of signs* in order to knowledge—being *toto cœlo* different, they seemed to him to be the three great provinces of the intellectual world, wholly separate and distinct one from another.

Locke's was one of the clearest and most logical intellects ever vouchsafed to man. It broke through all the fetters of conventionalism and tradition, and reasoned out its own conclusions; it detected, like Ithuriel's spear, every kind of falsehood and pretence, and penetrated to the reality underneath. In some respects it reminds one of John Stuart Mill's, but it was broader, more sympathetic, and less influenced by an impatience of authority. Its work was to do for Englishmen morally and religiously in the region of thought and reflection what the Revolution of 1688 did for them politically and socially. In his "Three Letters concerning Toleration" (1689), Locke contended strenuously for that religious freedom which has now become a patriotic commonplace, though, perhaps, even yet it is not realised so fully as Locke desired; defining "a Church" as "a voluntary society of men joining themselves together of their own accord, in order to the public worshipping of God in such manner as they judge acceptable and effectual to Him to the salvation of their souls;" and he claimed for every Church the same measure of liberty. "The civil government," he argued, "can give no new light to the Church, nor the Church to the civil government. So that whether the magistrate join himself to any Church or separate from it, the Church remains always as it was before—a free and voluntary society. It neither acquires the power of the sword by the magistrate coming to it, nor does it lose the right of instruction and excommunication by his going from it. But in all Churches the magistrate can forbid that to be done which is not lawful to be done anywhere, because it injures some member of the com-

monwealth in that which it is the business of the civil government to protect—his life or estate.”

The broad principles that governed his views of the relation of the State to different Churches, and of the members of those Churches to one another, Locke, in his “Two Treatises of Government” (1689-90), applies to the relations of individuals to the supreme governor. In the first he opposes the doctrine of absolute monarchy; and in the second he lays down the rules that make the foundation of civil government. All men are born free and equal, as the “judicious Hooker” had already acknowledged. But equality and freedom are not compatible with a state of licence. Reason, which is a law of nature, teaches that, as a necessary condition of every man’s freedom and independence, no one must interfere with another in his life, health, liberty, or prosperity. After providing for his own security, the natural law requires that every man shall contribute to the general safety; and into every man’s hand lies the execution of such natural law on all who injure their neighbours, so far as may be needed to prevent a recurrence of offence or to secure a reparation of mischief done. This natural law prevails until men voluntarily become members of some organised community. According to Locke, the state of war is not the state of nature, but an interference with its first conditions. For if A. make an attempt to get B. into his absolute power, he does by that very act put himself in a state of war with him. To avoid this state of war is one great reason why men abandon the state of nature and associate together. Inasmuch as a man has no power over his own life, he has no right to enslave himself to any one by agreement; for no one can give what is not his own. Slavery is simply the state of war prolonged between a lawful conqueror and a captive. The earth and its goods are common to all men, but every man has a property in himself and in the labour of his body. An apple gathered upon common ground belongs to him who undergoes the labour of gathering it; and though the water in the stream belongs to all, that in the pitcher belongs to him who drew it out. God set apart the earth for man’s inheritance. When its natural fruits were the chief source of wealth, no one man had a right to more than he could properly make use of; only to as much land as he could till—to as much fruit as he or his family could consume or distribute to others, or put by as a provision for future necessities. He was not entitled to claim land that he could not cultivate, or gather up fruit only to let it rot. But the invention of money, as a sign of value in itself, not liable to decay, rendered possible the accumulation of the wealth derived from labour, and the foundation of large properties, to which the primary right arose from labour. By the amassing of durable things these properties grew and expanded; for the bounds of just property are

exceeded, not by the mere largeness of possession, but by the perishing of anything in it uselessly.

Locke then proceeds to define and justify paternal power and to explain the principles of civil government. Against absolute monarchy he makes a strong protest, as not a form of civil government at all; because an absolute monarch, he says, is in the state of nature with reference to those under his sway. His subjects are exposed to all kinds of wrong at the hands of one who, being in the uncontrolled state of nature, is yet corrupted by flattery and armed with power. Political societies are formed by the consent of the majority, chiefly for the protection of the property of their members. Each such society stands in need of an established law, and of an impartial judge with the means of carrying out his sentences: in other words, it requires a power legislative and a power executive. The supreme authority is the legislative, which is limited only by the law of God and Nature; it is held in trust, however, from the people, and the people can remove or change the legislature if it prove unfaithful to the trust reposed in it. As for the executive, if it attempt to coerce the legislative, it thereby places itself in a state of war with the people. Such is a brief outline of the arguments of Locke's famous treatise, which is, in fact, a philosopher's justification of the Revolution of 1688. It should be read along with John Stuart Mill's essay upon Liberty. Locke wrote also "Some Thoughts Concerning Education" (1693), which manifest the same lucidity of intellect, breadth of view, and calmness of temper. Their scope is exceedingly comprehensive, and from them have been derived the suggestions which have operated in producing our principal educational reforms.

"There are two books from whence I collect my divinity. Besides that written one of God, another of his servant, Nature, that universal and public manuscript that lies expanded unto the eyes of all. Those that never saw Him in the one have discovered Him in the other: this was the scripture and theology of the heathens; the natural motion of the sun made them more admire Him than its supernatural station did the children of Israel. The ordinary effects of Nature wrought more admiration in them than in the other all His miracles. Surely the heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters than we Christians, who cast a more careless eye on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to seek divinity from the flowers of Nature." This brief passage is by Sir Thomas Browne (1605-82), from whose writings a hundred such passages, equally liberal in thought and magnificent in language, might easily be extracted. For the author of the "Religio Medici" (1642), and the "Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors," the "Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial," and the "Garden of Cyrus, or Quincuncial Lozenge, or Network Plantations of the Ancients" (1658), is one of our greatest masters of English prose, as well as a

thinker of strong and original intellect. "Rich in various knowledge," says Coleridge, "exuberant in conceptions and conceits; contemplative, imaginative, often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction, though doubtless too often big, stiff, and hyper-Latinistic, he is a quiet and sublime *enthusiast*, with a strong tinge of the *fantast*—the humourist constantly mingling with and flashing across the philosopher, as the darting colours in shot-silk play upon the main dye." Scientific errors are of no infrequent occurrence in his writings, but they were the errors of his time. On most points of religion and morality he was far in advance of his contemporaries (at least, with some few exceptions); and his breadth and elevation of thought are not less conspicuous than his originality. No man has depended less upon others; he built from his own design with his own materials. The structure thus raised has its quaint ornaments, its gable here and its gargoyle there; but it is thoroughly sound and solid, with lofty span of roof and heaven-aspiring pinnacles. Moreover, it is completely and compactly wrought, the workmanship being always of the best; no part left unfinished, and no part requiring to be buttressed from without. Sir Thomas Browne is one of those writers whom the student must by no means neglect. His fine ideas, his copious reflections, his novel and striking images, will repay him for any attention he may give; nor will he fail to profit by the intense religious sentiment which is always present, though never obtrusively put forward. The last words of his "*Religio Medici*" may be quoted in illustration:—"Bless me in this life with but the peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of Thyself and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity Cæsar! These are, O Lord, the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happiness on earth, wherein I set no rule or limit to Thy hand or providence; dispose of me according to the wisdom of Thy pleasure. Thy will be done, though in my own undoing."

Christian apologetics found a learned and moderate exponent in Dr. Samuel Clarke of Norwich (1675-1729), to whose writings Pope, in his "*Essay on Man*," was considerably indebted. His lectures on the "Being and Attributes of God" and "The Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion" are still worth perusal for the sake of the ingenious *à priori* argument for the existence of a God, originally suggested by Newton; but Clarke is nowadays remembered chiefly by his "Defence of the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul." Scepticism since Clarke's time has shifted its ground and changed its mode of attack. Clarke's writings, therefore, however useful in their time, are of no value against the prevailing forms of Agnosticism. As for his ethical system, briefly stated, it is this:—Virtue is nothing more nor less than the ordering of our conduct in harmony with those aptitudes which we perceive in things; but this implies that we must first

distinction between what is morally good and morally evil. "There are," he says, "certain necessary and eternal differences of things, and certain fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of different things, or different relations one to another, not depending on any positive institutions, but founded unchangeably in the nature and reason of things, and unavoidably arising from the differences of the things themselves." Clarke's works were collected and edited by Bishop Hoadley, who, while holding the see of Bangor, provoked the once famous Bangorian controversy by his sermon, preached before George I. in 1717, on "The Nature of the Kingdom of Christ," its liberality of tone drawing down on its author the censure of the Lower House of Convocation. About six years after this fierce theological warfare had subsided, Dr. Daniel Waterland published his "Critical History of the Athanasian Creed," which is still recognised as a standard authority; and in the same year with Hoadley's celebrated discourse was issued Dr. Humphrey Prideaux's very useful and erudite work, "The Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament," which was so well done that it has not been superseded by the efforts of any later writers on this subject.

Turning from theology to metaphysics, the first name that arrests our notice is that of Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury (1691-1713), the grandson of that astute and ambitious politician whom Dryden has celebrated as "Zimri." His seven different treatises have been collected under the general title of "*Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times*," and contain the germ of the moral system which Hutcheson, Reid, Dugald Stewart, and Thomas Brown have adopted and expanded. His leading principle seems to be that virtue and vice are distinct, fundamentally and by nature, and that the distinction between them is readily appreciated by man through his possession of a "moral sense," which acts altogether independently of considerations of self-interest. Conscience is with him a natural sense of the odiousness of crime and injustice. In opposition to Hobbes, he maintains that man is so constituted as naturally to desire the cultivation of generous and unselfish affections, and to prefer all that is pure, sweet, and comely to things harsh, dishonest, or corrupt. It has been contended that Shaftesbury was an enemy to Christianity, and Pope declared that to his knowledge the "*Characteristics*" had done much harm to revealed religion. But it is difficult to see why this should have been so. Their tendency is to encourage the practice of virtue, and whatever encourages virtue subserves the cause of Christianity. On several points Shaftesbury's opinions seem to have been unsettled; but there can be no doubt as to the lucid force with which he states an argument, or as to the elegance, precision, and dignity of his style.

To Dr. George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne (1684-1753), Pope.

in a graceful but not undeserved compliment, ascribed "every virtue under heaven;" and his life is, indeed, a pure, tranquil, and unblotted record. He is remembered chiefly by his metaphysical system, much talked of but little read, which Byron has attempted to dispose of in a satirical couplet:—

"When Bishop Berkeley said, 'There was no matter,'  
And proved it, 'twas no matter what he said."

Erroneous it certainly was; but in all error there is an admixture of truth, and in Berkeley's system there was a good deal. Moreover, in its day it was useful as a protest against materialistic theories, and an effort to prove a just and lofty conception of man in his relation to God. His principal philosophical writings are—"Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous" and "Alciphron, the Minute Philosopher," which is also cast in the form of dialogues. In these he attempts to show that all sensible qualities or external things, such as hardness, softness, cold, heat, and the like, are simply ideas—ideas of the mind, and incapable of existence in any insentient substance; but this is to place us in a world of unrealities and shadows, where "things are not what they seem." Accepting these ideas, not as states of the individual mind, but as separate entities existing in it, and capable of existing in other minds, but in them alone, and conceiving that they did not perish when they temporarily passed away because they recurred after a longer or shorter interval, he inferred the necessary existence of the Deity; for it became a matter of necessity that during the intervals of recurrence they should dwell in some Omnipresent Mind. To this hypothesis the objection is fatal, that ideas are nothing more than the effects produced upon the mind by certain causes, and that not one of them lasts longer than the cause which produces the effect. To assert that our ideas exist in the Divine Mind is only to say that our mind itself exists in the Divine Mind. The sensation of colour is not something apart from or in addition to the mind, but the mind existing in a certain state, that is, as affected by a certain cause.

"God, who placed us here, will do what He pleases with us hereafter, and He knows best what to do." These were the last words of the brilliant Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678–1751), and, as Mr. Morley says, they embody the religion professed in his "Philosophical Writings," which everywhere betray the influence of French models. Bolingbroke's style is brilliant; his sentiments are often judicious; but his views are vague and not always consistent. It is generally held that Pope derived from him the outline of the system which he sets forth in the "Essay on Man." Except from a literary point of view, I do not think that Bolingbroke should detain the student. He will find matter more attractive, or at all events more profitable, in the great work of Bishop Butler (1692–1752), which annihilated the speculations of

both the would-be philosopher and the poet—the “Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature,” published in 1736, three years before John Wesley began his ministerial career. To this day it has remained unapproached and unapproachable. Butler’s answer serves for those sceptical questioners who reject the evidence of the Bible, and remain unshaken by miracles and prophecies; it is based on the analogies of Nature, and is argued with the finest ingenuity and the happiest candour. If, he says, you deny the Divine inspiration of the Scripture because of certain difficulties connected with it, you may as well deny the Divine origin of Nature because there are difficulties involved in its constitution. But if both spring from God we shall not wonder at their presence; the wonder rather would be, even on this lower ground of adaptation to the human intelligence, there should not be discovered the impress of the same hand whose *works* we can trace only to a limited distance, and whose *word* equally transcends on some points the weak endeavour of unassisted reason.

Bishop Butler’s sermons are not less valuable than the “Analogy.” As the latter presents a complete system of Christian apologetics, so the former lay down the principles of an ethical system. Both are built upon the same lines. As in the one he proves the truth of revealed religion from the analogy of human nature, so in the other he proves the authority of Christian ethics from the analogy of humankind. Christian ethics have for their Jachin and Boaz, their two main props or pillars, love of God and love of our neighbour. If the heart of man respond to this twofold demand, we may reasonably conclude that the God who created man is the God who has given His authority to the moral law. The sermons thus corroborate and extend the apologetical argument of the “Analogy,” while making an entirely novel application of it. “When he vindicates a place among the principles of our nature for benevolence or goodwill towards our neighbour—a principle which rests in our neighbour’s happiness as its end—and shows that because this ‘benevolence, though natural in man to man, yet is in a very low degree, kept down by interest and competitions, and men for the most part are so engaged in the business and pleasures of the world as to overlook and turn away from objects of misery,’ therefore compassion is also given us to back up benevolence in case of the distressed, ‘to gain the unhappy admittance and access, and to make their case attended to;’ when he points out the correspondence of compassion with our circumstances as placed in a world of sorrow, and where men have much more power of doing mischief to one another than good; when he scatters to the winds the over-subtle theories of the selfish philosophers, that benevolence is nothing more than delight in the exercise of power and compassion—nothing more than fear for ourselves in disguise—he not only brings evidence to the wisdom and bene-



fidence of the Creator, but also elicits from our nature an independent testimony to the morality of the Gospel, which is said in various parts of Holy Scripture to be all summed up in love." While thus making clear the path in which, as both Scripture and our nature show, our duty lies, Butler does not forget to press upon us the performance of our duty, to urge us to walk in that straight if narrow path. Not only do we discover the mark of the Creative Power in the structure of the mind, but His footsteps are plain for the guidance of our conduct in daily life, and in these footsteps Butler exhorts us to plant our feet. The whole is summed up in the following passage:—"As all observations of final causes, drawn from the principles of action in the heart of man, compared with the condition he is placed in, serve all the good cases which instances of final causes in the material world about us do, and both these are equally proof of wisdom and design in the Author of Nature; so the former serve to further good purposes; they show us what course of life we are made for, what is our duty, and in a peculiar manner enforce upon us the practice of it."

The amazing richness of English literature in every department of thought renders extremely difficult the work of selection—the work of choosing what *must* be read, what *should* be read, and what *may not* be read. In the second category—that is, among books to be read if the student's leisure and opportunities permit—I am inclined to place Bishop Warburton's "Divine Legation of Moses," in which with abundant learning and equal ingenuity, he attempts to prove the authenticity of the mission of the Jewish lawgiver from the fact that his religious system nowhere takes cognition of the principle of a future state of rewards and punishments. For its argument the book is valueless, but it is worth reading as the *tour de force* of a man of erudition and ability. The Bishop, however, is more likely to be remembered as the friend of Pope and the editor of Shakespeare than as a theologian. "A Serious Call to a Holy Life," by the Rev. William Law, published in 1729, like the Rev. James Hervey's "Meditations on the Tombs" (1750), seems to maintain a sickly existence; but I shall place both books in my third category. The "Sermons" of Dr. Hugh Blair (1777) may be read as a rhetorical exercise. Among Nonconformists, Dr. Philip Doddridge (1702-51) enjoys a high reputation as the author of various devotional works, but to the general reader he is best known by his "Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain by the Rebels at the Battle of Prestonpans, Sept. 21, 1745;" the first specimen, I think, of a religious biography in our language.

High above the heads of these men rises the fame of David Hume (1711-76), a metaphysician of the highest acumen and a master of pure and flowing English. His first work, "A Treatise on Human Nature" (1738), designed as a refutation of the "Idealism" of Berkeley, attracted little attention; nor was it more suc-

cessful when recast, in 1748, as an "Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding." Then followed, in 1751, his "Political Discourses" and his "Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals;" in 1754 his "History of the Reigns of James I. and Charles I.;" in 1755 his "Natural History of Religion;" in 1756, 1759, and 1761, various portions of his "History of England." I am here concerned only with Hume as a philosopher. The leading principle of his moral system made the virtue of actions depend wholly upon their usefulness, a doctrine which Brown had no difficulty in demolishing. With respect to religion, he denied the credibility of miracles, arguing that as the laws of Nature were immutable, any interference with them was improbable, and rested only on the statements of reporters, who may have desired to deceive or may themselves have been misled. On other points he was equally sceptical, so that he left very little for anybody to believe. There was no such thing as necessity; what we supposed to be such was simply the result of an association of ideas. Combining the ideas which in quick succession spring from movements of the body but cease with them, we formed an imaginary entity which we call "the soul," and to which we attribute immortal life. We are always reasoning from experience, but this experience is founded solely on custom, and we have a certainty that we see the effects of definite causes. Thus Hume contrived to surround himself with an atmosphere of negation, and the result has not unnaturally been to obscure the admirable purity of his life and character, and to render men forgetful of the wise speculation and acute criticism that occur in his philosophical writings in spite of all their errors.

From the glittering ideology of Hume the reader will turn with pleasure to the solid reasoning of Dr. Adam Smith's "Theory of Moral Sentiments," though it is one which he may not be disposed to accept; or to the scientific exposition of sound principles of political economy in his great work, "The Wealth of Nations" (1776), which, starting from the point reached by Locke, that labour is the source of wealth, introduced to English statesmen their first notions of Free Trade. For satisfactory answers to Hume, the student may read Dr. George Campbell's "Dissertation on Miracles" and Dr. Thomas Reid's "Inquiry into the Human Mind" (1764), along with the latter's "Essays on the Intellectual Powers" (1785) and on "The Active Powers of Man" (1788). Reid was a hard-headed Scotchman, with a grand talent for analysis, and a shrewd mistrust of unsupported speculations; in a word, he was the Philosopher of Common Sense. Hume, as he said, had left nothing in the world but ideas and impressions; it was time that somebody should restore to us the realities; and Reid set to work to prove that from those very ideas and impressions the existence of things actual and palpable might be inferred. The method he employed was that inductive method proposed by

Bacon, and he pursued his task with an ability which gives to his treatises a high authority. His influence upon Scotch metaphysics was very considerable, and has lasted to this day. The materialists found a supporter and Reid an opponent in Dr. Joseph Priestley, who published his "Matter and Spirit" in 1777, but secured no hold on the public mind. There is much attractive reflection and imagery in "The Light of Nature Pursued," which Abraham Tucker published in 1768 under the *nom de plume* of "Edward Searal."

It is possible that nowadays the writings of Dr. William Paley (1745-1805) are as unfairly undervalued as, at one time, they were greatly over-estimated. Admitting that his ethical system is deficient in elevation, that he made too much of the doctrine of expediency, that he availed himself too freely of the labours of others, we must, nevertheless, do justice to the robustness of his intellect, the clearness of his perceptions, the cogency of his reasoning, and the simplicity of his style. He wrote at least three great books, the "Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy" (1785), the "Horæ Paulinæ" (1790), and the "View of the Evidences of Christianity" (1794); and I am not inclined to rank far below them his "Natural Theology, or Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity," collected from the "Appearances of Nature."<sup>1</sup> For popular use these books are admirably adapted. The illustrations are familiar and pertinent; the statements are so lucid as to be easily understood; the chain of argument is wrought with such masterly skill that each link is apparent to the ordinary reader. It is Paley's credit to have simplified and popularised moral philosophy and Christian apologetics. He has explained and recommended them to the multitude, while never forfeiting the confidence of the scholar. His "Natural Theology," in which he presses home the argument from design, is as pleasant reading as a romance. Of the "Evidences of Christianity" it may be true that it is founded upon Butler's "Analogy" and Lardner's "Credibility of the Gospel History," but this cannot be said to detract from its usefulness; for he has thus given value to two works, of which (to quote Sir J. Mackintosh) the first was scarcely intelligible to most of those who were most desirous of profiting by it, and the second soon wearies out the majority of readers. On the ground of originality, we must give the highest praise to his "Horæ Paulinæ, or the Truth of the Scripture History of St. Paul evinced by a Comparison of the Epistles which bear his Name with the Acts of the Apostles, and with one another." In this he accumulates a mass of valuable evidence, "which is peculiarly his own, and which no one else could have invented so well or traced so clearly." It is still used as a text-book at the Universities. From the "Natural Theology"

<sup>1</sup> This should be read with the additions and illustrations of Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell.

I quote a brief illustrative passage descriptive of the Creator's benevolence to His creatures:—"Walking by the seaside in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of enjoyment and pleasure have we here before our view!"

As a reply to Gibbon's attack upon Christianity in his great history, Dr. Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, composed his "Apology for Christianity" (1776); and his "Apology for the Bible" (1790) was, in like manner, a reply to Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason." Three years after the publication of the latter, a Nonconformist divine of rare intellectual powers, the Rev. Robert Hall (1764-1831), entered the lists in the same quarrel, and published his vigorous and eloquent sermon, "Modern Infidelity Considered with Respect to its Influence on Society." In several other discourses he showed himself a strong and powerful reasoner, and master of a style of singular brilliancy. The defence of Christianity and the exposition of the principles of Christian morality were among the objects aimed at in the sermons of Dr. Thomas Chalmers (1780-1847), who ranks among the most famous of Scottish preachers. A man of boundless energy and vivid imagination, both these qualities are impressed upon his eloquence, which rolls forward in a restless, copious, but sometimes muddy stream, like the Mississippi. We turn to his writings for apt and picturesque images, but not for ideas. His thoughts are few, but those few he puts before us in as many lights as a crystal. His most valuable contribution to apologetic literature is his Bridge-water Treatise "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Adaptations of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man" (1833). To Dr. Thomas Brown (1778-1820) we owe an "Inquiry into the Relations of Cause and Effect" and certain luminous "Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind," in which he passes through a transparent medium the system of Reid. But Reid's chief disciple and exponent was Dugald Stewart (1753-1828), who handled philosophical subjects with a grace that rendered them attractive, and a clearness that made them intelligible to the ordinary reader. He

was the author of a "Philosophy of the Human Mind," "Outlines of Moral Philosophy," "A Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy," and a "View of the Active and Moral Powers of Man," in all of which we observe a refined taste and an admirable facility in popularising abstract ideas. Among contemporary writers on metaphysical and ethical subjects I must name Dr. John Abercrombie, with his "Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth;" James Mill (father of John Stuart Mill, and the historian of British India), with his "Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind;" and Sir James Mackintosh, with his "Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy." A brilliant sketch of Mackintosh, as the "Man of Promise," occurs in the late Lord Dalling's "Historic Characters." I may here refer to the political economists—to Jeremy Bentham, more successful in dealing with subjects of legislation than with ethics; the Rev. T. B. Malthus, author of a celebrated "Essay on the Principle of Population as it affects the Future Improvement of Society;" and David Ricardo's "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation." Ricardo is one of the apostles of political economy; he found an apt disciple in Francis Horner. Text-books on the subject are Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Political Economy," Archbishop Whately's "Introductory Lectures on Political Economy" (1831), and Stuart Mill's "Elements of Political Economy."

Theology for many years lay in a dull and depressed condition. With the exception of Hall and Chalmers, no great preacher or divine touched the public heart or moved the popular imagination for nearly half a century. A theological revival occurred, however, early in the reign of William IV., when a knot of young Oxford scholars, including John Henry Newman, Richard Hurrell Froude, John Keble, William Palmer, and Dr. Pusey made an effort to infuse life into the dead bones by the publication of their "Tracts for the Times." The spring of the movement which they initiated—a movement destined to stir the Church of England to its depths, and even to influence, and that very powerfully, the Dissenting denominations—was a revival of what they conceived to be the teaching and practice of the primitive Church. It was perhaps the first time in the history of religion that a revolution was effected, not by the introduction of new forms of thought, but by a return to the old. These old forms, however, were presented with great energy, and the light of an ardent faith being thrown upon them, they wore to the multitude all the aspect of novelty. The movement in some respects shot beyond the goal intended by its leaders, carrying them with it. Necessarily it provoked a persistent opposition, and it accentuated the differences between the two great parties into which the English Church was divided; yet, on the whole, its effect was beneficial. It awoke men's consciences, invigorated their faith, directed their attention

to spiritual things, and has helped, I think, to give a higher tone to our later literature. The leader of this revolution was John Henry (now Cardinal) Newman, born in 1801. In 1825 he became the Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and was for some time tutor of Oriel and incumbent of St. Mary's, Oxford. In 1845 he seceded from the Church of England and entered the Roman communion. A man of surprising force and energy of intellect, of various and profound erudition, an original thinker and an earnest believer, his writings have necessarily the stamp of immortality upon them; and while theologians will continue to discuss their supposed errors, the student will continue to admire the limpid beauty of their style and the glow of their devotion, the appropriateness of their illustration and the elevation of their sentiment. Principal Shairp bears a striking testimony to Newman's greatness as a preacher. He says:—"Those who never heard him might fancy that his sermons would generally be about apostolical succession, or rights of the Church, or against Dissenters. Nothing of the kind. You might hear him preach for weeks without an allusion to these things. What there was of High Church teaching was implied rather than enforced. The local, the temporary, and the modern were ennobled by the presence of the catholic truth belonging to all ages that pervaded the whole. His power showed itself chiefly in the new and unlooked-for way in which he touched into life old truths, moral or spiritual, which all Christians acknowledge, but most have ceased to feel—when he spoke of 'Unreal Words,' of 'The Individuality of the Soul,' of 'The Invisible World,' of a 'Particular Providence;' or again, of 'The Ventures of Faith,' 'Warfare the Condition of Victory,' 'The Cross of Christ the Measure of the World,' 'The Church a Home for the Lonely.' As he spoke, how the old truth became new! how it came home with a meaning never felt before! He laid his finger, how gently yet how powerfully, on some inner place in the hearer's heart, and told him things about himself he had never known till then. Subtlest truths, which it would have taken philosophers pages of circumlocution and big words to state, were dropt out by the way in a sentence or two of the most transparent Saxon. What delicacy of style, yet what calm power! how gentle, yet how strong! how simple, yet how suggestive! how homely, yet how refined! how penetrating, yet how tender-hearted! . . . To call these sermons eloquent would be no word for them; high poems they rather were, as of an inspired singer, or the outpourings as of a prophet, rapt yet self-possessed."

Besides the "Sermons," of which an edition in ten volumes has been published, Cardinal Newman has written a work on Christian casuistry, "The Grammar of Assent," numerous essays, a volume of poems (marked by delicate touches and exquisite taste), and a record of his change of religious belief

entitled "*Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ*," which is full of psychological interest as the picture of a mind drawn by itself.

By a strange antithesis, Cardinal Newman's brother, Francis William Newman, at one time a Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford, drifted from the English Church into the opposite extreme of Atheism. His book on "*The Soul, her Sorrows and Aspirations*," belongs to religious metaphysics. In his "*Phases of Faith*" he attempts to defend his negation of belief. The latter finds its antidote in "*The Eclipse of Faith*," by Henry Rogers (1852), written as a reply to Mr. F. H. Newman; and most readers, I suppose, will consider the defence much more effective than the attack. It is written with greater force, more vigour of thought, and closer reasoning.

"*Guesses at Truth*," by "*Two Brothers*" (1847), is one of those books to which the student always recurs with satisfaction. Open it anywhere, and he lights upon some apt image, some ingenious speculation, some passage of shrewd reflection, valuable in itself, but even more valuable from its suggestiveness. Almost every paragraph furnishes a text to which the reader can supply comment and illustration. In truth, the book is as full of a sober and mature wisdom as an egg is full of meat. There is no waste of words; no large nutshells with tiny kernels; no trumpet-blasts heralding puny voices; the language is grave and condensed, the thought carefully compressed. "*Guesses at Truth*" was the work of Augustus William Hare (1792-1834), rector of Alton, and of Julius Charles Hare (1795-1855), vicar of Hurstmonceux. The former also wrote two volumes of "*Sermons to a Country Congregation*," which a pure style and great felicity of exposition render very attractive; while the latter was the author of two courses of sermons on "*The Victory of Faith*" and "*The Mission of the Comforter*," as well as of a *Life* of his friend and curate, John Sterling. The domestic virtues and fine qualities of the Hares, and of their mother, are interestingly brought out in Mr. Augustus C. Hare's "*Memorials of a Quiet Life*."

For sheer intellectual power, of a hard practical kind, few of his contemporaries could equal, and none surpass, Dr. Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin (1787-1863). In him common sense reached almost to genius. Nobody could expose a sham more trenchantly, or detect a fallacy more quickly, or invest an old theme with a greater air of freshness. At least two of his books have become standards: his "*Elements of Logic*" and "*Elements of Rhetoric*." In grave irony, his "*Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon*," with their dexterous satire upon the German Rationalistic criticism, are very effective. His clear and logical mind is seen to much advantage in his "*Essays on Some of the Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul*," and his versatility is apparent in his "*English Synonyms*" and his annotations to Bacon's "*Essays*." There was a good deal of the negative, how-

ever, in the Archbishop's creed; and his want of imagination and feeling, his *gritty* nature, prevented him from becoming a great writer. His successor in the See of Dublin, Richard Chenevix Trench (born 1807), is a poet of no mean order, as well as a sound theologian, a fine scholar, and a graceful critic. There is delightful reading in his "Notes on the Parables" and "Notes on the Miracles," from the variety of illustration his extensive erudition enables him to supply, the quaint old-world flavour of his style, and the judiciousness of his reflections. Philology nowhere assumes a more pleasing or graceful a garb than in his "Study of Words" and his "English, Past and Present." I may refer also to his "Lessons on Proverbs" as conveying information in an agreeable form.

St. Paul's Cathedral has been fortunate in a succession of Deans, each of whom has lent lustre to his exalted position by the renown of his high abilities and sound scholarship. To Dean Mansel I shall refer hereafter. Henry Hart Milman (1791-1868) as a poet and dramatist rose above mediocrity, but posterity will remember him chiefly as the historian of the Jews (1819) and of Latin Christianity, the latter one of those great historical works which will *live*. Its subject, its style, its learning, its breadth of view, its analysis of character, all unite to confirm its claim to immortality. It is a book which no student can afford to neglect, and when once he has entered upon its study he will have no inclination to lay it aside until finished. On a sufficiently broad canvas Dean Milman has painted a series of stirring pictures with a master's hand, borrowing from a poetical imagination the vivid colouring that fills them with life. The present Dean of St. Paul's, Richard William Church (born in 1815), is the author of a wise little book on "The Sacred Poetry of Early Religions," a careful and sympathetic "Life of St. Anselm," and a monograph on "Spenser," which is almost perfect in conception as in execution.

Still keeping among the Deans, I come to Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster (born, like Dean Church, in 1815), whose indefatigable industry is scarcely less remarkable than his liberalism of thought and variousness of learning. He is specially successful in what may be called the art of picturesque allusion; the name of a place or a person, or a date, instantly suggesting to him a crowd of appropriate associations, which he recalls with practised skill. His most popular book is perhaps his "Sinai and Palestine," or his "Historical Memoirs of Canterbury Cathedral;" his "Life of Dr. Arnold," as an admirable specimen of biography, also stands high among public favourites. In his "Lectures on the Jewish Church" he has popularised Ewald and Kuenen for English readers, and given to the characters and scenes of Old Testament history and prophecy a wonderful reality. Passing over his "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey" as a book



of pleasant gossip, literary, archaeological, and historical, I may point to his "Lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians" as embodying much ingenious criticism and the result of considerable research. Dean Goulburn of Ely is the author of several popular devotional manuals; Dean Howson of Chester was associated with the Rev. W. J. Conybeare in the composition of an important work on "The Life and Writings of St. Paul," which remains without a rival in English literature.

It might be said with truth, perhaps, that valuable as are the writings of Frederick Denison Maurice (1805-72), they are not so valuable as the example he gave of a noble spirit devoted to the pursuit of truth, or as the inspiration his life and teaching afforded to a multitude of disciples. He effected in one direction what Newman did in another; stirring up sluggish intellects, awakening dormant consciences, initiating new efforts of thought and aspiration. His "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy" is a work beyond all praise; a treasury and storehouse of learning; a granary charged with the ripe harvest of a strong, strenuous, and original intellect. His "Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament" is another composition of large design and generous execution; while his fine tender humanity and his fervid religious spirit are everywhere conspicuous in his sermons, essays, lectures. Maurice, as a theologian, was practical rather than dogmatic; dwelt upon points of duty rather than upon difficulties of doctrine; while he insisted upon love of one's neighbour as the essential principle of love of God. His free and full enthusiasm, his self-denial, his wide-reaching sympathy, gave him a vast influence over young men; and many minds have been quickened with lofty impulses, many hearts touched with warm and pure motives, by his earnest, clear, and direct teaching. The student must carefully peruse the works I have indicated, because they are full of the views of a strong and serious man, who greatly helped the education of his generation, and deeply believed in revealed religion as "a series of facts disclosing God's plan for educating and restoring the human race;" they open up, at all events, a new method of thought.

And a new method of thought is also opened up by Frederick William Robertson of Brighton (1816-53), whose "Sermons" have been to thousands of minds a revelation. Robertson excels in penetrating through a fallacy to the truth behind it, and in taking old truths and setting them in novel and unconsidered lights which disclose an unexpected beauty. His style is singularly clear and simple, yet rising easily at need into a full, rich, varied measure; his imagery is fresh and appropriate, and he is happy in the coinage of condensed phrases, which are readily taken up by the mind and treasured for future inquiry and meditation. At times his thought refines into subtlety; at times it glows with passion. The literary form of his "Sermons" is

not less remarkable than their matter, and upon "pulpit oratory" Robertson has exercised a great and beneficial influence. To his school, but with no slavish adherence, belongs his biographer, the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, whose "Sermons" are suggestive, and whose "Theology in the English Poets" strikes out a new vein of criticism.

Bishops Ellicott (of Gloucester and Bristol) and Harold Browne (of Winchester) are distinguished biblical commentators and divines; the latter's "Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles" is a standard authority, elaborate, grave, moderate, and discriminative. Dr. Vaughan is a popular and accomplished preacher; but the highest place among pulpit orators of the present day is given, by consent of all, to Henry Parry Liddon, whose ample and lofty eloquence is informed by thought of the highest order. His Bampton Lectures, "On the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour," form a very valuable contribution to Christian apologetics. The argument is followed up with extraordinary force and closeness of reasoning. Archbishop Thomson (of York) claims notice as the author of an ingenious and logical treatise on the "Necessary Laws of Thought," and as an able and impressive preacher, who contrives to pour the old wine into new bottles, without injury to either the one or the other. The late Dr. Mozley (1813-77) in his "Sermons" seems to inherit the mantle of Bishop Butler.

A valuable contribution to apologetic literature was made by the Rev. Stanley Leathes in his "Bampton Lecture" for 1874. His theory, not wholly a new one, was put forward with equal vigour and completeness, as the following brief summary will prove. Professor Leathes, abandoning the standpoint afforded to the Christian apologist by the internal testimony of the Scriptures, sets himself to prove the divine origin of Christianity from its historical and literary development. After giving several cogent reasons to prove that Christianity could not have had its origin in mythology, and that, therefore, in some way or other, it must have proceeded from the efflux of the divine light, he contends that such a revelation is shown in the Old Testament by its evident superiority to all other sacred writings. The New Testament is obviously the complement of the Old, for the germ of the ideas and notions which we find in the former is clearly discernible in the latter. Now, it is generally agreed that the Old Testament existed long before the Christian era in much the same form as it now presents. And what is the one distinct idea forming, as it were, the golden thread by which these Scriptures are bound together? What is the idea embodied in the promise given to Abraham, illustrated in the early annals of the Jewish people, and standing out so conspicuously in the Psalms? It is the Messianic idea; the idea of a Messiah who, in the fulness of time, would come to reconcile man to God, the creature to the

Creator. So powerful is the influence of this idea in Jewish history, that without it that history becomes unintelligible and meaningless. Starting with the definite promise that all the families of the earth were to be blessed in Abraham, the history of the chosen people breaks off at the close of the Old Testament, without giving us any clear or distinct notion how this has been or is to be accomplished, awakening an anticipation which it cannot be said to satisfy. The idea is there, but it is not worked out.

This view of the subject, be it observed, does not involve any acceptance or proof of the inspiration or authenticity of the earlier Scriptures. It is sufficient to show that they were extant for a century and a half before the coming of Jesus Christ. Nor is it necessary to discuss the authenticity or inspiration of the various portions of the New Testament, or their relative degrees of value. For the argument is complete if we assume, what no competent critic denies, that most, if not all of them, were in circulation by the middle of the second century of the Christian era. In every page, in the Epistles as in the Gospels, in the writings of St. Paul as of St. Peter, the Messianic idea reappears. But with this difference: it is now incarnate; the promise is fulfilled; the Messiah to whom the Psalmist and the prophets looked forward, the apostles have *seen*. It is certain, as Professor Leathes observes, that whatever we may think of the formation of the canon of the New Testament, or of the degree of authority attaching to it when formed, the religion of the Christ, or the belief in Jesus as the Christ (*ὁ Χριστός*—the anointed), is not only common to every document comprised in it, but is alike the very backbone and essential framework of all the documents. Its radiance glows through and in them, like the light of a lamp in a porcelain vase. The root-principle of Christianity, therefore, is the Messiahship of Christ. Accepting this, St. Paul wrote and worked and suffered. To reveal Christ to a world lying in darkness was the purpose for which apostles, saints, and fathers laboured. How is so remarkable a phenomenon to be explained? Can we suppose that a small body of unlettered men, taking up the Messianic conception of the Old Testament, *invented* its fulfilment, and evolved out of their imagination the life and character of Jesus? Or shall we rather suppose that Jesus Himself was the impostor, either with or without collusion of His devoted followers? Either supposition must be dismissed as absurd; for it is obvious that the Messianic portrait in the New Testament is the exact opposite of that which the Hebrew thought to be foreshadowed in the Old. A forgery is an imitation; but the Gospels and Epistles, if a forgery, are no copy of the original. The idea is preserved, but its manifestation is novel. We know what were the popular anticipations based upon the writings of the prophets; we know how utterly and absolutely they were disappointed by the *real* Christ. Yet, if the Evangelists had been impostors, the first condition of the success

of their imposture was that their portrait of Jesus of Nazareth should correspond, line for line, with that presented in the Jewish scriptures of the Messiah. But no trait of such a correspondence is discernible. On the other hand, if Jesus Himself had been an impostor, the first condition of the success of His imposture was that He should satisfy the natural yearning after temporal power and liberty, and vengeance upon the oppressor. The Jews asked for a king and a kingdom—a kingdom of this world, and a ruler over warrior hosts flushed with triumphant battle. Jesus came with a gospel of peace and a train of fishermen and peasants; and the kingdom He established was the kingdom of His Church. Even if it had been possible for Him to have settled before He entered on active life the true meaning of the Messianic prophecies, and to have determined how they might be harmonised, He, if mere man, if an impostor, could not have carried out His intentions, for the simple reason that events would have been beyond His control. In despite, however, of all difficulties and all opposition, He lived a life which, it is admitted, fulfils, though not as the Jews anticipated, the Messianic idea. This is beyond dispute; the existence of the Christ-idea for ages before the coming of Jesus, and the full and subtle realisation of that idea in Him; the conclusion being, that he was indeed *the* Christ, the Saviour of the world, and that the religion He taught was not of man, but of God. Such is the line of argument adopted by Professor Leathes, and carried out with great force of reasoning and exemplary calmness of tone.

In one comprehensive paragraph I shall refer to some of the most eminent of recent writers on Metaphysics and Moral Philosophy. Dr. Whewell's reputation is chiefly scientific, and his most popular book was his essay "Of the Plurality of Worlds;" but he also wrote treatises on "Systematic Morality," on the "History of Moral Philosophy in England," and on the "Elements of Morality." Professor Baden Powell's "Essay on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy" and his "Order of Nature" are books which the student may thoughtfully consult. Scotch metaphysicians recognise as their chief Sir William Hamilton (1788–1856), a powerful and independent thinker, with a critical faculty of the first order. Professor Veitch describes as his characteristics, a profound analysis, a comprehensive spirit, and a learning that had surveyed the philosophical literature of Greece and Germany, and marked the relative place in the intellectual world of the sturdy growths of home thought. His essays are collected under the title of "Discussions in Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform;" amongst these, I may point to the essays on the Whately system of Logic, on Perception, on Cousin, and the Philosophy of the Unconditioned. His own system of philosophy was largely eclectic; he borrowed something from Aristotle, more from Dr. Reid and Kant, and not a

little from Hegel ; but he excelled as a destructive rather than as a constructive : his intellect was critical rather than creative. He is seen most fully and fairly, I think, in his "Lectures," which have been edited by Professors Mansel and Veitch, and in Professor Veitch's memoir. Professor Veitch defines his philosophical method to be simply "the study of consciousness in its integrity as the supreme organon of philosophy. The facts of consciousness are to be accepted by us, not in so far only as we can make them the points in a chain of reasoned explication or demonstration, but as the co-ordinate data of an authentic testimony, which it is sufficient to show are not inconsistent with each other. Although Sir William Hamilton was largely indebted to his predecessors, and obtained, as must be acknowledged, his doctrines more by way of criticism of the results of others than by direct physiological observation, he was, however, no servile borrower. The half-applied principle, the neglected truth, was grasped with a steadier and bolder hand ; its full force and significance were disclosed ; found inoperative, it was rendered living and fruitful by the touch of philosophical genius." The Hamiltonian method is adopted to some extent by Dean Mansel of St. Paul's (1820-71), the author of "The Philosophy of Kant," "The Limits of Religious Thought," and "The Philosophy of the Conditioned." Dean Mansel, in the last named, replies with vigour to a powerful attack on Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, delivered by a bold and able thinker, John Stuart Mill (1806-73), the son of the historian of British India. Mill, as a metaphysician, was opposed both to the German and the Scotch philosophy. "On the one hand he rejected the distinctions between formal and material truth, and would not admit that any ideas are potentially given to thought. Experience, according to him, is not merely the occasion, but the sole and simple source of all knowledge. From it the axioms of geometry, the law of causation, the ideas of God and immortality, must, if valid, be alike derived. The existence of external objects, distinct from our sensations, he recognised merely as a form of speech, not a fact. Induction he classed along with those formal processes which modern logicians have generally regarded as alone within their province." The student of philosophy will be careful, however, not to range himself under any individual banner ; he will give his allegiance neither to Mill nor Hamilton, Reid nor Hobbes, but accept the truth wherever he finds it, knowing that it will not be found in its entirety in any particular province. I do not think that Mill's calm intellectual power is so well seen in his metaphysical writings as in his "System of Logic," his "Principles of Political Economy," and especially in his "Essay on Liberty." His "Autobiography," I may add, is a narrative of extraordinary interest. To conclude :—Sir David Brewster, an eminent man of science (1781-1868), who wrote with fluency and

fancy, replied to Dr. Whewell's "Plurality of Worlds" in his "More Worlds than One," contending that the planets might be inhabited by beings with pursuits and objects similar to those of mankind. Recent astronomical research, however, does not confirm his arguments. Clear statements of metaphysical principles will be found in Professor Alexander Bain's works on "Mind and Body," "Mental and Moral Science," and "The Emotions and the Will." Professor Clifford's writings impress the reader by their boldness of speculation and intellectual power.

We have seen that in the seventeenth century Cambridge was the home of a group of eminent thinkers, whose ethical speculations form an important chapter in the history of English literature. The reputation which thus accrued to the University was maintained in the eighteenth century by the great name of Paley, whose moral philosophy, however, as we have hinted, rested too much on expediency and utilitarianism, and took no elevated or vigorous flight. Then came the nineteenth, and with it Dr. Whewell, who endeavoured to raise the character of Cambridge as a school of moral science, and whose "Elements of Morality" is in frequent use as a text-book, though it is heavy reading, with its frigid tabulation of moral abstractions, unrelieved by the intellectual interest which a logical system gives to its details. There recently appeared Mr. Henry Sidgwick's "Methods of Ethics," a work of so much importance that I cannot pass it over with a mere allusion. Its title seems to indicate its scope and limitations; it is neither a history of ethics nor an ethical system, but a critical survey. It claims to be, and is, a severely impartial examination, at once expository and critical, of the different methods of obtaining reasoning convictions as to what ought to be done. The writer's self-restraint is so great that he confines himself strictly to the analysis of various ethical principles on their own terms. In this respect the tone of the book may be compared to that of the Platonic dialogues. It is pervaded by a love of truth *as* truth, an unfettered desire to trace an argument to its logical conclusions, whatever they may be. Mr. Sidgwick also shows his sympathy with Greek habits of mind by the transparent clearness of his thoughts and style. He is a true follower of those great Athenians who breathed an intellectual atmosphere as lucid as their native air :—

Ἄει διὰ λαμπρότατον  
Βάλλοντες αβρῶς αἰθέρος.

But the limitations which set him free to examine his subject dispassionately restrict him to negative conclusions. He dismisses theory after theory as insufficient, and arrives at the conclusion, finally, that the cosmos of duty is reduced to a chaos.

Mr. Sidgwick classes the ethical methods under three heads—Egoism, Intuitionism, and Utilitarianism. He protests against

the common confusion between the first and third; contending that the pursuit of happiness for one's self differs from the pursuit of happiness for mankind more widely than either differ from the intuitional morals of common sense. Nevertheless, from another point of view, the earlier division of moral systems into two classes—that which makes virtue, and that which makes pleasure, the guide of human action—must be maintained. Just and important as is the distinction between “egoistic and universalistic hedonism,” that is, between the selfish and unselfish pursuit of pleasure, the language used in describing them indicates how much they have in common. Morally the egoist is at the antipodes to the utilitarian, but mentally the two are connected by having happiness in view as their common object. The student, therefore, should hardly adopt, in its full extent, Mr. Sidgwick's view of the antagonism of these two systems, though the distinction on which he insists is apt to be overlooked. His analysis of Egoism, or self-love, as a principle of ethics, he concludes as follows:—“In order to pursue this inquiry in a purely scientific temper, I have thought it well to give no expression to the feeling that the pursuit of one's individual happiness is mean and ignoble. But when we seem to find, on careful examination, that Egoism cannot fairly be represented as socially constructive, and that the common precepts of duty, which we are trained to regard as sacred, must be to the egoist rules to which it is only, generally speaking and for the most part, reasonable to conform, but which, under special circumstances, must be decisively ignored and broken, the sense of the ignobility of Egoism adds force to that recoil from it which this perception of the conflict of duty naturally causes.”

The larger part of Mr. Sidgwick's work is occupied with a careful examination of Intuitionism, or the morality of common sense, and the result very ably arrived at is, that the ethical systems founded on Intuitionism can be accepted only as approximations to truth. “It seems clear,” he says, “that, generally speaking, its principles do not fulfil the required conditions. So long as they are left in the state of somewhat vague generalities, as we meet them in ordinary discourse, we are disposed to yield them unquestioned assent, and it may be fairly claimed that the assent is approximately universal. But as soon as we attempt to give them the definition which science requires, we find that we cannot do this without abandoning the universality of acceptance.” Thus he shows that the rules of justice, good faith, and veracity, as laid down by common sense, are subject to variations and exceptions which disqualify them for being converted into first principles of scientific ethics; and the same want of clearness is found still more in the definition of courage, temperance, humility, self-control. He takes care to guard his argument from being understood too widely. “Nothing that I have said even tends to show

that we have not distinct moral impulses, claiming authority over all others, and prescribing or forbidding kinds of conduct as to which there is a rough general agreement, at least, among educated persons of the same age and country. It is only maintained that the objects of these impulses do not admit of being scientifically determined by any reflective analysis of common sense. The notions of benevolence, justice, good faith, veracity, purity, are not emptied of significance for us because we have found it impossible to define them with precision. The main part of the conduct prescribed under each notion is sufficiently clear, and the general rule prescribing it does not lose its force because there is in each case a margin of conduct involved in obscurity and perplexity, or because the rule does not on examination appear to be absolute and independent. In short, the morality of common sense remains perfectly adequate to give practical guidance to common people in common circumstances, but the attempt to elevate it into a system of scientific ethics brings its inevitable imperfections into prominence without helping us to remove them."

In the third place, Mr. Sidgwick analyses the Utilitarian method, which he interprets, according to Bentham's definition of its object, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." In this principle, with due reservations, he finds a general support to the morality of common sense, and a means of rectifying and adjusting the rules of popular morality where these are vague or conflicting. But its vital defect he conceives to be the absence of a sufficient motive to induce ordinary men to seek the general in preference to their own private happiness. The power of sympathy, on which Utilitarians most rely, is apt to operate within various limits; so that a man who will sacrifice his pleasure for the sake of his wife and children will probably, for their sake, sacrifice the welfare of mankind. Hence he concludes that the religious sanction of future reward and punishment is practically indispensable to this system. It would seem to follow that the principles of ethics cannot wisely be dissociated from those of theology. By limiting himself to ethical methods he has contrived to forego the discussion of first principles; yet in every line of thought he is brought reluctantly to the verge of a theological inquiry. If happiness be the object of life, the calculations of a rational self-interest necessarily lead to questions upon the prospect and conditions of happiness in a future state. And these considerations of happiness lead us to the mystery of the past—the origin of those relations between ourselves and the universe on which the reality of duty depends. Mr. Sidgwick does not appear to have recognised adequately the obligatory force of the word "ought." It is true that a trivial use of the word is common in popular language, but its intrinsic force goes beyond the assertion that an act is "reasonable" or "right," and expresses a moral obligation which our conscience must acknowledge to be inflexible.



To say that a thing "ought to be done," is more imperative than to say it is "right" or "reasonable." A certain force of constraint, or bond of obligation, is denoted by the word "ought;" and the full development of this idea leads us to some of the cardinal doctrines of theology—in particular to the mysterious fact of the redemption of mankind and the mutual relations in the kingdom of Christ, which are based on this fact.

Mr. Sidgwick's book suggests another observation: that the scientific treatment of ethics, however able and comprehensive, is wanting in the most vital part of practical ethics; has not that moving force which, in real life, compels well-disposed men to refuse the evil and to choose the good. Negative virtues, such as patience and self-control, derive their strength from the use of reason; but the great majority of those actions which men call virtuous spring from direct impulses of affection or desire, and owe to reason, not their origin, but only the influence that informs, corrects, and regulates them. More depends, therefore, on the general object towards which a man's affections are turned, and on the fervour and earnestness with which he pursues that object, than on the precise accuracy of his judgment. Sound and sufficient motives are the primary conditions of morality. In the practice of duty sentiment has a greater share than philosophy. This practical consideration of virtue is in accord with the morality of common sense. Many of the judgments passed by popular opinion and accepted by intuitive moralists are not at all judicial sentences defining what is right, but rather in the nature of a popular clamour, expressing the wishes or fears of the general body of society. Thus virtues are lauded on a principle of demand and supply, not because of their beauty, but because of their rarity, and because they are wanted. Here we have the secret of the enthusiastic admiration lavished on such a hero as Lord Nelson. National gratitude for his eminent services, and appreciation of his courage, chivalry, and success, is insensibly transmuted into a personal homage, given to him as if he were the greatest and best of men. Intuitive morality is always and in all things subject to this bias. Men praise what they value, not because it is good, but because they want more of it. Similarly, they condemn certain actions as vicious, not with a severity proportionate to the vice, but proportionate to their individual fear or dislike.

On the whole, Mr. Sidgwick sums up in favour of Utilitarianism, but he does not accept it, I think, as a first principle. We may use the method, and yet insist, as he does, on the need of some higher sanction than it is able to offer. But as a method for popular use it is open to a serious objection, which apparently he has overlooked. It supposes that each man is qualified to calculate and measure the conditions of happiness, and thus tends to retard the progress of men's minds towards a purer and loftier

ideal. A system which creates in the mind a habit of regarding happiness as a thing known and calculable must obstruct mental and moral development, and is especially adverse to the contemplation of a future beyond the dim horizon of our mortal life, beyond the perceptive range of our present faculties. But grave as this objection appears from a speculative point of view, it is not without a practical remedy; for, in truth, there exists a compensating law of Nature, by the operation of which every ethical system operates to disembarass itself of its defects. The commonest offices of practical philanthropy, the lightest graces of charity, possess a reactive influence which elevates and refines the moral character of the agent, in some respects more effectively than any process of contemplative philosophy.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### ENGLISH MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE: A COURSE OF READING.

**U**NDER the heading of "Miscellaneous Literature," I propose to bring together the best of the books which my plan has not yet permitted me to notice, chiefly books in that department of *belles lettres* which is so vague and so uncertain in its boundaries. Still adopting the chronological order, I come, in the first place, to Sir Thomas Malory's recension of the Arthurian romances, "A Book of the Noble Hystories of Kynge Arthur" (written in 1469, and printed by Caxton in 1485), which, apart from its philological interest, appeals to the reader on the ground of the use made of it by Spenser and Tennyson. Its English is admirable, and the spirit of chivalry lives and breathes in it. There is a good epitome by J. T. K., called "The Legend of King Arthur," while Caxton's edition has been reprinted in the "Globe Library." Sir Thomas Elyot's "Boke named the Governor" (1531), and his "Defence or Apologie of Good Women" (1545), are the essays of a man of experience and good sense; the first-named should be compared with Ascham's "Schoolmaster" (1565) and Milton's "Tractate on Education." In 1523 appeared a fascinating version of Froissart's "Chronicles" by John Bouchier, Lord Berners; its racy and picturesque English "made a landmark in our tongue." It was written at the suggestion of Henry VIII., a liberal patron of letters, to whom John Leland (1506-52), the learned author of the "Itinerary" (a description of English towns and antiquities), owed his appointment as "the King's Antiquary."

John Foxe's "Acts and Monuments of these Latter Perillous Days" (1563), popularly known as Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," contributed in no slight degree to the spread of anti-Papal sentiment, among the English people; nor at this day is its influence wholly extinct. There is coarseness in it and credulity; but the narratives are related with a very effective straightforwardness, and their general trustworthiness is beyond doubt. Indeed, the most fertile fancy would have failed to invent the tales of horror and pity that Foxe has brought together. The old folio edition, by the way, is illustrated with the quaintest engravings imaginable,

which one can hardly contemplate without feeling as strong a Protestant as Foxe himself could have desired. Much excellent criticism on poets and poetry occurs in "The Art of English Poesie" (1569), by George Puttenham, designed to help "the courtiers and gentlewomen of the court to write good poetry," or, as its author elsewhere says, intended for those who desired "to become skilful in their mother tongue, and for their private recreation to make now and then ditties of pleasure." Not less interesting is "The Palace of Pleasure: beautified, adorned, and well furnished with pleasant Histories and excellent Novels," which was edited about this time by William Painter, Queen Elizabeth's clerk of the armoury, chiefly from the tales of Biondello and Boccaccio. To Shakespeare and his fellow-dramatists it furnished suggestions for dramatic plots; when first published, its popularity was immense. So was that of Richard Tottel's "Miscellany" (1557), and "The Paradise of Dainty Devices" (1576), which supplied the Elizabethan public with a variety of songs and sonnets, elegies and epigrams, and fed the popular appetite for poetry. William Camden's "Britannia," an elaborate description of "the Kingdom of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Adjacent Islands," was one of the great works of Elizabeth's reign. It was published in 1586, and doubtless helped to fan and swell that spirit of patriotism which, two years later, grappled successfully with the Spanish Armada. In compiling it Camden was no miser of his labour. "I have travelled," he says, "over all England for the most part; I have conferred with most skilful observers in each county; I have studiously read over our own country writers, old and new, all Greek and Latin authors which have once made mention of Britain; I have had conference with learned men in the other parts of Christendom; I have been diligent in the records of this realm; I have looked into most libraries, registers, and memorials of churches, cities, and corporations; I have pored over many an old roll and evidence, and produced their testimony as beyond all exception, when the cause required, in their very own words—though barbarous they be—that the honour of verity might in no wise be impeached." It is not improbable that William Warner derived the inspiration or idea of his "Albion's Englande" (1586) from Camden's masterpiece; they most certainly influenced the flowing alexandrines of George Chapman's "Polyolbion" (1612), which first gave dignity to topography.<sup>1</sup> Camden's "Britannia" always seems to me the initial work of our patriotic literature. John Stow (1525-1605), with his "Survey of London" and "Flores Historiarum," followed in his footsteps.

<sup>1</sup> There is probably," says Hallam, "no poem of this kind in any other language comparable in extent and excellence to the 'Polyolbion'; nor can any one read a portion of it without admiration for its learned and highly-gifted author. Yet perhaps no English poem, known so well by name, is so little known beyond its name."

Of John Selden (1584-1654), who played an important part in the constitutional controversy of Charles I.'s reign, Lord Clarendon says :—"He was of so stupendous a learning in all kinds and all languages, as may appear in his excellent writings, that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, affability, and courtesy were such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good exceeded that breeding." He is now best known by his "*Table-Talk*," a collection of his wise and witty sayings made by his amanuensis,—the first book of the kind in our language,—so vigorous, so racy, so shrewd, that they inspire the reader with delight. Many of them have become proverbial. There is "more weighty bullion sense" in the "*Table-Talk*," says Coleridge, than is to be found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer. We may assume in this a characteristic exaggeration, and yet allow that it commands the highest praise. His "*Treatise on Titles of Honour*," his "*History of Tithes*," and his "*Mare Clausum*," are works of great learning and honesty, but a busy world is compelled to pass them by.

Just before the outbreak of the Great Civil War, Bishop Wilkins (1614-72), then an ingenious and fanciful young man, published his "*Discovery of a New World, or a Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon; with a Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage thither*." This work has no serious interest, but it may be read for its whimsicality, and possibly there is a latent irony in it which the reader may detect. As for the mode of conveyance to the moon, the writer suggests the construction of a flying chariot, adding slyly that it may be made on the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle. Or, he says, if there be such a great bird in Madagascar as Marco Polo mentions, the feathers of whose wings are twelve feet long, "it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither." Or it is not impossible that a man may be able to fly by the application of wings to his own body. Bishop Wilkins was a great observer and promoter of experimental philosophy, and his "*Discourse Concerning a New Planet*" (1640) is one of the earliest substantiations of the Copernican system, which, in 1632, was fully developed by Galileo.

In 1691 John Ray, the son of an Essex blacksmith, who had travelled largely and observed closely, gave to the world his "*Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation*." This was an important contribution to Natural Theology, which had never before been presented in a clear and popular form (see page 225). It was followed in 1714 by Derham's "*Physico-Theology*" and "*Astro-Theology*," in both of which "the argument from design" is ably

exhibited; and in 1802 by Paley's "Natural Theology," which, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up its predecessors. The "Bridgewater Treatises," founded by the eighth Earl of Bridgewater, are all in illustration and expansion of the same argument, which at present seems to be somewhat unjustly depreciated, from a supposition that it is inconsistent with, or invalidated by, the theory of Evolution. The "Bridgewater Treatises" were written by Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Kidd, Dr. Whewell, Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Roget, Dr. Buckland, the Rev. William Kirby, and Dr. Pinet. Of these, the most popular are, or were, Sir Charles Bell on "The Hand" and Dr. Buckland on "Geology and Mineralogy;" but the latter is no longer of much utility.

A book with a certain historical interest attaching to it is the celebrated "Eikon Basilike, or the Portraiture of his Most Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings," published a few days after the death of Charles I. It produced an extraordinary effect from the skill with which it portrayed the hopes and sorrows and piety of the royal "martyr;" and Milton was employed by the Council of State to counteract its influence by his "Eikonoclastes." In this he alludes to the dubious question of its authorship. "As to the author of these soliloquies," he says, "whether it were undoubtedly the late King, as is vulgarly believed, or any secret coadjutor, and some stick not to name him, it can add nothing, nor shall take from the weight, if any be, of reason which he brings." The royal authorship was naturally supported by the more vehement Royalists, while, on the other hand, strong evidence was adduced to substantiate the claim of Dr. Gauden, Bishop of Worcester. In 1786 were published some of Gauden's letters addressed to Lord Clarendon, in which he rested his petition for preferment entirely on the ground that the "Eikon" was wholly and only his invention, making, and design, in order to vindicate the King's wisdom, honour, and piety. These letters have been generally accepted as settling the question; but Mr. S. R. Gardiner, the historian, has recently intimated a belief that Charles was really the author, and that Gauden was an impostor, and apparently promises that testimony to this effect will be forthcoming. It may be added that the book itself possesses no special literary merit.

Bishop Earle's "Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World Discovered, in Essays and Characters" (1628), is a book worth reading by students with sufficient leisure. It shows the influence of the Elizabethan drama, which had turned the attention of writers to the study of human character, and also the wider range which our prose literature was rapidly taking. It was preceded by Bishop Hall's "Characters of Virtues and Vices" in 1608, and Sir Thomas Overbury's graphic "Characters, or Wittie [*i.e.*, epigrammatic or pithy] Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons," in 1608, and has had many (and mostly indifferent) successors. Owen

Feltham's "Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political," first published in 1628, may be described as a series of brief essays and sketches, marked by considerable reflective power. Note that the word "Resolves" is used in the sense of "Solutions," the writer stating and answering a variety of questions. It is used in this sense by Shakespeare:—"Resolve my doubt" ("3 Henry VI." a. iv. s. 1), and "resolve the propositions of a lover" ("As You Like It," a. iii. s. 2). This form of composition, which Bacon had introduced and popularised, was adopted by Abraham Cowley, the poet (1618-67), whose "Essays" are perhaps second only in matter and manner to those of Bacon. Readers acquainted only with Cowley's poems, and their elaborate and involved style, overloaded with inversions, ellipses, and conceits, will be surprised by the directness and simple force of his prose, which he manages with masterly ease. Among the "Essays," those on Solitude, Liberty, the Garden, and the Uncertainty of Riches, are specially admirable for their tranquil thoughtfulness. To the same category I shall ascribe Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," which is simply a collection of essays on rural scenes and enjoyments, on Nature and the delights of Nature, broken up into conversational form. It is one of the most justly popular books in the language; one of those which are so thoroughly original in conception and execution that they can never be surpassed. The style is exquisitely transparent and harmonious; the descriptions are as vivid as accurate; the illustrations picturesque; the reflections spontaneous, just, and healthy; and from first to last it is saturated with a deep, warm, unaffected love of Nature, which bubbles up in almost every sentence and brims over in every page. "What would a blind man give," he says, "to see the pleasant rivers and meadows and flowers and fountains that we have met with since we met together! I have been told that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world would present to him. And this and many other like blessings we enjoy daily." Walton's book, to one in city pent, will bring back the fresh fragrance of the hawthorn hedges, and the innocent beauty of the cowslips, and the music of the murmuring stream. It breathes everywhere of the country.

For strenuous, manly, copious English prose, a better model could hardly be desired than that which John Dryden, the poet of the Restoration, furnishes in his "Critical Essays" and "Prefaces."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It will be remembered that Fox the statesman, in writing his "History of England," would employ no word which Dryden had not used. Dryden's prose was also highly esteemed by Burke.

English criticism, indeed, begins with Dryden's "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" (1668), and his "Discourse on the Original and Progress of Satire" (1693). The acuteness of his perceptions and the general soundness of his judgments are seen in the remarks on the Latin poets in his "Preface to the Second Miscellany" (1685). Take but one specimen :—"I looked on Virgil as a succinct and grave majestic writer ; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and syllable ; who was still aiming to crowd his muse into as narrow a compass as possibly he could ; for which reason he is so very figurative that he requires—I may almost say—a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears whose muse it bears, yet the numbers are perpetually varied to increase the delight of the reader, so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together." Dryden's scholarship may have been imperfect, but he brought to its support a strong and penetrating intellect and a powerful critical faculty. Speaking of Sir William Temple, Johnson distinguishes him as "the first writer who gave cadence to English prose," an assertion which implies a strange ignorance or forgetfulness of Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, and Cowley, as well as of Dryden. Temple, however, was a regular, fluent, and perspicuous writer, who adopted the fashionable essay form for the presentment of his sound observations on subjects which he had carefully studied. The "Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning," in which he took the side of the ancients, provoked a long and bitter controversy, from an unfortunate allusion to the supposed literary merits of the Greek Epistles of Phalaris. The great scholar, Dr. Barclay, at once seized upon Temple's mistake, and proved with ease that the said Epistles were a forgery. Pope, Middleton, Dr. Garth, and others, mingled in the affray, chiefly on the side of Temple, and Swift brought his powers of sarcasm and ridicule to his patron's aid in his celebrated "Battle of the Books." But if the wits had the temporary advantage, the honour of the fight has remained with the scholar. I may add that Sir William Temple is the subject of one of Macaulay's brilliant essays.

In accordance with the prevailing fashion, Sir George Mackenzie (1636-91), a Scotch Lord-Advocate, threw what he had to say on Happiness and Solitude, and similar subjects, into "Essays," which are written in very fluent English. The one on Solitude was effectively answered by John Evelyn, to whom we owe an invaluable "Diary," and the "Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest Trees." The Diary of Evelyn cannot compare in personal interest with that of Samuel Pepys (1632-1703), secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. In speaking of it, one is inclined to recall the saying of Prince Hal anent Falstaff, when the fat knight is supposed to be dead, that he could have spared a better man ; for it is certain that were "Pepys



his Diary" by any accident to disappear from our literature, we could better spare a better book. "Pepys," says Lord Jeffrey, "seems to have been possessed of the most extraordinary activity, and the most indiscriminating, insatiable, and miscellaneous curiosity that ever prompted the researches or supplied the pen of a daily chronicler. He finds time to go to every play, to every execution, to every procession, fire, concert, riot, trial, review, city feast, or picture-gallery, that he can hear of. Nay, there seems scarcely to have been a school examination, a wedding, christening, charity sermon, bull-baiting, philosophical meeting, or private merrymaking in his neighbourhood, at which he is not sure to make his appearance, and mindful to record all the particulars. He is the first to hear all the court scandal and all the public news, to observe the changes of fashion and the downfall of parties, to pick up family gossip and to detail philosophical intelligence, to criticise every new house or carriage that is built, every new book or new beauty that appears, every measure the king adopts, and every mistress he discards." This diary extends from January 1, 1660, to May 31, 1669, and has recently been very carefully edited by the Rev. W. Mynors Bright. When we laugh at its intense *naïveté* and simplicity, we are bound to recollect that it was written in shorthand, and not intended for publication. Still, it is not often that a really able man (and such Pepys was) finds a delight in "writing" himself down "an ass," even for his own edification. It is difficult to understand in what mood of mind a grave official could record such an incident as the following:—"May 11, 1667. My wife being dressed this day in fair hair, did make me so mad that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I went into the Park, and walked—a most pleasant evening—and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in the way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times—which I pray God forgive me for—and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch! was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted; and I to the office, late, and then home, and, without supper, to bed, vexed."

Overbury and Bishop Hall's "Characters" were imitated by Samuel Butler, the poet of "Hudibras;" but Butler's "Characters," as might be expected, are more humorous in tone and treatment than those of his predecessors. Turned into octosyllabic verse, with double endings, they would fit into his great satire. Their affluence of antithesis and illustration is surprising, and almost wearisome. The "Essay," in the reign of Queen Anne, became an important feature of our literature, and served to utilise, for the benefit of the public, the wit, genius, and observation of men who had not time or inclination, or were in various ways unfitted, for the preparation of regular and methodical works. It was also

well adapted for the manipulation of many subjects which would not have borne successfully a more elaborate treatment. In its new development, however, it was modelled after the essays of Montaigne rather than after those of Bacon, and it deliberately aimed at amusing while it instructed. Daniel Defoe in his "Review" (1704) first began the periodical essay, but its true reputation dates from the foundation of the "Tatler" (1709) by Sir Richard Steele, who made it a vehicle for the description and criticism of contemporary manners, and took it out of the abstract region in which it had previously flourished. He found a pillar of strength in Joseph Addison (1672-1719), whose genius found its fitting form of expression in the essay, and for whom it would almost seem to have been created. He was not an artist capable of dealing with heroic subjects on a large canvas; his touch was too sensitive, his colouring too subtle, his workmanship too refined and delicate. He painted *genre* pictures on enamel, and this he did with a grace and delicacy inimitable. His themes were the follies of the day—the fine ladies and gentlemen who fluttered around him, the humours of society, the caprices of fashion; and for these his style was exquisitely suited, it was so airy, so light, so subtly graceful, so varied. Occasionally he aimed higher, and criticised authors and their works, always with an apt taste and a just appreciation. Then, again, he drew characters, such as Sir Roger de Coverley, and Will Honeymoon, and Ned Softly, and here his success was not less conspicuous. "As a moral satirist," says Macaulay, "he stands unrivalled. In wit, properly so called, he was not inferior to Cowley or Butler. We own that Addison's humour is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavour than the humour of either Swift or Voltaire." Steele was second only to his great collaborateur. As Thackeray says, "he wrote so richly, so gracefully often, so kindly always, with such a pleasant wit and easy frankness, with such a flow of good humour and good spirits, that his early papers may be compared to Addison's own, and are to be read, by a male reader at least, with quite an equal pleasure."

After the "Tatler" in 1711 came the famous "Spectator," and this was followed, at various intervals, by several periodicals under Steele's editorship: the "Guardian," the "Englishman," the "Lover," "whose love was rather insipid;" the "Reader," of whom the public saw only two appearances, and the "Theatre." A crowd of imitators rushed upon the scene, but very few obtained any hold upon the public or secured an ordinary reputation. Fewer still are entitled to beguile the student into their byways. I shall name only the "Adventurer" (1752-54), conducted by Dr. Hawkesworth, with the help of Johnson and Joseph Warton; the "Connoisseur" (1754-56), conducted by George Colman the Elder and Bonnel Thornton; the "Lounger" (1785-87), edited by Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling;" the "Mirror," also

edited by Mackenzie (1779-80); and the "World," edited by Edward Moore, the dramatist.

"The Fable of the Bees," by Bernard de Mandeville (1714), a prose satire, full of clever paradoxes; Dean Swift's "Journal to Stella" (1710-13), and his "Polite Conversation;" Pope's "Letters," and "Memoirs of the Extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus," the greater part of which was written probably by Dr. Arbuthnot; and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's celebrated "Letters," which are not less remarkable for sound sense and accurate observation than for their clear, idiomatic, vivacious style, are books to be read at leisure or as a relief to graver studies. Of Samuel Johnson (1709-84) the books best worth reading are the "Lives of the Poets" (see p. 175), the "Journey to the Hebrides," and the tale of "Rasselas." In the last no attempt is made to preserve a local colouring, but it may be read for the justness of its reflections and the stateliness of its language. Johnson attempted the essay in his "Rambler" (1750-52), and "Idler" (1758-60), but his method was unsuited to its light and flexible form. Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74) is one of our best writers of English prose. His "History of Animated Nature," however superficial, is the pleasantest reading imaginable, and the humour of his "Citizen of the World" (originally contributed to a daily newspaper in 1760-61) is easy and delightful. Whatever this fine, humane, and pure genius touched he adorned. In the year after Goldsmith's death appeared a work entitled, "The Constitution of England, or an Account of the English Government," by a Genevan jurist, John Lewis de Lolme. At one time it enjoyed a considerable repute, but it has been superseded by the fuller and more philosophical works of Hallam, Stubbs, and Erskine May.

In 1756 an ingenious satire upon the false philosophy and tinsel eloquence of Bolingbroke, entitled, "A Vindication of Natural Society,"<sup>1</sup> turned the eyes of society upon its author, who proved to be a young Irish student at law, named Edmund Burke (1729-97). His reputation was further advanced by the publication in the same year of a "Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," which skillfully argued that the sense of beauty is connected with the relaxation, that of terror with the contraction, of the fibres of the body. The "Inquiry," however, now moulders on the dustiest shelf in our libraries. It is felt that many of the rules laid down by its author are erroneous; that many of his illustrations adduced are inappropriate. Exception may be taken at the outset to his definitions of beauty and sublimity as neither very accurate nor very precise. Nor is his analysis of their effects upon the mind satisfactory. Again, the style is cold and bare; the most attractive

<sup>1</sup> The imitation was so successful as to deceive both Bishop Warburton and the Earl of Chesterfield.

lines of thought are treated with the dryness which is generally supposed peculiar to a theologian's statement of dogmatic difficulties. Macaulay remarks that it is the most unadorned of all its author's writings, and this though compiled at a period of life when authors are generally given to luxuriance of language. It descants on the emotions produced by mountains, forests, and cascades; by the glorious masterpieces of art, and the face and bosom of beauty, with a frigidity which chills and dissatisfies the reader. Its influence on both Lessing and Kant, however, was very considerable. In 1769 Burke issued the first of his political pamphlets; these are of infinite value to the historian, but, apart from the brilliancy of their composition, have little interest for the student, except when they involve statements of general principles. His "Speeches," on the contrary, claim attention as models of oratorical eloquence and forcible reasoning, even though Goldsmith's sally be true, that the orator, too deep for his hearers, was intent on his subtle arguments "when they thought of dining." In 1790 appeared the celebrated "Reflections on the Revolution in France," a small octavo of 356 pages, which forms a historical landmark, having begotten in the English nation that fierce, unreasoning, passionate hatred of France and French principles which provoked and supported a long and desperate war. It was written with immense care, revised, strengthened, corrected, polished, until it was as perfect as art and genius could make it. The splendour of its diction is incontestable; the sagacity of some of its forecasts experience has demonstrated; yet much of it is plainly fallacious, and as a whole it is irretrievably weakened by the simple fact that Burke ignored or did not know the social causes of the Revolution he so severely denounced. But the "Reflections" must be read; it is impossible to pass over a book of such historic importance; and with it should be taken up Sir James Mackintosh's "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" and Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man." As replete with personal interest, Burke's "Letters to a Noble Lord," in reply to an attack upon his pension by the Duke of Bedford, should also be read. It is "the most splendid repartee in the English language," a model of scathing sarcasm and elevated irony. Of his latest compositions, "Letters on a Regicide Peace," Mr. John Morley writes:—"They are deplorable. They contain passages of fine philosophy and of skilful and plausible reasoning, but such passages only make us wonder how they came to be where they are. The reader is in no humour for them. In splendour of rhetoric, in fine images, in sustention, in irony, they surpass anything that Burke ever wrote, but of the qualities and principles that, far more than his rhetoric, have made Burke so admirable and so great—of justice, firm grasp of fact, of a reasonable sense of the probabilities of things—there are only traces enough to light up the gulfs of empty words, reckless phrases, and senseless vituperations that surge and boil around them."

To Horace Walpole (1717-97), as the author of "The Castle of Otranto," I have already referred. His contributions to Miscellaneous literature were numerous and valuable. As a letter-writer he shares the fame of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Cowper; though too obviously written with "a view to future publication," they are masterpieces of epistolary composition; bright, easy, witty, terse, and apparently spontaneous. The *labor limæ* does not often reveal itself; there is very little smell of the midnight oil. The same consummate ease characterises his "Memoirs of George II." and his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors." It is impossible to deny, as Macaulay admits, that his writings have real merit, and merit of a very rare though not of a very high kind. They amuse without exciting; they are the pleasantest possible reading; they never weary; there are no dull, no yawn-provoking passages. You can sip them at your pleasure; the flavour is agreeably pungent, but never acrid. "His style," says Macaulay, "is one of those peculiar styles by which everybody is attracted, and which nobody can safely venture to imitate. He is a mannerist whose manner has become perfectly easy to him. His affectation is so habitual and so universal that it can hardly be called affectation. The affectation is the essence of the man. It pervades all his thoughts and all his expressions. If it were taken away, nothing would be left. He coins new words, distorts the sense of old words, and twists sentences into forms which make grammarians stare. But this he does, not only with an air of ease, but as if he could not help doing it. His wit was, in its essential properties, of the same kind with that of Cowley and Donne. Like theirs, it consisted in an exquisite perception of points of analogy and points of contrast too subtle for common observation."

From Walpole to William Cobbett (1762-1835) seems an extraordinary leap, yet the latter was thirty-five years old when the former died. He belongs, however, to an entirely different world; and the influence which the French Revolution had exercised upon men's modes of thinking, the extent to which it had stirred the depths of society, are conspicuous in the *tone* of his various writings. Of these, I should select as best worth reading, and as sufficiently characteristic of the man's robust common-sense and genuine (if far from elevated) love of Nature, the "Rural Rides." A deeper, truer, and more delicate love of Nature animates the pleasant pages of the Rev. Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne" (1789), a book which has had many imitators, but has hardly been surpassed, so picturesque are its descriptions, so faithful its observations, and such the simple force of its style.<sup>1</sup> The nature-worship which at this time had begun to colour all English poetry

<sup>1</sup> In our own time White has found a rival in Mr. Richard Jefferies (author of "The Gamekeeper at Home" and several other delightful works), whose range, however, is much wider.

led to the composition of Gilpin's "Remarks on Forest Scenery" (1791) and Sir Uvedale Price's "Essays on the Picturesque;" and both authorities, though no longer regarded with much deference, are worthy of consideration. In the latter occur the earliest specimens of that *pictorial prose* which modern critics of Nature and natural objects have worked up with so much skill and fervour.

Somewhat in the style of "Tristram Shandy," with a touch of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Southey's "Doctor" (1834-38) is a curious medley of "humour and nonsense, of learning and simplicity, of literary strength and weakness." A more original and stronger writer, one of our finest critics, is William Hazlitt (1778-30), who treated Southey's poetry with very little respect and his politics with a good deal of severity. Hazlitt was much addicted to paradoxes; his prejudices were as violent as his partialities; but his perception was acute and delicate, his imagination vigorous, his aspiration after truth and beauty sincere, his style rich, many-coloured, and decisive. Lord Lytton has well said that "he had a keen sense of the beautiful and subtle, and, what is more, was deeply imbued with sympathies for the humane. His intellectual honesty makes him the Dumont of letters, even when his fiery eloquence approaches him to the Mirabeau." Hazlitt did a good work in his time, not only by founding the school of appreciative and sympathetic criticism, but by reviving a love of the old Elizabethan writers, and promoting a recognition of their merits. His criticism of poetry is generally accurate; his observations on men, and manners, and things are always clever and frequently pungent. Among his best writings I should be disposed to name his "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," "Lectures on the English Poets," "Lectures on the English Comic Writers," and "Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth." As an essayist he is seen to advantage in "Table-Talk," "The Round Table," and "The Plain Speaker."

There is a great contrast between Hazlitt as a critic and Lord Jeffrey (1773-1850), who for some years in the "Edinburgh Review" exercised a Rhadamanthine jurisdiction over the world of letters. He had neither the imagination nor the sympathy nor the rich style of Hazlitt; but he wrote with elegance, and his judgments, upon subjects which he understood, were discriminative and clear. To his editorial tact the "Edinburgh Review," which was projected by Sydney Smith, and started in October 1802, owed much of its success. A selection of his contributions to the "Review," in four volumes, was published in 1844. It has since been reprinted in one volume, and affords a fair sample of his critical abilities, which are scarcely rated as high by posterity as they were by his contemporaries. On the other hand, the reputation of his friend and contributor, the Rev. Sydney Smith (1771-1845), is probably undiminished, being preserved, so to speak, by the Attic salt of his fine and generous humour. His pregnant fancy and lively wit

were always inspired by sound sense and exercised with kindly feeling. The reader will obtain a good notion of his characteristic qualities from a sparkling little volume entitled "The Wit and Humour of Sydney Smith," and will observe how he delighted in the development and amplification of any humorous idea or image that seized his fancy. As a brilliant and powerful contributor to the "Edinburgh Review," and a man of surprising versatility, I may but bring forward the name of Henry Lord Brougham (1778-1868), though it may be doubted whether any writer of equal capacity and energy has left so little behind him for the instruction of posterity. In his day Brougham was a power in the land, but his fame has rapidly decreased; he has bequeathed no adequate memorial of himself; and already something of that vagueness attaches to him which obscures the features in a faded photograph. *Nominis umbra!* We read of his influence over parliaments and people, but look in vain for proofs of the genius which created that influence. The list of his writings is a long one, and yet there are none, I think, except the "Historic Sketches of Statesmen," to which the student's attention need be directed. His style as a writer is not to be commended; as an orator it was distinguished by its extraordinary rush of words and irresistible vigour.

Among the Georgian essayists the most delightful was Charles Lamb (1775-1834), who, as "Elia," has commanded the love and laughter of thousands and ten thousands of admiring readers. None of our humourists succeeds so completely in engaging our affection; he not only moves our smiles but he gains our hearts. The gentle, candid, unassuming nature of the man underlies all his wit and humour; his sympathies are always generous, and whatever he writes is governed and permeated by a keen critical taste. He is thoroughly and absolutely original; he has no model, and has had no imitator. His quaint and characteristic style may have acquired a certain flavour from his fervent love and constant study of the Elizabethan writers, but it was entirely his own in structure, and he derived from others nothing more than the fruit derives from the sun that ripens it. Hence it happens that you may tire of other writers, of the affluence of Jeremy Taylor and the pomp of Sir Thomas Browne, but never of the "gentle Elia." John Foster says, "He has wit and wisdom of the highest order, exquisite humour, a genuine and cordial vein of pleasantry, and the most heart-touching pathos; in the largest acceptation of the word, he was a humourist. His fancy is distinguished by singular delicacy and tenderness, and even his conceits will be generally found to be, as those of his favourite Fuller often are, steeped in human feeling and passion." In like manner Proctor remarks that the quality of his humour differed from that of other men. It combined with it a tender and pathetic view; underneath his wittiest and quaintest fancies ran a current of sweet thoughtful

ness. Charles Lamb's works include the "Essays" and "Last Essays" of Elia; and "Specimens of Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespeare." He wrote also some exquisite, graceful poems, a tragedy entitled "John Woodvil," and the tale, or rather idyll, of "Rosamond Gray and Blind Old Margaret."

The elder Disraeli (1766-1848) was an inaccurate and superficial writer, but he popularised among us the study of literary history; and so much that is curious and entertaining is garnered up in his "Curiosities of Literature" and "Quarrels and Calamities of Authors," that they may be expected to maintain their popularity. His historical works cannot be accepted as authorities; he wanted both the research and the philosophical spirit of the historian. His work on "The Literary Character" shows him at his best. A vein of original reflection and considerable grace of diction will attract the reader in the "Lives of Northern Worthies" and the "Essays and Memorabilia of Hartley Coleridge" (1796-1849), the son of the poet,—who, by the way, was himself a prose writer of great power, and whose "Biographia Literaria," "Table-Talk," "Aids to Reflection," and "The Friend," require and reward assiduous study. To the poetry of Thomas Hood (1798-1845) I have already alluded; but his spontaneous humour, which revelled in puns and far-fetched allusions, and quips and quirks, and verbal conceits, overflows his prose compositions; and his "Whims and Oddities," "Comic Annual," and "Whimsicalities" contain matter enough to set up for life a score or so of average "comic writers." As a critic and essayist of rare merit, who is also a genuine humourist, I may here mention James Russell Lowell (born 1819), whose delightful "Conversations on some of the Old Poets" appeared in the year of Hood's death. His critical acumen gives a high value to the essays collected under the titles of "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows." The year of Hood's death also witnessed the appearance of the "Biographical History of Philosophy," by George Henry Lewes (1817-79), a man of letters whose range was very wide, but whose versatility did not imply superficiality. In the "Life of Goethe" he made a welcome addition to our first-class biographies; his volume on "The Spanish Drama" displayed his insight as a critic; as a scientific investigator he produced an acceptable volume of "Sea-Side Studies;" and in his "Physiology of Common Life" he was the first to render available to ordinary readers the conclusions of science on subjects of every-day importance and domestic interest. His novels, "Ranthorpe" and "Rose, Blanche, and Violet," seem to us deserving of more attention than they have hitherto received.

The popularity of the essay is shown by the fact that most of the leading writers of the Victorian period have at one time or another resorted to it. To James Anthony Froude, the historian, we owe three interesting and thoughtful volumes of "Short Studies upon Great Subjects;" to Mr. Edward Freeman, "His-



torical Essays;" to Mr. Matthew Arnold, "Essays on Criticism" and "Mixed Essays;" to Mr. R. Holt Hutton, "Essays, Theological and Literary," in which the analysis is subtle and the discrimination exact; to Leslie Stephen, "Hours in a Library;" to Ralph Waldo Emerson, several volumes of essays of a very remarkable character, flavoured with transcendentalism, but brimful of original thought and richly suggestive; to Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859), author of the well-known "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," numerous works which, whatever their titles or subjects, assume the essay form, and have secured for their writer the reputation of being one of the great masters of English prose, with a pregnant imagination and an exhaustive analytic faculty; to W. M. Thackeray, the delightful "Roundabout Papers," "English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," and "The Four Georges." High rank as an essayist, and as a writer of "beautiful and quiet English," must be accorded to Sir Arthur Helps (1814-75), whose "Friends in Council" and "Essays written in the Intervals of Business" are familiar to every cultivated mind. He was also the author of "Companions of my Solitude" and "Thoughts upon Government;" of some biographical and historical works; of a tale called "Casimir Maremma," and the fanciful Utopian romance of "Realmah." It would be unpardonable in me to omit the name of "Christopher North," the pseudonym assumed by a man of real and vigorous genius, Professor John Wilson (1785-1854), who, however, for want of a firm self-discipline and equality of temperament, never accomplished one-half of what was within his power. Much of the fun and humour of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," depending upon local and temporary subjects, is already obsolete; and, apart from his poems, his fame must chiefly depend on the essays collected under the title of "Recreations of Christopher North."

Not to have read the "Imaginary Conversations" of Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864) is a sign and mark of imperfect culture, for it will always be the scholar who will best appreciate that extraordinary memorial of a rare and powerful intellect. Landor into the modern forms infused the antique spirit, wrote and thought in English like an ancient Greek. He had no dramatic power; and whether he wrote "Pericles and Aspasia," or a "Pentameron," or "The Examination of William Shakespeare," it was his own strong individuality that he stamped upon the page. Passion, sentiment, learning, wit, wisdom, all are at his command, and every page presents to us the evidence of his keen and precise understanding and close-sustained observation. Professor Edward Dowden (whose own critical abilities are unquestionable, and whose "Studies in Literature" are the fruits of a thoughtful and refined mind) says of him:—"The feeling for order, proportion, harmony, simplicity, was with him paramount. He never *phrygianised* (to use his own word) an obvious and natural

thought with 'such biting and hot curling-irons that it rolls itself up impenetrably.' He never allowed a great idea, or beautiful image, or felicitous expression to appear in his writings until he had found a place for it. . . . When he wanted to say a clever thing, he knew what to do with it, and wrote an epigram. In his more serious writings he never does say clever things; he felt that it is 'as intolerable to keep reading over perpetual sharpnesses as to keep walking over them.' And when he is elevated, he is not so in a way to take away one's breath; he conducts one to his altitude of passion or mount of speculation along much lower ground and by a gradual ascent; otherwise for him no height is attainable. He is never blown away with ruffled wings in a wind of desire; his alacrity is a calm alacrity, like the descending or ascending movement of Mercury on a divine errand. Moderation and composure (of course form alone is here spoken of) are never lost."

Arguing that Landor's admirers, if few, are fit, Professor Dowden reminds us of some of the more distinguished. Shelley, to the close of his life, was a passionate admirer of the poem of "Gebir," and at times was possessed by it in a way from which there was no rescue or escape. Wordsworth acknowledged that Landor had written verses "of which he would rather have been the author than of any produced in our time." Lamb was always turning to "Gebir" for things that haunted him, and declared that only two men could have produced the "Examination of Shakespeare"—he who wrote it and the man it was written on. Julius Hare said of the collected works that they seemed to him to contain more and more various beauty than any collection of the writings of any English author since Shakespeare. Of the "Pentameron" Mrs. Browning said that if it were not for the necessity of getting through a book, some of the pages are too delicious to turn over; and of "Pericles and Aspasia," that if he had written only this it would have shown him to be "of all living writers the most unconventional in thought and word, the most classical because the freest from mere classicism, the most Greek because pre-eminently and purely English." For twenty years the "Imaginary Conversations" were the companion of Emerson; and when he visited Europe, hoping to see the faces of three or four writers, one of the three or four was its author. To men of this generation it will seem of little account, perhaps, though Landor highly esteemed the honour, that Southey dedicated to him his "Kehama" and G. P. R. James his "Attila." Two other dedications will now be regarded as having conferred a higher distinction; that in which Robert Browning inscribed to him his noblest drama, and that which Mr. Swinburne prefixed to his "Atalanta in Calydon."

If not the greatest writer of the Victorian age, Thomas Carlyle (born 1795) has, of all its writers, exercised the greatest present influence. He has not founded a school, and to our children's

children he will not be what he has been and is to us ; but the power of his strong sincerity, his deep earnestness, his belief in the moral excellence of work, his hatred of shams and conventionalities, has made itself felt in all our contemporary literature. In politics or in practical philosophy he is no safe guide ; his statements of religious opinion are vague and indeterminate. Yet his books are admirable reading for young men ; there is in them such an inspiring, awakening, and elevating force. His over-estimation of material success is an error not likely to lead astray young minds, while they will readily respond to the trumpet-call of energy and doing that echoes in his every page. He preaches with constant emphasis the gospel of self-control, self-help, and patience. "Quit yourselves like men," "Be firm and strong," "Watch and wait," these are the texts on which he enlarges in that strange, rugged, irregular style of his, which in itself is a revelation to the youthful reader ; for, with all its faults, it is capable of the most varied expression—is at one time a medium for the tenderest pathos, at another for the most scathing invective, at another for the most dramatic description.

We may find in Carlyle's character of John Sterling what seems to be his ideal of a manly life, and I quote it here because this ideal, more or less directly, he puts forward in all his writings and urges upon all his readers :—"In clear and perfect fidelity to truth wherever found, in childlike and soldierlike, pious and valiant loyalty to the highest, and what of good and evil that might send him, he excelled among men. The joys and the sorrows of his lot he took with true simplicity and acquiescence. Like a true son, not like a miserable, mutinous rebel, he comported himself in this universe. Extremity of distress—and surely his fervid temper had enough of contradiction in this world—could not tempt him into impatience at any time. By no chance did you ever hear from him a whisper of those mean repinings, miserable arraignings and questionings of the Eternal Power, such as weak souls even well disposed will sometimes give way to in the presence of their despair ; to the like of this he never yielded, or showed the least tendency to yield, which, surely, was well on his part. For the Eternal Power, I still remark, will not answer the like of this, but silently and terribly accounts it impious, blasphemous, and damnable, and now as heretofore will visit it as such. Not a rebel, but a son, I said ; willing to suffer when Heaven said, Thou shalt ; and withal, what is perhaps rarer in such a combination, willing to rejoice also, and right cheerily taking the good that was sent, whencesoever or in whatever form it came. A pious soul we may justly call him ; devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things ; the highest and sole essential form which religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of religion are a mockery and a delusion in man."

An excellent ideal this so far as it goes, yet not in itself fulfil

adequate to all the requirements of the Christian teaching. It is worth meditating upon, however ; for it supplies the keynote, so to speak, to the ethical system outlined by "the sage of Chelsea." You will find it repeated in the "Sartor Resartus" (or tailor untailored), and in the "Lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship." To Carlyle's historical and biographical works allusion has already been made. He is the author also of a translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," of "Specimens of German Romance," of "Latter-Day Pamphlets," of a number of essays and reviews (reprinted in the "Miscellanies"), and of "Past and Present," a very Carlylean contrast between mediæval and present English life.

Art-literature in England boasts of one illustrious name, John Ruskin (born 1819), whose "Modern Painters," first published in 1843, effected a revolution in English opinion on matters of art, and founded a school of generous and enlightened art-criticism. The beauty of its style, the pure and severe mind that shone luminously in every page, the lofty principles inculcated, the reverent appreciation of Nature, awakened an extraordinary interest, and led to that art-revival of which we are now enjoying the significant results. The work so brilliantly begun was carried on by "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice ;" each written with the same glow and fervour of eloquence, with the same elevation of thought and delicacy of sentiment. His later writings, such as "The Construction of Sheepfolds," "The Two Paths," "Ethics of the Dust," "The Queen of the Air," and "Fors Clavigera," though obviously the efforts of a man of genius, are impaired by many inconsistencies and incongruities, by not a few paradoxes, and by frequent colloquialisms of style ; but, on the whole, they preach the same lofty lessons as the earlier masterpieces, and, like them, they throb with a deep and earnest love of moral and intellectual beauty. No art-critic before Ruskin ever taught from so elevated a platform. "I want," he says, "a definition of art wide enough to include all its varieties of aim. I do not say, therefore, that the art is greatest which teaches us most, because perhaps there is some art whose end is to please and not to teach. I do not say that the art is greatest which imitates best, because perhaps there is some art whose end is to create and not to imitate. But I say that the art is greatest which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatsoever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas ; and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and in occupying exercises and exalts the faculty by which it is received." Again, he states it to be a characteristic of great art that "it includes the largest possible quantity of truth in the most perfect possible harmony." And again, he protests that "whatever is great in human art is the expression of man's delight in God's

work." According to Ruskin, men's mission in this world falls mainly into three divisions: first, to know themselves and the existing state of the things they have to do with; secondly, to be happy in themselves and in the existing state of things; thirdly, to mend themselves and the existing state of things, as far as either are marred and mendable. In this last division Ruskin himself must be included: patiently and generously, with infinite self-sacrifice, with a heart as broad as his genius is large, he has laboured for the betterment of his fellows, striving to make them purer and happier, to cast down their false ideals, and inspire them with a love of truth and of its Divine Source. His teaching aims at the same object as Carlyle's, but is surely loftier. "To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set," he says; "to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray,—these are the things that make men happy; they have always had the power of doing them—they never *will* have power to do more." "Work is prayer" may be taken as the sum of Carlyle's philosophy. "Work and prayer" is Ruskin's wiser formula.

On the splendour of his descriptions, the happiness of his illustrations, the "white light" in which he contrives to set the principle he is enforcing, the roll and rhythm of his style, I need not enlarge. There are passages in "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice" which no writer has surpassed in truth and beauty of colouring. With all his fondness for accumulation of details, he never overloads his pictures, and their central idea is always steadily enforced. He is equally successful in painting the grand, lovely forms of the mountains, the varied features of Highland scenery, the art-work which embellishes the front of St. Mark's, or the fisherman's boat lying high and dry upon the sand. But it is not for the sake of their diction, though this in structure and colour is truly admirable, and such as to warrant and repay patient study, that I conclude this section with an earnest recommendation of Ruskin's writings to the student; it is because their sentiment is so lofty, their moral atmosphere so pure, their teaching so invigorative. You can hardly read them without desiring to lead a higher and truer life, without feeling stimulated as by the ringing sound of a trumpet.

"Let us not forget," he says, "that if honour be for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living. He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been for ever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love and the keen sorrow to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lesson which men receive as individuals they do not learn as nations. . . . Let it not displease them that they are bidden,

amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence nor their light by their decay."

To living men not one of the least melodious of these voices, not one of the least brilliant of these lamps, has been John Ruskin; and the student will do well to listen to his teaching, and to walk in the path which he points out to him.

Philosophic thought and judicious estimates of men and things characterise the "Literary Studies" and "Economic Studies" of the late Walter Bagehot.





## CHAPTER IX.

### SCIENCE AND SCIENTIFIC TEXT-BOOKS: A COURSE OF READING.

**T**HE study of science must be included in any scheme of self-culture. The student's work cannot be considered complete until he knows something of the laws of the world in which he lives; something of the conditions that govern life; something of the causes of the phenomena which he sees around him. He must know something of the motions of the stars, and of the relations of the earth to the system of which it is a member; something of the formation of the terrestrial crust; of the changes it has undergone; of the agencies that have built up mountains and scooped out valleys and traced the course of rivers; something, too, must he know of the constitution of the atmosphere, of water, of fire, of the cloud that flecks the blue of heaven, of the mist that wreathes the lofty hill, of the rainbow that throws its coloured arch in one gigantic span across the sky; something must he know of the formation of bud and leaf, of flower and fruit, of the vital juice that circulates in the tall tree's trunk, of the colouring property that resides in the tissue of the plant. There are familiar wonders, if such an expression be permissible, the secrets of which he must understand—the barometer with its rising and falling column, and the electric wire with its swift current of communication. In a word, science enters so largely into our daily life that we cannot affect to regard it as the peculiar domain of so-called philosophers. Moreover, a scientific training sharpens and disciplines the intellect, inculcating a habit of exact thought and close observation, checking a dangerous tendency to form sudden conclusions, and leading the mind from facts to principles. As Mr. Bain remarks, it is the only perfect embodiment of truth, and of the methods of obtaining truth. "More than anything else does it impress the mind with the nature of evidence, with the labour and precautions necessary to prove a thing. It is the grand corrective of the laxness of the natural man in receiving unaccredited facts and conclusions. It exemplifies the devices for establishing a fact, or a law, under every variety of circumstances; it saps the credit of everything that is affirmed without being properly attested." Much of the hasty generali-

sation and loose reasoning floating about in educated society would be swept away like mists before a strong wind if a scientific training were general. Whether that training be in the abstract or in the applicate and mixed sciences, the gain would be conspicuous and permanent, and not less a moral than an intellectual gain.

But science is a wide term, for it means the reign of law, the ascertainment and definition of the laws of the universe ; and the student will shrink, perhaps, from a pursuit which seems to involve an almost endless labour. Geology, Botany, Natural History, Chemistry ; Acoustics, Optics, Mechanics, Pneumatics, Hydraulics, Hydrostatics ; Anatomy, Physiology, Therapeutics ; how shall he undertake a study which comprises so many branches, and each branch sufficient in itself to occupy the inquirer's most assiduous mental efforts for a lifetime ? I reply that it is quite possible for the intelligent student, with proper industry, to master the elements at least of all these branches of science ; to gain such a knowledge as will enable him to understand ordinary allusions in books and conversation to scientific effects. For instance, in astronomy, though he will not succeed in mastering its abstract principles and fundamental truths, nor perhaps its technology, he may learn the laws of the celestial motions, and as much as is known or conjectured of the physical constitution of the sun, planets, satellites, comets, nebulae, and fixed stars, their magnitudes, distances, and periods. In botany, though he may not conquer its elaborate nomenclature and arbitrary methods of arrangement, he may attain to a knowledge of the phenomena of vegetable life and the different parts of a plant. This elementary knowledge will prove not only entertaining but useful to the student, however much it may be ridiculed by specialists, always provided that it does not tempt him to pretend to a learning which he does not really possess. And when he has acquired such a general acquaintance with scientific facts as I have here indicated ("a smattering," the critics will call it), he can then determine, according as his opportunities admit, upon the thorough pursuit of one or more branches which he finds congenial to his tastes or adapted to his means. If he possess some operative and manipulative skill, he can take up chemistry, and "transmute and smelt and crystallise and sublimate," or trace the affinities of elements in his little laboratory, which, nowadays, may be equipped at small cost. Or if conscious of a faculty of observation, he may turn to botany or astronomy, with the comforting assurance that neither science in its study will make an excessive demand upon limited means. If his bias be "constructive" or "mechanical," he can choose from the various branches of the applicate sciences. He can venture upon electricity and its applications, or he may content himself with the geologist's hammer and knapsack. The world of science is all before him ; he is free to select his own



path, his own province ; and beginning modestly and tentatively, he may press forward and upward until he scales the heights where the joy of victory becomes possible.

It is said that a good workman never quarrels with his tools. What is certain is that a workman in earnest is never at a loss for tools. I have no opinion of the student who cannot undertake the study of chemistry without an array of costly apparatus, or that of astronomy without a forty-foot telescope ; who wants to begin where a Faraday and a Herschel left off. With a good textbook, and a few simple and intelligible lessons, such as are now to be had at almost any Literary Institute, a young man, if he have the real stuff in him, will make his way into the heart of any science, supplying himself as he advances with all the necessary instruments. When you have no diamond to cut your glass, you can do it with a bit of twine ! That is the principle I want to impress on the reader's mind. Read the Life of Thomas Edward, the Banff naturalist, and you will see with what sort of tools *he* worked, and worked successfully too ! Why, if you want an electrical machinery, an old wine-bottle will serve your turn ! It served Faraday's. Scheele, the great Swedish chemist, discovered several new gases with half-a-dozen pigs' bladders and a few old physic-bottles. Ferguson, the astronomer, made his wooden clock with no other tools than a common penknife. Franklin detected the identity of lightning and electricity with a silk handkerchief stretched like a kite across a couple of sticks. Dr. Black discovered latent heat with a pan of water and a couple of thermometers. I am almost ashamed to cite these well-known instances ; but they will prove, I hope, an encouragement and a lesson to the reader. For myself, I have always observed that the men with the costliest tools accomplish the least work. At school the boy with the "best editions" and the finest annotations is always the worst scholar. The moral of all which is, that the reader is not to be deterred from the study of science by an assumed want of adequate materials. Benjamin West's first brush was made out of a cat's tail. Friend ! you have always a cat's tail at your disposal ! I do not pretend to weigh one science with another, and to say "This or that is the better." As long as scientific training enters into the student's self-culture, I care not whether he decide upon mathematics or mechanics. One hint only will I offer, and that I shall offer in the words of Professor Blackie :—" *All the natural sciences are particularly valuable*, not only as supplying the mind with the most rich, various, and beautiful furniture, but as teaching people that most useful of all arts, how to use their eyes." It is astonishing how much we all go about with our eyes open and yet seeing nothing. This is because the organ of vision, like other organs, requires training ; and by lack of training and the slavish dependence on books, becomes dull and slow, and ultimately incapable of exercising its natural functions. Let those

studies, therefore, both in school and college, be regarded as primary that teach young persons to know what they are seeing, and to see what otherwise they would fail to see. Among the most useful are Botany, Zoology, Mineralogy, Geology, Chemistry.

Various *Classifications of the Sciences* have obtained adherents; these I shall not attempt to indicate. The method now in general acceptance may be stated as follows:—The primary division is into theoretical and practical, the former including each a distinct and well-defined department of Nature, such as Mathematics, Zoology, Physiology, Chemistry; the latter being the application to some particular end or object of facts, laws, and principles borrowed from one or more of the theoretical sciences; as, for example, Navigation, Mineralogy, Medicine, Mining. Again, the theoretical sciences (which are the *true sciences*) are capable of obvious subdivisions:—

- (a) Abstract or fundamental, being those which embrace a knowledge of certain actual forces or powers, namely, Biology (Vegetable and Animal Physiology), Chemistry, Mathematics, Physics, Psychology, Sociology.
- (β) Concrete or applied, being those which apply the aforesaid forces or powers to regions of concrete phenomena, namely, Astronomy (?), Botany, Geography, Geology, Meteorology, Mineralogy, Zoology.

A definite order or sequence of the abstract sciences is acknowledged, proceeding from the simple to the complex, from the independent to the dependent. The simplest and most general attribute of the universe is *quantity*; the first place is given, therefore, to the science which treats of it, Mathematics, pure and mixed (or abstract and applied)—Arithmetic, Algebra, the Calculus, and Geometry). Next comes the science of Physics, including in one branch Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Acoustics, Astronomy, which all appertain to movement in *mass*; and, in another, Heat, Light, and Electricity, relating to movement in the *molecule*; the first branch being termed *molar* (*moles*, a mass), and the second *Molecular Physics*.<sup>1</sup>

Based upon the physical laws, Chemistry, next in order, proceeds to investigate the composition and decomposition of bodies so far as they occur in definite proportions and effect a change or modification of properties. Mathematical, physical, and chemical laws are engaged in Biology, or the science of life, which deduces and applies what are called *vital laws*. Two divisions are generally recognised: Vegetable and Animal Physiology in the one; Anthropology, Botany, and Zoology in the other. Leaving the world

<sup>1</sup> The series as arranged by Comte stands thus:—Mathematics (Number, Geometry, Mechanics), Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and Sociology. Physics he divides into Barology, Thermology, Acoustics, Optics, and Electrolology.

of matter for the world of mind, we come to Psychology, which treats of feeling, volition, intellect. And this carries us on to the sixth and last of the primary sciences, one of comparatively recent development, Sociology, the object of which is thus explained by its able prophet, Mr. Herbert Spencer :—"Beginning with types of men who form but small and incoherent social aggregates, such a science has to show in what ways the individual qualities, intellectual and emotional, negative further aggregation. It has to explain how slight modifications of individual nature, arising under modified conditions of life, make somewhat larger aggregates possible. It has to trace out, in aggregates of some size, the genuses of the social relations, regulative and operative, into which the members fall. It has to exhibit the stronger and more prolonged social influences which, by further modifying the characters of the units, facilitate further aggregation with consequent further complexity of social structure. Among societies of all orders and sizes, from the smallest and rudest up to the largest and most civilised, it has to ascertain what traits there are in common, determined by the common traits of human beings; what less general traits, distinguishing certain groups of societies, result from traits distinguishing certain races of men; and what peculiarities in each society are traceable to the peculiarities of its members. In every case it has for its subject-matter the growth, development, structure, and functions of the social aggregate, as brought about by the mutual actions of individuals whose natures are partly like those of all men, partly like those of kindred races, partly distinctive."

To the writer just quoted, Mr. Herbert Spencer, is due a lucid and intelligible "Classification of the Sciences"<sup>1</sup> into three divisions, according to their comparative "concreteness." The first division he terms *Abstract Science*, because it discusses the *forms* of phenomena apart from their embodiments; it includes the forms of space and time, that is, the sciences of Mathematics and Logic. The second is *Abstract Concrete Science*, or the analysis of the natural phenomena into their separate elements, gravity and heat, that is, Physics and Chemistry, the two being linked together by that law of correlation or conservation of force which has been so well explained by Sir W. R. Grove and Professor Balfour Stewart. Mr. Spencer's third division is *Concrete Science*, which applies to natural phenomena in their totalities or as united in actual things, and includes Astronomy, Geology, Botany, Psychology, Biology, Sociology, &c.

The applied or practical sciences are too numerous for classification. Every department of human knowledge that can be regulated by scientific laws, every aim and end of human life that can be promoted by the application of scientific principles, is regarded as a science. Hence we have the sciences of Law

<sup>1</sup> Criticised by John Stuart Mill in "Westminster Review," xxvii. 361 et seq.

(Professor Sheldon Amos), Ethics, Education (see Professor Alexander Bain's "Education as a Science"), History (see Froude and Kingsley on the scientific limits of history), Grammar, Philology, Politics, Jurisprudence, Political Economy, all of which are more or less closely connected with man as an individual or as a member of society; and the sciences of Medicine, Surgery, Midwifery, Navigation, Engineering, Mining, and Metallurgy, Practical Mechanics, all of which are of a more or less practical character.

A complete survey of our scientific literature would be impossible in the limits to which I am confined, nor, if attempted, would it be of any advantage to the ordinary student, nor is the present writer competent to undertake it. I shall confine myself to the task of indicating a few text-books which will be useful to the learner, and of briefly commenting on some of the larger and more important works of popular science which enter into every well-equipped library. In offering a list of text-books, I must premise that I by no means wish to imply the inferiority of other manuals and introductory treatises because I do not name them. Necessarily I mention those with which I am acquainted, and specially those which are recommended by the University examiners or the merits of which are widely known. The competition of publishers has led to the issue of a host of books of this sort, nearly all of which are written by competent men, so that the student's difficulty will be the proverbial *embarras de richesses*. But so long as his text-book is clear in method and precise in exposition, it matters little which he chooses.

Let us take the sciences according to their recognised sequence:—

- a. *Mathematics*—Colenso, Arithmetic; Colenso, Algebra; Todd, Euclid, or Todhunter, Smaller Algebra; Todhunter, Euclid; Galbraith and Houghton, Trigonometry; Professor Clifford, First Principles of the Exact Sciences; Dalton, Rules and Examples in Algebra and Arithmetic; C. C. Hodgson, Euclid and his Modern Rivals; Todhunter, Treatise on the Differential Calculus; Wilson, Elementary Geometry.
- β. *Physics*—Balfour Stewart, Lessons in Elementary Physics; Thomson and Tait, Elements of Natural Philosophy; Ganet, Elementary Treatise on Physics; Maxwell, Theory of Heat; Tyndall, Heat a Mode of Motion; Professor Tait, Elementary Treatise on Heat; Gordon, Elementary Book on Heat; Norman Lockyer, Elementary Lessons in Astronomy; Sir J. F. W. Herschel, Outlines of Astronomy; Sir G. B. Airy, Popular Astronomy; Eugene Lommel, Nature of Light; Tyndall, Six Lectures on Light. Todhunter, Natural Philosophy for Beginners. Blaikie, Elements of Dynamics; W. P. Wilson, Treatise on Dynamics. Goodeve, Principles of Mechanics; Professor Ball, Experimental Mechanics. Jenkin, Electricity and Magnetism; Tyndall, Seven Lectures on Electrical Phenomena and Theories; Humphrey Lloyd, Treatise on Magnetism. W. H. Stone, Elementary Treatise on Sound; Tyndall, on Sound.

- Professor Mayer, Experiments in the Phenomena of Sound.  
J. B. Phear, Elementary Hydrostatics.
7. *Chemistry*—Bloxam, Chemistry; Roscoe, Lessons in Elementary Chemistry; Wilson, Inorganic Chemistry; Brown, Chemistry; Williamson, Chemistry for Students; Armstrong, Organic Chemistry; Miller, Inorganic Chemistry; Miller, Elements of Chemistry, Theoretical and Practical.
  8. *Biology*—Professor Huxley, Lessons in Physiology; Michael Foster, Text-Book of Physiology; Newton, Animal Physiology, M'Kendrick, Outlines of Physiology; Thomé, Structural and Physiological Botany.  
Nicol, Puzzle of Life; Huxley and Martin, Elementary Biology; Professor Williamson, Succession of Life on the Earth.  
Kingzett, Animal Chemistry.  
Mrs. Buckton, Health in the House; Dr. Corfield, Health.  
Dr. Stirling, Zoology; Dr. Alleyne Nicholson, Manual of Zoology.  
Balfour, Elements of Botany; Oliver, Lessons in Elementary Botany; Professor T. Dyer, Structure of Plants.  
Sir John Lubbock, Origin of Civilisation; Tyler and Lankester, Manual of Anthropology.  
Jukes, School Class-Book of Geology; Sir C. Lyell, Principles of Geology; Jukes, Student's Manual of Geology; Dr. Alleyne Nicholson, Manual of Palæontology.
  9. *Psychology*—Professor Croom Robertson, Elementary Lessons in Psychology; J. D. Morell, Introduction to Mental Philosophy; Professor Fraser, Selections from Berkeley; Reid, Essay on the Intellectual Powers; Calderwood, Handbook of Moral Philosophy; Kant, Metaphysics of Ethics; Alexander Bain, The Emotions and the Will; Bain, Mental and Moral Science; Bain, Mind and Body; Locke, Essay on the Human Understanding; J. D. Morell, Historical and Speculative View of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe.
  10. *Sociology*—Herbert Spencer, Study of Sociology; Comte, System of Positive Polity.

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For the convenience of the student I append a list of text-books for some of the practical sciences:—

1. *Political Economy*—Professor Fawcett, Political Economy; Mrs. Marcet, Conversations on Political Economy; John Stuart Mill, Principles of Political Economy.
2. *Logic*—Jevons, Elementary Lessons in Logic; John Stuart Mill, System of Logic; Archbishop Thomson, Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought; Archbishop Whately, Elements of Logic; Alexander Bain, Logic, Deductive and Inductive; Stebbing, Analysis of Mill's "Logic."
3. *Rhetoric*—Archbishop Whately, Elements of Rhetoric.
4. *Education*—Isaac Taylor, Home Education; Bain, Education as a Science; Herbert Spencer, Education, Intellectual, Moral, and Physical.
5. *Jurisprudence*—Professor Sheldon Amos, A Systematic View of the Science of Jurisprudence.
6. *Politics*—Bagehot, Physics and Politics; Professor Amos, Primer of the English Constitution and Government.
7. *English Language*—Morris, Historical Outlines of English Accidence; Cruik, History of English Literature; R. G. Latham, Handbook of the English Language; Archbishop Trench, On the Study of Words; Dr. Abbott, Shakespearean Grammar; T. K. Oliphant, The Old and Middle English; Archbishop Trench, English: Past and Present.

Among scientific books which are pleasant to read a foremost place must be allotted to the "Physical Geography" of Mrs. Mary Somerville (1780-1872), originally published in 1848. It is written with the utmost clearness, and facts and illustrations are arranged with so much skill, and with such an entire knowledge of the subject, that it is as "interesting as a romance." Many of the brief descriptive passages, as of the *tundras* or stony steppes of Central Asia and the *pampas* of America, are most artistically coloured. Embodying, as it does, the latest results of scientific research, it is not likely to be superseded as a popular compendium. The same charm of style and method distinguishes Mrs. Somerville's "Connection of the Physical Sciences," which offers a comprehensive though condensed view of the phenomena of the universe, and her treatise "On Molecular and Microscopic Science" renders easily intelligible a subject of some difficulty. Of even higher merit, perhaps, is her adaptation of Laplace's "*Mécanique Céleste*" under the title of "The Mechanism of the Heavens," published in 1831. Mrs. Somerville died in 1872. In the previous year English science had lost one of its most eminent professors in Sir John Herschel (born in 1792), the astronomer, whose "Outlines of Astronomy" may be "understood" by the ordinary reader. His treatises on "Sound and Light," and his "Catalogues of Stars and Nebulæ," have a purely scientific interest. His versatility and the wide range of his sympathies are seen in his volume of "Essays which appeared in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, with Additions and other Pieces." Sir John first came before the public in 1830 with his "Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy." This was published only a few months after the death of our first modern "all-round" man of science. Sir Humphry Davy was a votary of science from his boyhood, and from his boyhood exhibited the fervour and energy of a robust intellect. "He was fond," says Professor Forbes, "of metaphysics; he was fond of experiment; he was an ardent student of Nature; and he possessed at an early age poetic powers which, had they been cultivated, would, in the opinion of competent judges, have made him as eminent in literature as he became in science. [This may be doubted; the statement is not supported by any of Davy's extant compositions in verse.] All these tastes endured throughout life. Business would not stifle them—even the approach of death was unable to extinguish them." It was to scientific pursuits, however, that he chiefly addressed himself; and his name will long be remembered by his safety-lamp and other ingenious inventions. His principal scientific works are his "Elements of Agricultural Chemistry" and his treatise "On Some Chemical Agents of Electricity;" those of a more literary character are the "*Salmonia*" and "Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher."

The philosophy of the mountains was first formulated by Pro-

essor James Forbes in his "Travels through the Alps," his "Norway and its Glaciers," his "Tour of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa" (1855), in which he supported the "viscous" theory of the structure of glaciers and demonstrated their principle of motion. "A glacier," he said, "is an imperfect fluid or a viscous body which is urged down slopes at a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts." Glaciers have since been made the subject of profound study by Professor Tyndall, who has put forward the "pressure-theory," maintaining that the downward pressure of the parts of a glacier on each other produced by gravitation is more powerful than the attraction which holds the ice-particles together; that, consequently, to admit of the motion of the glacier, the ice is ruptured, the speedy reunion of the fragments, however, being effected by "regelation." There seems no great difference between Tyndall's theory and that of Forbes; and, indeed, the latter naturalist claims to have included in his own all that was apparently characteristic of Tyndall's. Who shall decide when physicists disagree? The motion of glaciers is, however, an established fact, and the peculiarities of their formation have all been satisfactorily explained. Considerable service has been done to science in this and in other departments by the passion for mountain-climbing which has distinguished the present generation, leading to an accumulation of interesting and important observations.

The late Professor Nichol wrote some popular works on astronomy, which fascinated readers by their glowing style, such as "Views of the Architecture of the Heavens," "Contemplations on the Solar System," and "The Stellar Universe." The work of popularising the noblest of the sciences has been carried on in our own time by Mr. Norman Lockyer and Mr. Richard Proctor, both of whom combine literary tact with scientific knowledge. Mr. Proctor, in his "Other Worlds than Ours," takes up the curious problem which suggested to Dr. Whewell his essay on "The Plurality of Worlds" (1853), and to Sir David Brewster his "More Worlds than One" (1854). That any forms of life similar to those which prevail upon earth should inhabit either of the planets seems, however, a theme for poetic treatment rather than a question for scientific discussion. Dr. Whewell, to whom allusion has already been made, wrote in 1833 the Bridgewater Treatise on "Astronomy and General Physics Considered with Reference to Natural Theology." Sir George B. Airy, the astronomer-royal (born in 1801), is the author of "Popular Astronomy," of a "Treatise on Sound," and other scientific works. Of the numerous productions of Charles Babbage (1792-1871), the ingenious inventor of the calculating-machine, I find it necessary to mention only his "Economy of Manufactures and Machinery" and his "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise," the latter a very thoughtful and able effort to apply the "argument of design" to the science of mathematics.

Ethnology finds one of its most eminent exponents in Dr. James Prichard, the author of "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind" and "The Natural History of Mankind" (1843), whose conclusions, arrived at after painstaking research, have been very generally accepted. He divides mankind into three great families—the Semitic or Syro-Arabian, the Indo-European or Japetic, and the Egyptian. The Aryan or Indo-European he subdivides into two branches, the Asiatic parent-stock and the European colonies, the former comprising Hindus, Persians, Afghans, Baluchi and Brahui, Kurds, Armenians, and Ossetonis. On the other hand, Dr. R. G. Latham (born 1812), in his "Varieties of Man" and "Descriptive Ethnology," classifies the human race into Mongolidæ, Atlantidæ, and Japetidæ, and gives to the Aryan race a European origin—in which few scientific authorities agree with him. Ethnology is still in its infancy, but much light is being thrown upon the interesting question it involves by the daily increasing knowledge of comparative mythology and comparative philology due to the labours of Mr. Max Müller and the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox. The reader's attention must be specially directed to Max Müller's "Essay on Comparative Mythology," his "Lectures on the Science of Language," and his "Chips from a German Work-shop," and to Sir G. W. Cox's "Mythology of the Aryan Nations" (1870).

There were brave men—we have Horace's authority for it—before Agamemnon, and there were geologists before Sir Charles Lyell (1797–1875), such as Hutton, and Smith, and Buckland; but it was Lyell who first gave system and form and something like completeness to geology, so that its proportions as a science could be generally recognised. The first edition of his "Principles of Geology" appeared in 1830, six years before Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise. In this great work he put forward the theory, the germ of which is to be found in Hutton, that the changes which have taken place in the earth's surface have been the result of the gradual action of forces still in operation. Previously the cataclysmal theory had been favoured by geologists, and it was supposed that each age or period had been preceded by a sudden and violent revolution. It is not too much to say that this theory received its death-blow at the hands of Sir Charles Lyell. Few scientific thinkers have established so great an influence over their contemporaries as Sir Charles enjoyed; for not only did his work on geology give a new impulse to geological science, but his later book on "The Antiquity of Man" (1863) also modified very considerably the views which philosophers had held on that subject. The *popularisation* of geology was the "mission" of an able self-cultivated Scotchman, Hugh Miller (1802–56), who at one time had laboured as a stone-mason in the Cromarty quarries. He wrote in a fervid and picturesque style, and possessed great powers of description; but the defects of his education, and



a dangerous tendency to accept unsupported conclusions, render him unsafe as a scientific guide. Moreover, he was too positive in his knowledge; too certain that he knew all the facts, and that nothing more remained to be known; while his Calvinistic religious opinions, binding him to a belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, led him into the formation of theories which at any cost might harmonise with Scriptural language, might bring geology into agreement with Genesis. Still, his books even now are worth reading, if only for the vivid colouring of their pictures, the best being "The Old Red Sandstone," "Footsteps of the Creator," and "The Testimony of the Rocks." There can be no doubt that he largely helped to make geology a popular pursuit, and that he dispelled much of the prejudice which had previously attached to it as a science at variance with the Bible. Mr. David Page, Mr. Archibald Geikie, and Professor Ansted have followed in Miller's track, but with a truer scientific spirit.

Geology was considerably indebted to the labours of Sir Roderick Impey Murchison (1792-1871), who defined and named the strata of the Silurian system, his latest researches being embodied in his "Siluria, the History of the Oldest Known Rocks containing Organic Remains" (1854). Professor Adam Sedgwick (1787-1873) is remembered by his "Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge" (1850), and his unsuccessful effort to prove the existence of a "Cambrian" formation. Dr. Gideon Mantell (1788-1852), the discoverer of the antediluvian giant-lizard, *Iguanodon*, wrote two books which were very popular in their day, "The Wonders of Creation" and "The Medals of Geology." Professor Owen (born 1804), by his discoveries in comparative anatomy, has commanded the admiration and gratitude of the civilised world. From the sponge to man, he has illuminated every subject he touched, so masterly is his handling of facts, so rapid and accurate are his generalisations. He is the English Cuvier, but with a wider range of sympathy. His principal books are "Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate and Vertebrate Animals," and his "History of British Fossils, Mammals, and Birds" (1846). His theory of the extinction of species on the principle of the "contest of existence" through extraneous influences he explains in his article on "Species" in Brande's "Dictionary of Science."

The name, however, which, before all other names, is associated with the science of the age, everybody will admit to be Charles Darwin (born in 1809), and there can be little question that posterity will venerate it as that of one whose laborious and philosophical genius gave a wonderful impulse to scientific study. The controversy provoked by his book "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life" (1859), has seized hold upon the public mind, and awakened a wide-spread and permanent interest, so that Dar-

winizm is one of the prevailing "isms" of the day, and the battlefield of critic and theologian. The theory advanced by Darwin (not entirely novel, for something similar is found in Lucretius and the French naturalist Lamarck) may be briefly stated thus :—Amid the struggle for existence which has been always going on among living beings, variations of physical conformation and structure, if in any degree profitable to an individual of any species, will tend to the preservation of that individual, and will generally be inherited by its offspring. The stronger wins the race; in one pithy phrase, the Darwinian doctrine means, "the survival of the fittest." As a corollary, it is maintained that all the various forms of vegetable and animal life, past or present, have been evolved by a series of gradual changes in natural descent from parents to offspring. In his "Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex" (new edition, 1874), Darwin carried his theory of evolution to the furthest extreme, contending that man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and belonging to the quadrumane; further, that the quadrumane and all the higher animals are derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this, through a long series of diversified forms, either from some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fish-like animal. The most enthusiastic evolutionists contend that all forms of life may be traced back to a fundamental substance which they call *protoplasm*; but it is quite possible to accept the *principle* of evolution and to part company with these speculative minds before so low a depth is reached. As for Darwin himself, he writes always with infinite modesty and calmness; never unduly pressing his theories, and accumulating facts and illustrations with indefatigable patience. The wonderful closeness of his observation and the extraordinary minuteness of his research clothe the most common and familiar subjects with an attractive garb of novelty; and the student will be entertained as well as instructed by a perusal of this illustrious inquirer's "Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants," "Insectivorous Plants," "Cross and Self Fertilisation," and the other works wherein he patiently collects the data that will justify his bold conclusions. He has had numerous opponents. Of these, the most formidable I take to be Mr. St. George Mivart (born 1827), because he adopts the general theory of evolution while disputing its application to man, and denying that its cause is to be found in "natural selection." Mr. St. George Mivart, in his "Genesis of Species," shows that similarity of structure is not always a proof of common origin, and argues with much power that man and the ape do not belong to the same ascending or descending series. In his "Lessons from Nature" he successfully insists on the fundamental distinction between man and all other animals, and with elaborate analysis points out how and in what degree the intellect of man differs from the highest psychical opera

tions of brutes. His "Contemporary Evolution," published in 1876, is another contribution to the great controversy.

Thomas Henry Huxley (born 1825) holds the same rank among Darwin's supporters as St. George Mivart among his critics. He is a man of bold and energetic intellect, perfectly candid and fearless, with, perhaps, a natural love of battle, and a fondness for throwing down the gage to established beliefs and venerable traditions. As a writer on natural science, his power of exposition and his bright, vigorous style have secured for him a wide circle of admirers. He is the author of "Man's Place in Nature," "Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews," and "Physiology, an Introduction to the Study of Nature," as well as of some admirable elementary manuals. It may be allowed to him that he is too apt to mistake scientific conjecture for scientific fact, and that he sometimes presumes too much on that freedom of inquiry and discussion which he rightly advocates. Resembling him in candour and courage, equalling him in his faculty of exposition, but surpassing him in the command of eloquent English, Professor John Tyndall (born 1820) stands in the front rank of the scientific men of the day. His more important works are "Glaciers of the Alps," "Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion," "Lectures on Sound," and "The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers." As a lecturer he has inherited the mantle of Faraday, whom he succeeded in 1853 as Superintendent of the Royal Institution. Professor Tyndall's chief scientific work has been in connection with the motion of glaciers, the radiation of heat, and the phenomena of diamagnetism.

The novelty of the results wrought out by scientific research, and the hazardous speculations in which scientific pride indulged, unfortunately induced a conviction among professors of religion that Science was hostile to Christianity, inducing a prolonged and bitter controversy of the most useless character. By degrees it became apparent that the issue on which the two contending parties had joined battle was altogether a false one, inasmuch as it assumed an antagonism which did not really exist; and soberer minds directed their attention to the more reasonable object of discovering a *modus vivendi* between the apparently hostile powers. The present writer is one of those who refuse to believe that there is or can be any real discrepancy when the conclusions at which each has arrived are definitely and irrevocably fixed. At the same time he is free to confess that so long as the world lasts apparent contradictions must necessarily occur. This is not merely the assertion of the truism that both theologians and men of science are liable to err, though it has not been forgotten. But the unavoidable and natural result of every fresh discovery of science is a temporary collision between the two forces, because every such discovery challenges a position which previously has been generally accepted. It may not be a position with any

direct support from revelation, but because it has been regarded as final, and because revelation has been interpreted under its influences, any attempt to disturb it provokes jealousy, as though it were—what, perhaps, it is not even intended to be—an attack upon religion itself. Theologians, in truth, are always tempted to link indissolubly together revelation and their interpretation of revelation, or religion and prejudice; and thus to imagine that attacks made upon the one are necessarily attacks made upon the other. It would be unwise to complain of this jealousy. Unfortunate, indeed, would it be for the truth if men held it so lightly that they were not prompt to resent attacks, real or apparent, made upon it; but I refer to it as affording a natural explanation of the supposed antagonism between Religion and Science.

But it must not be supposed that only the theologians are in fault. It is not, as I have already hinted, an unknown thing for scientific men to mistake inchoate theories for ascertained conclusions, and thus, without due grounds, to dispute the conclusions of religion; or, on the other hand, they, too, mistake the opinions of religious men for the doctrines of revelation, and having, as they think, disproved the one, they too hastily and contemptuously reject the other. I am well aware, indeed, that there are many and great exceptions, and that some of the most scientific men of the day see no conflict between the claims of religion and the claims of science, and are not ashamed to own themselves followers of the Christ. Still the rule is, I fear, the other way. With dabblers in science especially, who are naturally more numerous than their masters, and less cautious, it is held as a foregone conclusion that there is and must be such a conflict; and not seldom is the best part of their title to be considered scientific men based upon a pretentious denial of the truths of Christianity. I have no space, however, to go over the whole field of controversy, nor do I think it would be profitable. Enough to say that on the purely scientific side the best statement of the case is Dr. Draper's "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science," but its weakness is obvious from the simple fact that the "religion" which he describes is not Christianity but Romanism; and his premises being erroneous, his deductions necessarily fall to the ground. On the other side, I gladly direct the student to Professor Shairp's "Culture and Religion," and the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies's "The Gospel and Modern Life." Meanwhile, let him believe with the late James Hinton that "the next voice of God to men (and it is a voice to us we want) will have in it a revealing of the meaning of the great and earnest toil, especially in science, of the two last centuries." Nothing in God's world is wasted, and so much effort will find its crown and consummation at last.

In a book which has recently attained a wide popularity, a book

by two eminent scientific men, Professors Tait and Balfour Stewart, an attempt has been made to prove that the ultimate conclusions of science tend to confirm the doctrines of revelation. "The Unseen Universe" is, therefore, well worth reading, on account of its subject and on account of its authors. It opens with an introductory sketch of the different beliefs of mankind on the subject of immortality. Acting on the principle that most forms of error have a foundation of truth, it assents to the position assumed by Swedenborg and the Spiritualists regarding the spiritual world, as not being absolutely distinct from the physical universe, but connected with it by some bond of union. Upon this the argument is founded. Here I may remark that no theologian, to the best of my knowledge, has ever thought the contrary. Popular and undogmatic theology may possibly imagine that there is no necessary connection between this life and the next—between the material and the spiritual world—and to the prevalence of some such loose notion is probably due much of the mischievous teaching of the present day, which reduces personal religion to the level of mere emotional sentiment; but I do not remember any theologian, properly so called, to have taught that there was any breach of continuity between this life and the next. There may be, or rather there must be, a change of laws corresponding to a change of condition, but that very change itself follows law and is not above law.

It would occupy too much space if I attempted to trace in detail the course of argument founded upon this principle of continuity, and I must be content with noting one or two points. First, as to the statement of the principle itself. The second chapter, which treats of this subject, is one of the clearest and most masterly in the book. Discussing a somewhat abstruse question, it makes it intelligible to "the meanest understanding." The history of the science of astronomy, from the days when the first and simplest observations of the heavenly bodies were made to the present time, is taken as illustrating the principle, and it is shown briefly, but conclusively, that any breach of continuity would have the effect of throwing the universe into irretrievable confusion. To apply this principle with any effect, it is essential to investigate the scientific attitude towards the present physical universe, its ascertained laws, its beginning and its end. Such an investigation shows us that not only is the matter of which the physical universe is composed an objective reality, but that *energy* has an equal claim to be regarded as having a substantial existence. But, again, this energy is of use to us as a vital power only when under transformation. It appears, also, to be a matter of experiment that every transformation of energy exhausts or degrades it in a greater or less degree. Thus, whilst it is possible to convert energy into heat, and to make use of heat power for the purposes of work, every such transformation dissipates to some extent the

heat power, and in process of time would exhaust it if not supplied with fresh material. Let the authors of "The Unseen Universe" speak for themselves:—"The sun is the furnace or source of high temperature heat of our system, just as the stars are for other systems; and the energy which is essential to our existence is derived from the heat which the sun radiates, and represents only a very small portion of that heat. But while the sun thus supplies us with energy, he is himself getting colder, and must ultimately, by means of radiation into space, part with the life-sustaining power which he at present possesses. Besides the cooling of the sun, we must also suppose that, owing to something analogous to ethereal friction, the earth and the other planets of our system will be drawn spirally nearer and nearer to the sun, and will at length be engulfed in this mass. In each such case there will be, as the result of the collision, the conversion of visible energy into heat and a partial and temporary restoration of the power of the sun. At length, however, this process will have come to an end, and he will be extinguished, until, after long but not immeasurable ages, by means of the same ethereal friction, his black mass is brought into contact with that of his nearest neighbour." The dissipation of "energy," then, must finally bring about the collapse of our present visible system. Does not this indicate a breach in the continuity which is supposed to be a law of the universe? That would be the case if the visible universe were all. Here, then, it is that science is stretching out her hands to the unseen universe, and recognising that the invisible spiritual world is necessary for the perfection of the laws she has discovered. From the same law of continuity is deduced the fact that this unseen universe must have existed before the visible one, since the visible universe must have had a beginning. Thus we find several points of contact with revelation. Revelation teaches that the world was created in time; science shows that it could not always have existed as it is. Revelation teaches us that the world and its work shall be burned up; science demonstrates that such will be the inevitable conclusion of the present system, according to the laws which now govern it. Revelation teaches that there is a spiritual world closely connected with and intimately affecting our present condition; science is now beginning to see that human laws must absolutely fail and be their own condemnation if such be not the case. For the law of continuity demands that if the present universe be destroyed, it must be only in order to recover its existence under, it may be, a further development and different laws. And the same principle, in its application to the individual, demands from us, on grounds altogether independent of revelation, the belief in immortality; for it is manifest that, if the principle be true, death can offer no let or hindrance to the development of the individual. This, be it noted, is but putting

in other words the argument in favour of the future life urged by that great master of Christian apologetics, Bishop Butler.

I have dealt at some length with this remarkable book on account of its relation to an important aspect of modern thought, and because it is really a scientific attempt by scientific men to harmonise the teachings of science with those of revelation. The main argument seems to me indisputable; I should be glad to see it further investigated. Religion can have no cause to fear such an investigation, for each fresh discovery of truth must be a help to it and a confirmation of it. What religion *does* shrink from is the advancement of baseless and untested theories as if they were discoveries. True science (*scientia*), which is the knowledge of God and the things of God, can but prove, with every real discovery of the laws of God, the handmaid of revelation.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In connection with this subject, I may refer to a volume of able sermons by the Rev. W. Page Roberts, "Law and God." It has also been thoughtfully handled by the Rev. Stopford Brooke. The reader should not overlook Dr. Carpenter's "Mental Physiology" and Jevons's "First Principles of Science," which need no praise of mine.





## CHAPTER X.

### HOW TO WRITE: ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

**U**SE the pen," says a thoughtful writer; "there is no magic in it, but it keeps the mind from staggering about." The first object of him who would think correctly should be to learn to express himself correctly. "*Litera scripta manet*," in a different sense from that which the adage originally bore; it assists us to survey the progress of our argument or to count up the stages and courses of our reasoning. It *steadies* us in the operation of thinking. "The magic of the pen," says George Henry Lewes, "lies in the concentration of your thoughts upon one subject,"—a concentration almost impossible for ordinary thinkers unless they have the assistance of the written page. "If what you have written should turn out imperfect, you can correct it, and the correction will be more efficient than that correction which takes place in the shifting thoughts of hesitation." As a method of self-culture, therefore, the art of composition rises into primary importance. Its value in our social and business relations needs no exposition. We are all of us accustomed to regard it as one of the marks of education and refinement. To write one's own language accurately and elegantly is not less desirable than to speak it accurately and elegantly. Moreover, if you *write* with ease and exactness, you are more likely to *speak* with ease and exactness. It is, of course, essential that, whether you write or speak, you should have something to say, and that what you have or wish to say should be your first consideration. And it is true to a certain extent that if your heart and mind be full, they will find a means of relieving themselves. But that others may readily understand you, and as a means of regulating and controlling your ideas and feelings, it is essential you should learn "combination of lucid order, graceful ease, pregnant significance, and rich variety," which makes and distinguishes a good style.

In the present day almost everybody writes, and it might be thought therefore that a "good style" would be one of the commonest of commonplaces. As a matter of fact, it is exceedingly rare. There are fewer good writers now, in the sense of writers with an original and characteristic style, than in the Elizabethan



era. The standard is lower; style is no longer cultivated as essential to the due expression of a man's thought; it is supposed to be sufficient for a writer, in addressing the public, to avoid grammatical errors and say what he means with tolerable clearness. There is no individuality; the majority of authors write so much alike, that, if their names were expunged, Robinson's books might be taken for Brown's and both for Smith's. In each we observe the same dead level of listless, monotonous, inartistic diction; cadence, modulation, continuity, all that makes up the rhythm and harmony of language, being absolutely deficient. This sameness of style is specially noticeable in our newspapers, where "leader" after "leader" presents exactly similar characteristics, or, more correctly speaking, the same absence of characteristics. The truth seems to be that style is, to a great extent, the reflex of the spirit of the age; and men have put off the stately, rich, and various prose of their ancestors together with their dignity of manners and picturesqueness of costume. They live more rapidly and write more rapidly, having no leisure for the construction of the long-sustained and elaborate word-harmonies in which their forefathers delighted. There is less original thought, and consequently less originality of style. The principal work of modern literature is exposition, and exposition requires simply lucidity and directness of language. In the days of Bacon, men created and built up their sentences just as they created and built up their theories and methods. The history of style is, in truth, a subject of profound interest, closely connected with the history of literature, and involving or suggesting considerations of very great importance. It is not within my province here to enter upon it, but a few brief quotations arranged in chronological order will demonstrate to the reader the variety of phases through which it has passed.

Let us begin with Sir Philip Sidney. The quotation is from the "*Arcadia*:"—

"The third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales, striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow, made them put off their sleep; and, rising from under a tree, which that night had been their pavilion, they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed Musidorus' eyes with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose bare estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating outcry, craved the dams' comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping,

as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country—for many houses came under their eye—they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour; a show, as it were, of an accompanable (companionable) solitariness, and of a civil wildness."

As every great writer uses the current language of his time, while elevating and enobling it by his genius, we may gather from this passage a notion of the characteristics of the Elizabethan style.

Our next quotation is from Lord Bacon. It is the "current language" still, but its rhythm is all Bacon's own; so is its fervour, its brilliancy, its splendid imagery; all flowing naturally from the affluence of his intellectual powers.

"The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's lays, you shall hear as many heaven-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."

Milton's prose style has grave defects; it is frequently involved, heavy, and Latinistic; yet it has a pomp and majesty about it which is very imposing. Hazlitt says of it:—"It has the disadvantage of being formed on a classic model. It is like a fine translation from the Latin; and, indeed, he wrote originally in Latin." On the other hand, his prose writings cannot be overlooked by any student who would become acquainted with the full power of the English language. "They abound," says Macaulay, "with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery." Here is a specimen:—

"Truth, indeed, came over into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when He ascended, and His Apostles after Him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form

into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the real friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; He shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. . . . Let Truth and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, formed and fabricated already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whereas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, 'to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures,' early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valued enough in soldiery, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty?"

My next extract shall be from Jeremy Taylor, of whom Hazlitt speaks with unwonted fervour. "There is a flush," he says, like the dawn over his writings; the sweetness of the rose, the freshness of the morning dew. There is a softness in his style, proceeding from the tenderness of his heart; but his head is firm and his hand is free. His materials are as finely wrought up as they are original and attractive in themselves." His style, however, errs in excessive luxuriance; the imagery is too full, the music rich even to sensuousness:—

"The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer; if it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at

heaven, but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermedial regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment. I deny not but some little drops will turn aside, and fall from the full channel by the weakness of the banks and hollowness of the passage; but the main course is still continued, and although the most earnest and devout persons feel and complain of some looseness of spirit and unfixed attentions, yet their love and their desire secure the main portions, and make the prayer to be strong, fervent, and effectual."

Jeremy Taylor was the last of the great pre-Restoration prose writers. It is true that he lived some years after the Restoration, but the nature of his genius and the character of his style place him in that glorious company of whom Sidney and Bacon were the elders. In his writings the influence of the Elizabethan period is still conspicuous. But we are conscious of a great change when we turn to the prose of Dryden. We pass into a different world, breathe a different atmosphere. "The prose of Dryden," says Scott, "may rank with the best in the language. It is no less of his own formation than his versification; is equally spirited and equally harmonious." True; but the spirit of the time is upon him. The wits and courtiers of Charles II. had neither the leisure nor the patience to unravel the winding bouts "of linked sweetness long drawn out" of a Bacon, a Raleigh, a Hooker, or a Milton. The writer who hoped for a hearing from them must needs say what he had to say in compact and condensed sentences, quickly mastered and readily intelligible. So we shall see that Dryden wrote a strong, terse, and direct style, without inversion or parenthesis; the style of a critical, rather than of a creative mind. Here is a specimen. Dryden is speaking of "Biographia," or "the histories of particular lives:"—

"The style of it is various, according to the occasion. There are proper places in it for the plainness and nakedness of narration which is ascribed to annals; there is also some reserved for the loftiness and gravity of general history, when the actions related shall require that manner of expression. But there is, withal, a descent into minute circumstances and trivial passages of life, which are natural to this way of writing, and which the dignity of the other two will not admit. There you are conducted only into the rooms of state, here you are led into the private lodgings of the hero; you see him in his undress, and are made familiar with his most private actions and conversations. You may behold a Scipio and a Lælius gathering cockles on the shore, Augustus playing at bounding-stones with boys, and Agesilaus riding on a hobbyhorse among his children. The pageantry of life is taken away; you see the poor reasonable animal as naked as ever Nature made him; are made acquainted

with his passions and his follies, and find the demigod a man."

The change in the tone and character of the style is here very conspicuous; nor is it sufficient explanation to say that Dryden was inferior in genius to Milton or Hooker or Browne, for all the prose writers of Dryden's age exhibit the same absence of stately rhythm and pomp of imagery. The tendency is all in the direction of greater simplicity, or, if you will, poverty. There is no longer the same opulence of ideas and figures: the gold is beaten out thinner; the precious stones are used more sparingly and are not so resplendent. We come down to Addison, whose style has been deservedly praised as "familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious," and we find in it a still more remarkable simplicity. It is clear even to thinness; the meaning is so transparent that he who runs may read. We will take him in one of his highest flights. He is speaking of the wonderfulness of the Creator:—

"If we consider Him in His omnipresence, His being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of Nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of Him. There is nothing He has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which He does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of everything, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in Him were He able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw Himself from anything He has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of Him in the language of the old philosopher, He is a being whose centre is everywhere, and His circumference nowhere. In the second place, He is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from His omnipresence; He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which He thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which He is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which He has built with His own hands, and which is filled with His presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation, of the Almighty. But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know everything in which He resides, infinite space gives more room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience."

The reader has only to conceive to himself how this subject would have been treated by Hooker or Jeremy Taylor, with what a grand march and procession of words and images, to understand the magnitude of the alteration that had taken place in the style of our chief writers. I repeat that it is not enough to say that Addison was not a Jeremy Taylor. On the difference in the styles of the *men* I am not now insisting, but on the difference in the styles of the *periods*.

In our own time the simplification of style has been carried to such an extreme that, as I have already hinted, the majority of authors who "write with ease" write also with the most perplexing uniformity. A few have shown an indication to revive the old luxuriance; as, for instance, Professor Wilson; while Mr. Ruskin in his finest passages is scarcely less poetical than Jeremy Taylor himself; but the prevailing tendency is towards the most absolute conventionalism and even colloquialism of diction. The grandest scenes of Nature, the most heroic actions, the loftiest aims, are all described or discussed in the same slipshod style which is used for the vulgarest incidents. It is a relief to turn from such writing to that of Napier or Kinglake, of Froude or Sir Henry Taylor. Some of our writers, it is true, aim at the pictorial, in imitation of Lord Macaulay, but it will be found that at bottom lurks the colloquialism to which I have alluded. It is but frieze after all on which they have sown their glittering spangles! Thus a popular historian, whose vividness and picturesqueness of language have been not undeservedly praised, writes:—"A national feeling was thus springing up before which the barriers of the older feudalism were to be swept away." The slightest analysis of this sentence will demonstrate its incorrectness. Again—"It was this obligation which was recognised in the provision of Henry the Second *by which* all cases *in which* his judges failed to do justice were reserved for the special cognisance of the royal council itself." These are not exceptional sentences, and they indicate the looseness of construction which deforms the "current language." Hazlitt bestows a warm eulogium on a "familiar style;" but he is careful to insist upon precision and purity of expression:—"To write a genuine familiar or truly English style, is to write as any one would speak in common conversation who had a thorough command and choice of words, or who could discourse with ease, force, and perspicuity, setting aside all pedantic and oratorical flourishes." Such a style would not be "the familiar style" which is now unfortunately so popular; but even as Hazlitt explains it, I take leave to think that it would be very far from a model of good writing. For an author has to treat of many subjects which do not generally enter into the common course of conversation, and, besides, there are few subjects which, in a literary form, can with propriety be treated conversationally. The familiar style proper to discourse is not a style that can with safety be transplanted

into composition. It is assuredly not the style of Hazlitt himself. In his essay upon it, he sets himself to describe a gaudy style, a patchwork of feathers and spangles, and he does it as follows :—“Such persons (*i.e.*, the writers of a gaudy style) are, in fact, besotted with words, and their brains are turned with the glittering but empty and sterile phantoms of things. Personifications, capital letters, seas of sunbeams, visions of glory, shining inscriptions, the figures of a transparency, Britannia with her shield or Hope leaning on an anchor, make up their stock in trade. They may be considered as *hieroglyphical* writers. Images stand out in their minds isolated and important merely in themselves, without any groundwork of feeling—there is no context in their imaginations. Words affect them in the same way, by the mere sound; that is, by their possible, not by their actual application to the subject in hand. They are fascinated by first appearances, and have no sense of consequences. Nothing more is meant by them than meets the ear; they understand or feel nothing more than meets their eye. The web and texture of the universe and of the heart of man is a mystery to them; they have no faculty that strikes a chord in unison with it.” This may be a familiar style, but it is a purely literary one, and certainly not a style that “one would speak in common conversation.”

Buffon said, or is supposed to have said, that “the style is the man.” No doubt, as we have already insisted, it is the reflex and mirror of the individual, as he is moulded or affected by the influences of his time. The many-sided vivacity of Fielding, the elegant scholarship of Gray, the semi-philosophic, semi-poetic intellect of Burke, the grave dignity of Gibbon, is seen in the style of each; and yet the style is something beyond and apart from the man, as the product of his experience, his assiduity, his reflection. Gibbon’s style, for example, was greater than himself; Scott’s is below himself. How is a good style to be attained, and what are its conditions? Its conditions I take to be strength, harmony, perspicuity, variety; its attainment is the result of careful study and continual practice. Take the best writers; compare them with one another, compare them with themselves; observe how they treat the same subject; note their gradual improvement, their increased freedom, boldness, and polish, the wider range and deeper tones of their music. *Learn* from them, but do not *imitate* them; for sham Ruskinism or second-hand Macaulayism is an abomination. Endeavour to frame a style of your own, but do not imagine that caricature or affectation or eccentricity makes a style. Begin with short, simple, and decisive sentences, free from parenthesis and inversions, and trust to variety of cadence to give them character. Be sparing of your adjectives, for a tree loaded with foliage never bears much fruit. Think of the sense first and of the sound second; but at the same time remember that a good writer will please the ear of his reader

while appealing to his heart or his understanding. A written composition is as much a work of art as a musical composition—should be as carefully elaborated and as rich in harmonies. A clear, flowing, musical style is appreciated by every reader. Who would not rather travel over a well-made road than along a broken, rugged track, which dislocates your limbs and ruins your temper? The student who has not studied the subject will wonder how much music can be got out of prose—I mean out of genuine prose, and not what is called prose-poetry—how diversified, how resonant, how melodious it becomes in the hands of a master. Thus Ruskin, describing the façade of St. Mark's, Venice, says—or should it not be *sings*?—"In the midst of it the solemn forms of angels, sculptured and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago." Here is a brief snatch of tune from George Eliot's "*Romola*:"—"The rainbowntinted shower of sweets, to have been perfectly typical, should have had some invisible seeds of bitterness mingled with them; the crowned Ariadne, under the snowing roses, had felt more and more the presence of unexpected thorns." And take, too, Macaulay's dirge-like description of the Chapel in the Tower:—"In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities, but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of goliards, without one common following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts." Let the student analyse these pages, and observe how their music is wrought out. There is scarcely an inversion, no artificial trick of phrase, no lapse into metrical prose. The effect is entirely produced by the selection of choice and fitting words and their skilful collocation, by a dexterous management of the pauses and a due regard to accent.

*Perspicuity* will be accepted by all as one of the "marks" of a good style. In order to attain it the student must be discriminative in the use of words and accurate in his grammatical construction. He must shun archaic or obsolete words, technical terms, vulgarisms and provincialisms; he must eschew double negatives, the muddling-up of the relative pronoun, and forced elliptical



expressions. It is essential that he should be on his guard against the misapplication of "shall" and "will," the confusion of tenses, the wrong employment of the infinitive. Let him religiously avoid that abominable device of third-rate novelists, the constant use of the present tense, which, carried through whole pages, drives an educated reader to despair. All these faults are fatal to lucidity, as they are fatal also to ease of style; and perspicuity combines both lucidity and ease. On this point let me quote the words of one who speaks with authority, Mr. Anthony Trollope:—"I call that style easy," he says, "by which the writer has succeeded in conveying to the reader that which the reader is intended to receive with the least possible amount of trouble to him. I call that style lucid which conveys to the reader most accurately all that the writer wishes to convey on any subject. They may, however, be combined, and then the writer will have really learned the art of writing. A man by art and practice shall at last obtain such a mastery over words as to express all that he thinks in phrases that shall be easily understood." An excess of lucidity, I may add, is impossible; water cannot be too clear, air cannot be too transparent. But there may be an excess of ease. A writer must not come before the public in dressing-gown and slippers, or fresh from the music-hall or smoking-room; he owes to his public a certain homage, and if not *en grand tenue*, he must be carefully and decently attired, and it must be evident that he was last in the company of courteous men and pure women.

Perspicuity implies simplicity, and it is a condition of simplicity that the plainest word and briefest phrase should, where possible, be adopted. I do not intend to write any nonsense about the Old English and the French or Norman elements of our language, or to inveigh against its Latin components. A nineteenth-century writer will take the English of the nineteenth century, and do the best he can with it, rejoicing in its copiousness, and use Saxon, Norman, or Latin words according as they best express his meaning. When a violin has four strings, the player who confines himself to one may do a very clever thing, but he does not bring out the full powers of his instrument. Unquestionably an excess of "long" or foreign words is much to be condemned. A man who writes about "sidereal effulgence" instead of the "light of stars," and calls "loud laughter" a "sonorous cachinnation," deserves no mercy from "gods or columns;" but I prefer the venerable "preface" to the ambitious novelty of "fore-word," and I cannot feel the melody of sentences composed of monosyllables. So, too, I prefer "begin" to "commence," and "commence" to "inaugurate" or "initiate;" but I am aware that in some cases "initiate" would convey one's meaning more clearly and closely than "begin," and then I should not be deterred from using it by any superstitious respect for the "Saxon element of our language." Archbishop Trench has some pertinent remarks on this subject. After a very

just eulogium upon the Saxon, he warns his readers not to conclude that the Latin is of little value, or that "we could draw from the resources of our Teutonic tongue efficient substitutes for all the words which it has contributed to our glossary." And he goes on to quote an admirable passage from De Quincey:—"Both are indispensable, and speaking generally, without stopping to distinguish as to subject, both are *equally* indispensable. Pathos in situations which are homely, or at all connected with domestic affections, naturally moves by Saxon words. Lyrical emotion of any kind, which (to merit the name of *lyrical*) must be in the state of flux and reflux, or generally of agitation, also requires the Saxon element of our language. . . . Wherever the passion of a poem is of that sort which *uses, presumes, or postulates* the ideas, without seeking to extend them, Saxon will be the 'cocoon' (to speak by the language applied to silkworms) which the poem spins for itself. But, on the other hand, where the motion of the feeling is *by and through* the ideas, where (as in religious or meditative poetry—Young's, for instance, or Cowper's) the pathos creeps and kindles underneath the very tissues of the thinking, there the Latin will predominate, and so much so that, whilst the flesh, the blood, and the muscle will be often almost exclusively Latin, the articulations only, or hinges of connection, will be Anglo-Saxon." De Quincey's own style exhibits a happy mixture of the two elements; a still happier mixture is the prose of our authorised version of the Bible, of which Cardinal Newman has written so tenderly. "It lives on the ear," he says, "like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church-bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words." It may be added that Cardinal Newman's own style is admirable in its perspicuity. It flows like a clear Pactolus over golden sands. Some styles roll like the Mississippi, but then they are as muddy.

Perspicuity largely depends upon the right arrangement of the parts of a sentence. English grammarians divide a sentence into three parts, which they call the subject, the predicate, the object as—"Constantine (*subject*) captured (*verb or predicate*) Byzantium (*object*)." This order should generally be observed; but, of course, each part of the sentence may be strengthened or enriched or explained by a qualifying or modifying clause without affecting the order; thus—"Constantine, after his victory at the Milvian Bridge, conquered Byzantium from the Thracians." We may add to this a supplementary sentence, connecting the two by a conjunction or pronoun, and then we get some such form as the following—"Constantine, after his victory at the Milvian Bridge, conquered Byzantium, and made it the capital (or, which he made the capital) of his empire." The student will perceive that the latter portion of this sentence is, in reality, a complete sentence in itself; the pronoun "he" (understood in the first variation) being

the subject, "made" the predicate, and "the capital" the object. A succession of short sentences would offend and weary the ear : two or more, therefore, are connected in this manner when they are obviously an extension of the same statement and closely dependent upon one another. As, for example:—"At long intervals gleams of its ancient spirit have flashed forth, and even at this day valour and self-respect, and a chivalrous feeling rare among Asiatics, and a bitter remembrance of the great crimes of England, distinguish that noble Afghan race." Two sentences are here connected by the particle "and." The first sentence, observe, has no object :—"gleams of its ancient spirit have flashed forth." The English sentences qualifying words and clauses play an important part, and the perspicuity, grace, and strength of a sentence are involved to a great degree in their appropriate use. For the sake of emphasis or variety, a writer will sometimes resort to inversion ; as—"All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandise," which is certainly more impressive than the normal order—"Great fleets of vessels, laden with rich merchandise, lay along the shores of the venerable stream." "Not only did the scars remain ; the sore places often festered and bled afresh." This is much more emphatic than—"The scars not only remained, but the sore places," &c. But inversion is a device that pleases most when used sparingly. A frequent resort to it is the trick of a forcible-feeble writer, but some modern books are so overloaded with it, from an impression that it is "picturesque," as to be almost unreadable.

The qualifying clause may, of course, precede the subject, predicate, or object ; the subject may at times be the infinitive mood (as, "*to err* is human) ; and, generally speaking, a writer may claim for himself a considerable amount of freedom, so long as he obeys the leading principles of grammatical construction, and makes his meaning perfectly clear. A writer is not justified, be it remembered, in putting puzzles before his readers ; he has no right to demand that they shall take as much pains to unravel one of his sentences as if it were a mathematical problem. Perspicuity must be his first and chief consideration ; grace will follow, and majesty and music, if he have the necessary endowments. At all events, any man can learn to write perspicuously, though no one can learn to write eloquently. A great style is the gift of Nature, but a *clear* style may be acquired by study and practice. I am not fond of laying down rules, and believe that very little good is to be gained from text-books or manuals of composition. Master the laws of grammar, and then study their application in the works of the best authors ; that is the true *modus operandi*. But a few hints may be useful. Remember, then, to place your adjectives and adverbs properly ; the former generally *precede* the nouns they qualify, the latter *follow* neuter verbs ("He sat silently and calmly") ; interpose between an auxiliary and its verb (as, "Wisdom is *always*

justified"), and between two auxiliaries ("We might easily have beaten the enemy"). When a verb carries two adverbs with it, place one before and one after, as—"He *frequently* laughed *consumedly*." Take care to put the adverb "only" in its fitting position. This troublesome adverb brings even good writers to grief; yet the rule of its application is simple. Place it before the word or phrase it is intended to qualify. Instead of, "She only went to church to criticise her neighbours," write, "She went to church only to criticise her neighbours." Instead of, "Its passage through the Commons was only averted by a quarrel between the two Houses," write, "Its passage through the Commons was averted only by a quarrel between the two Houses." A similar misuse is frequent of the adverbs "solely," "wholly," "equally," and the adverbial phrases, "at all events," "at least," "neither," "at any rate." For example—"He neither saw the man nor the boy," should read, "He saw neither the man nor the boy." Avoid the relative phrases, "and who," "and which;" and do not separate your qualifying clauses too far from their subject or object. Shun parenthesis as you would the allurements of a spirit of evil; they are seldom justifiable, always inelegant. They may be pardoned in a great writer but not in a small one. Only a qualifying clause, however, may be used parenthetically; as, "His reasons, *though not very forcible*, answered the purpose he had in view." But to what do all these rules amount? That a writer must be careful, before all things, to make his meaning clear and intelligible, and must steadily eschew every form of construction which would defeat this object.

Having attained to a perspicuous style, the student may next seek after grace and strength. A strong and graceful thinker will generally write strongly and gracefully; his style will be the natural expression of his thoughts, just as a woman of elegant figure always appears to dress elegantly, her costume adapting itself to its shapely curves and lines. But a few suggestions may assist the reader in analysing the style of popular writers, and putting together some leading principles for his own benefit. And, first, it is not a sign of grace or strength to employ a long word when a short one will serve, or a word of Latin origin when one of English birth is better. Nor is it a sign of grace or strength to adhere to words exclusively of English derivation when Latin words would be more harmonious or more explicit. On this point, however, I have already spoken. Much vivacity results from the employment of individual and concrete terms rather than of general and abstract. Macaulay supplies us with a good example:—"From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the halls of St. James and of Versailles, and in the bazaars the muslins of Bengal and the sabres of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere." How much more striking this than a dull plain statement that Benares

exported silks to Europe, and that all kinds of wares were sold in its bazaars ! In like manner, "the military capacity of a Wellington and the statesmanship of a Pitt" produces more effect on the reader than a general allusion to the military capacity of a great military commander and the statesmanship of a successful politician. "The old struggle between Protestantism and the Pope" sounds better than "the old struggle between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism." Here, however, a caution must be intruded. It is quite possible to employ this device too largely, until it fatigues and confuses the reader ; it must be used only as an occasional ornament, and not woven into the very texture of our style.

A delicate and dexterous use of figurative language adds greatly to grace of diction, as well as to its emphasis and liveliness. It is almost a law of Nature that we should resort to figures to enhance the force of our speech, and to convey what we wish to say to the hearer or reader with increased distinctness, and our commonest conversation frequently takes a figurative turn. "The rain falls in torrents," "The sun burns like a furnace," "The water is as cold as ice," such expressions as these enter into the pattern of our daily talk. Grammarians have carefully analysed these ornaments, and about a dozen distinct "figures of rhetoric" seem to be the result. Let us consider them in order :—

1. The *Simile*. This is a figure of resemblance or comparison, and more adapted for poetry than prose. To be appropriate it must be intelligible, and therefore it must not be far-fetched ; to be graceful it must not be too obvious or common. Occasionally it may prove useful by way of emphasis or explanation. Take a specimen from George Eliot :—"The present time was like the level plain, where men lose their belief in volcanoes and earthquakes, thinking to-morrow will be as yesterday, and the giant forces that used to shake the earth are for ever laid asleep." Here is another and a more elaborate one from Jeremy Taylor :—"So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of his hood ; and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece ; but when a rude beauty had forced open its virgin modesty and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age ; it bowed the head and broke its stalk ; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces." Similes are very difficult things to meddle with. Old and trite ones are wearisome ; new ones may not be applicable. The young writer, therefore, will do well to avoid them, and in no case to drag them *vi et armis* into his unpretending prose.

The fine effect of a happy simile is seen in Sir Philip Sidney's well-known description of the ballad of "Chevy Chase," which, he says, "stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet ;" or in Carlyle's

allusion to the portrait of Dante:—"A soft ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice." But take an example from Scott; he is speaking of Balfour of Burley:—"His brow was that of one in whom strong o'ermastering principle has overwhelmed all other passions and feelings, like the swell of a high spring-tide, when the usual cliffs and breakers vanish from the eye, and their existence is only indicated by the chafing foam of the waves that burst and wheel over them." The simile here is excellent in itself, but answers no purpose of comparison; a strong overmastering principle is *not* like "the swell of a high spring-tide," for it is as lasting as the spring-tide is fugitive. An exquisitely simple yet appropriate simile occurs in Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur:"—

"The great brand  
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch  
Shot like a streamer of the Northern morn.  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
By night with noises of the Northern Sea."

2. The *Metaphor* consists in the substitution of a more striking word or phrase for one less striking, always on condition that the word or phrase so substituted shall correspond in some quality or qualities to the other. There must be a resemblance, as in the simile; but the resemblance is taken for granted, not stated. "In a simile, the two subjects are kept distinct in the expression as well as in the thought; in a metaphor, the two subjects are kept distinct in the thought only, not in the expression." Thus we say, metaphorically, "Chaucer is the morning star of English poetry;" to make a simile we should say, "In English poetry Chaucer appeared like the morning star." It is difficult at times to distinguish between the metaphor and the simile. They run into one another, as in the following sentence from Macaulay:—"The Tories, in particular, who had always been inclined to king-worship, and who [the relative here is unnecessary] had long felt with pain the want of an idol before whom they could bow themselves down, were as joyful as the priests of Apis when, after a long interval, they had found a new calf to adore." Metaphors may be divided into *direct* and *indirect*. In the former, the identity between the thing and that with which it is compared is complete; as, "If these should dry up in any Arctic chill of doubt," "Thou art my rock and my fortress." In the latter, qualities belonging to one thing are applied to another, as when we speak of "a rooted prejudice," "a raging passion," "a bitter prejudice," "a dissolving view." This form of metaphor is so widely diffused in our common speech, that, as M. Jourdain spoke prose for many years without knowing it, so do we speak in figurative language, quite unconscious of the life and colour given to it by this subtle use of imagery. We talk of the wheels of business, of the

machinery of state, of building up our hopes, of washing our hands of a proceeding, of cementing an alliance, of drifting into difficulties, of fathoming mysteries, of sounding a person's intentions, of compassing our object. In a good style metaphors play a very important part. Here is a sentence from James Martineau:—"We acknowledge space and silence to be His attributes; and when the evening-dew has laid the noonday dust of care, and the vision strained by microscopic anxieties takes the wide sweep of meditation, and earth sleeps as a desert beneath the starry Infinite, the unspeakable Presence wraps us close again, and startles us in the wild night-wind, and gazes straight into our eyes from those ancient lights of heaven." This is replete with what I would call *metaphorical allusiveness*. Take a passage from Carlyle:—"The death-hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell."

Archbishop Whately, speaking of the metaphor as compared with the simile, lays it down as a general rule that the former is always to be preferred wherever it is sufficiently simple and plain to be always comprehended; but that which as a metaphor would sound obscure and enigmatical may be well received if expressed as a comparison. For instance, we may properly say, that "Cromwell trampled on the laws," when it would sound feeble to say that "he treated the laws with the same contempt as a man does anything which he tramples under his feet." Here the metaphor is better than the simile. But, on the other hand, it would be harsh and obscure to say, "The stranded vessel lay shaken by the waves," meaning a wounded chief tossing on the bed of sickness; in such a case the resemblance must be *stated*. "This," as Whately says,<sup>1</sup> "is never to be done more fully than is necessary to perspicuity; because all men are more gratified at catching the resemblance for themselves than at having it pointed out to them. And accordingly, the greatest masters of this kind of style, when the case will not admit of pure metaphor, generally prefer a mixture of metaphor with simile: first pointing out the similitude, and afterwards employing metaphorical terms which imply it; or *vice versa*, explaining a metaphor by a statement of the comparison." Our illustration is borrowed from Scott: in the first line we find a simile, but the three succeeding lines are metaphorical:—

"Like the bat of Indian brakes,  
Her pinions fan the wounds she makes,  
And soothing thus the dreamer's pain,  
She drinks the life-blood from the vein."

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<sup>1</sup> Elements of Rhetoric, p. 182 (pt. 3. c. ii. sec. 3).

A similar mixture of metaphor and simile invests with delicate beauty the following Tennysonian passage :—

“A crowd of hopes,  
That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,  
Born out of everything I heard and saw,  
Fluttered about my senses and my soul;  
And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm  
To one that travels quickly, made the air  
Of life delicious, and all kinds of thought  
That verged upon them sweeter than the dream  
Dreamed by a happy man, when the dark East,  
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.”

In prose especially the metaphor is to be preferred to the simile on account of its superior condensation. Mr. Bain supplies us with an example. Mr. Herbert Spencer writes :—“The white light of truth, in traversing the many-sided transparent soul of the poet, is refracted into iris-hued poetry.” Transform this metaphor into a simile :—“As, in passing through the prism, beams of white light are decomposed into the colours of the rainbow ; so, in traversing the soul of the poet, the colourless rays of truth are transformed into brightly-tinted poetry.”

I have cautioned the reader against pursuing a metaphor too far. An example and a warning I take from Young’s “Night Thoughts,” where numerous instances occur. Speaking of old age, he says it should

“Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore  
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon ;  
And put good works on board, and wait the wind  
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown.”

The reader will note that the details in the last two lines are simply prosaic ; the metaphor is worn threadbare.

We should avoid *old* metaphors.<sup>1</sup> When in “Lothair” we read of “a fair Scandinavian, fresh as a lily and sweet as a nightingale,” we feel, like Dangle in Sheridan’s “Critic,” that we have heard something like this before. Nor should we indulge in the *obscure*, as in the following from George Eliot’s “Daniel Deronda :”—“The passage of boats and barges from the still distance into sound and colour entered into his mood, and blent

<sup>1</sup> “There is, however, very little, comparatively, of energy produced by any metaphor or simile that is in common use and already familiar to the hearer. Indeed, what were originally the oldest metaphors are become, by long use, virtually proper terms (as is the case with the words ‘source,’ ‘reflection,’ &c., in their transfused senses) ; and frequently are even nearly obsolete in the literal sense, as in the words ‘ardour,’ ‘acuteness,’ ‘ruminative,’ ‘edification,’ &c. If, again, a metaphor or simile that is not so hackneyed as to be considered common property be taken from any known author, it strikes every one as no less a plagiarism than if an entire argument or description had been thus transferred. And hence it is that, as



themselves indistinguishably with his thinking, as a fine symphony to which we can hardly be said to listen makes a medium that bears up our spiritual wings." Nor should the metaphor be too ingenious, lest it draw the reader's attention from the thing said to the *way* in which it is said; he will forget the subject in observing the ingenuity or artificiality of the style. This is a common mistake with our modern prose poets. Their language blazes with such a pyrotechny of images that the background of meaning, if any, cannot be discerned! The embroidery hides the texture of the stuff on which it was woven, whereas it should be used only to show up the colour or enhance the richness.

Mixed metaphors, inconsistent metaphors, mean metaphors,—metaphors that carry the illustration beyond the author's meaning, or metaphors that fall short of it,—weaken our style instead of strengthening it. Hence the necessity of wariness in dealing with them. A bald simplicity is less offensive than vulgar tawdriness, and to a young writer about to meddle with these embarrassing ornaments my advice would be couched in *Punch's* celebrated advice to persons about to marry,—*Don't!* The beauty of a fine metaphor—a metaphor fresh, appropriate, and graceful—every reader can feel; but he can also detect the old, the inappropriate, and the inelegant, and it is probable that the latter offends him more than the former gratifies. The student will find it a useful exercise to note the metaphors he meets with in the course of his daily reading, to analyse them with care, and observe whether they really throw additional light on the author's meaning. He will examine also into their appositeness, and consider whether they are worked out consistently. Here is one from Sir Thomas Browne:—"Stand majestically upon that axis where prudent simplicity hath fixed thee, and at no temptation invert the poles of thy honesty, that vice may be uneasy and even monstrous unto thee." This is forced but emphatic. In the following we detect an incongruity:—"Examine well thy complexional inclinations. Raise early batteries against these strongholds built upon the rock of Nature, and make this a great part of the militia [*i.e.*, warfare] of thy life." The mixed metaphors of the following quotation from Carlyle are scarcely disguised by the individuality of his style:—"Whatsoever is noble, divine, inspired, drops thereby out of life.

Aristotle remarks, the skilful employment of these, more than of any other ornaments of language, may be regarded as a 'mark of genius' (*εὐφύτας σημεῖον*.) Not that he means to say, as some interpreters suppose, that this power is entirely a gift of Nature, and in no degree to be learnt; on the contrary, he expressly affirms that the 'perception of resemblances,' on which it depends, is the fruit of 'Philosophy,' but he means that any metaphor which is striking from being not in common use is a kind of *property* of him who has invented it, and cannot fairly be transferred from his composition to another's."—*Whately, Rhetoric*, 185. It would seem, however, that metaphors are generally regarded as common property.

There remains everywhere in life a despicable *caput-mortuum*; the mechanical hull, all soul fled out of it." It is strange to meet with so confused a metaphor as this in the writings of a man like Froude:—"He had at last brought off his good name untarnished from that nest of illusion and intrigue."

3. The metaphor passes into *Personification* when abstract ideas or inanimate things are invested with life; as when the poet speaks of the steam-ship:—

"The pulses of her iron heart  
Go beating through the storm."

Or Ruskin of the mosses:—"As in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honoured of the earth-children. Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not and the autumn wastes them not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery." When we have personified a thing or an idea, we have only to address it directly and the personification becomes an apostrophe; as in Coleridge's well-known hymn to Mont Blanc:—

"Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,  
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,  
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

In his beautiful lines on "Youth and Age" we have an example both of personification and apostrophe:—

"O Youth! for years so many and sweet  
'Tis known that thou and I were one;  
I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
It cannot be that thou art gone!  
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled,  
And thou wert aye a masker bold."

In prose, personification and apostrophe should be used sparingly and skilfully, or they will produce a very different effect from that intended by the writer. The bad taste of the following passage (from Bulwer Lytton's "Disowned") is conspicuous:—"London, thou Niobe, who sittest in stone, amidst thy stricken and fated children; nurse of the desolate, that hidest in thy bosom the shame, the sorrows, the sins of many sons; in whose arms the fallen and the outcast shroud their distresses, and shelter from the proud man's contumely; epitome and focus of the disparities and maddening contrasts of this wrong world, that assemblest together in one great heap the woes, the joys, the elevations, the debasements of the various tribes of man; mightiest of levellers, con-

founding in thy whirlpool all ranks, all minds, the graven labours of knowledge, the straws of the maniac, purple and rage, the regalities and the loathsomeness of earth-palace and lazaret-house combined!" Compare with this a brief but striking use of the figure by Thackeray:—"Hush, strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy." The force and emphasis of the figure will be understood at once if we turn the foregoing passage into "ordinary" English:—"Let strife and quarrel be hushed over the solemn grave! Let the trumpets sound a sorrowful march. Let the dark curtain fall," &c. Apostrophe may be rendered very effective, as in the following quotation from Longfellow's "Hyperion":—"Tell me, my soul, why art thou restless? Why dost thou look forward to the future with such strong desire? The present is thine,—and the past,—and the future shall be! Oh that thou didst look forward to the great hereafter with half the longing wherewith thou longest for an earthly future, which a few days at most will bring thee!—to the meeting of the dead as to the meeting of the absent. Thou glorious spirit-land! Oh that I could behold thee as thou art—the region of life, and light, and love, and the dwelling-place of those beloved ones, whose being has flowed onward like a silver-clear stream into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of eternity!" The reader will understand that these figures are never admissible in historical or narrative composition; they belong exclusively to emotional and picturesque writing.

4. "*Allegories*, when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make everything about them clear and beautiful." This is Addison's opinion, and in the "Spectator" he has given us more than one admirable example of what an allegory ought to be. Yet it is so difficult a figure to manage properly that one is inclined to think there is as much wisdom as wit in Mrs. Malaprop's phrase:—"Headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile." Whether on the banks of the Nile or elsewhere, an allegory, like a vicious horse, is apt to get the bit into its teeth and run away with its rider. Rhetorically speaking, an allegory is a metaphor elaborately worked out in every detail of comparison. In the "Vision of Mirza" a bridge is taken to represent human life, and constitutes the metaphor. Then the different accidents that affect the fates of individuals are suggested by the mishaps of travellers crossing the bridge and hastening to the other side; in this way the metaphor is extended into an allegory. Sometimes the reader is provided with a key to the meaning; sometimes he is left to deduce it for himself. I think a distinction should be made between the allegory direct and the allegory indirect. The former I take to be an image invented for the express purpose of conveying a moral; the latter I regard as a metaphor prolonged for the sake of effect. The following passage is indirectly allegorical:—"The

shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us, at noon we trample them under foot, and in the evening they stretch long, broad, and deepening before us. Are not, then, the sorrows of childhood as dark as those of age? Are not the morning shadows of life as deep and broad as those of its evening? Yes; but morning shadows soon fade away, while those of evening reach forth into the night and mingle with the coming darkness."

5. A very common figure, which greatly enlivens the style when employed with skill, is *Autonomasia*, by which a type is made to stand for the class or thing to which it belongs. Thus it seems to be related to personification. We speak of "a Micawber" when we wish to indicate a man of sanguine expectations but misapplied energies, who is always waiting for something to turn up. The late Earl of Derby, in allusion to his "heedless rhetoric," was called by Bulwer Lytton "the Rupert of debate." Everybody remembers the famous verse in Gray's *Elegy* :—

"Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

In like manner we speak of "the Solon of the village," "the Draconian severity of the law," "a city Croesus," "a Hercules for strength." Sometimes, for the sake of emphasis or to avoid repetition, we use a principal characteristic or title of the individual for the class or order to which he belongs; as, "It was not the man he hated, but the priest." Or we employ an abstract term as representative of a class or thing :—"The great Reality stands glaring there upon him." "Almost everything that is great has been done by youth," that is, by the young. "Youth," says Sir Philip Sidney, "will never live to age without they keep themselves in breath with exercise and in heart with joyfulness." Says Prior :—

"As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,  
So modest ease in beauty shines more bright,"

"beauty" being put here for "the beautiful." We meet with another form of *autonomasia* in Hamlet's exclamation :—"Woman, thy name is Frailty!" And in the compliment :—"Thou art honour itself." And in Milton's exquisite description of Eve :—

"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,  
Her every gesture dignity and love."

6. I pass on to *Synecdoche*, a figure of rhetoric in which the species is taken for the genus, the part for the whole, the characteristic for the person, the material for what is manufactured from it. Thus we speak of "the sceptre" instead of "royalty," of "the steel" for "the sword," of "the pilot at the helm" for a

leading statesman, of a man bowed down "with seventy winters" instead of "years." Froude, describing the approach of the Armada, says:—"At length, towards three in the afternoon, the look-out man on the hill reported a line of sails on the western horizon, the centre being first visible, the two wings gradually rising and spreading along the rim of the sea." Here "sails," by a synecdoche, is put for "ships."

7. In *Metonymy* the effect is put for the cause or the cause for the effect, the symbol for the reality, the containing for the contained. "What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?" Here "a crown" stands for royalty. In "the reconciling grave swallows distinction first," "grave," by metonymy, is substituted for "death." "He was raised to the bench," is a metonymy for "he was created a judge."

8. *Antithesis* is a figure in frequent use, and very effective. It increases the emphasis, produces an agreeable surprise, arrests the attention, and impresses the memory. It is the foundation of an epigrammatic style; but, in resorting to it, the writer must be careful that the apposition or contrast between the two parts is complete; as in the well-known saying, "Life is short, but Art is long;" or, "He combined the gaiety of youth with the gravity of old age." Condensation or pithiness is also indispensable; as in the proverb, "More haste, less speed," and Wordsworth's line, "The child is father to the man," or in another proverb, "A place for everything and everything in its place." So again:—"The greatest flood has the soonest ebb." Here is a good antithesis, "From every one according to his aptitudes; to every one according to his needs." Luther said:—"Every great book is an action, and every great action is a book." The following is from Shakespeare, who, by the way, abounds in happy antitheses:—"The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." So does Butler, in his prose as well as in his poetry; for example:—"His wit is like fire in a flint, that is nothing while it is in, and nothing again as soon as it is out." From Carlyle:—"The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none." "He had to work an epic poem, not to write one." From George Eliot:—"A woman may get to love by degrees; the best fire doesna flare up the soonest." From Bulwer Lytton:—"It was exceedingly popular with those leading members of the community who admire nobody and believe in nothing." All forms of "surprise" may be classified under the antithesis. For example:—"She was handsome enough to satisfy a husband's pride, but not so handsome as to keep perpetually on the *qui vive* a husband's jealousy." "My own opinion is, that a woman can more easily do mischief to her own sex than to ours, since, of course, she cannot exist without doing mischief to somebody or other." In the following maxim from Rochefoucauld, the antithesis lends to it all its vivacity:—"A man is never more likely to form a hopeful attachment for one than when his heart is softened

by a hopeless attachment to another." The antithesis may thus be used to cover a hazardous assertion and surprise the reader into momentary acquiescence. He is too startled by the sudden contrast to consider the full force of what is imposed upon him. Our humourists, therefore, resort to it largely; but it is almost needless to say that a succession of antithetical sentences offends the ear, and is fatal to that purity and sobriety of style which every good writer aims at preserving.

9. *Hyperbole* is a figure that can be used with propriety only in the language of passion or of burlesque; an illustration of the truth that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step. Its basis is exaggeration, as when Milton writes:—"And in the lowest depths a lower depth." And Carlyle:—"Lo ye, how with the first sunrays its ocean-tide of pikes and fusils flows glittering from the far East—immeasurable; born of the Night! . . . With hum and grim murmur, far heard; like the ocean-tide, as we say, drawn up, as if by lava and influences, from the great deep of waters, they roll gleaming on." This is the exaggeration natural to strong, deep feeling, which naturally magnifies the idea immediately before it. The hyperbole of humour is contrived by a similar exaggeration of some one particular thought or image. No writer has employed it with better effect than Sydney Smith:—"We have been, up to this point, very careless of our railway regulations. The first person of rank who is killed will put everything in order, and produce a code of the most careful rules. I hope it will not be one of the bench of bishops; but should it be so destined, let the burnt bishop—the unwilling Latimer—remember that, however painful gradual conviction by fire may be, his death will produce unspeakable benefits to the public. Even Soder and Man will be better than nothing." Butler's "*Hudibras*" supplies numerous admirable illustrations of this figure. He describes a "lay-elder" as—

"A lawless, linsey-wolsey brother,  
Half of one order, half another;  
A creature of amphibious nature,  
On land a beast, a fish in water."

And Sir Hudibras:—

"For rhetoric, he could not ope  
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;  
In mathematics he was greater  
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;  
For he by geometric scale  
Could take the size of pots of ale;  
Resolve by sines and tangents straight  
If bread or butter wanted weight;  
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day  
The clock does strike by algebra."

Hyperbole is a very difficult figure to manage as the expression

of passion, it touches always so nearly the confines of the ridiculous. The reader will remember the *reductio ad absurdum* applied by a critical auditor to a line in one of Dryden's plays. The actor was made to say—

“My wound is great, because it is so small;”

Buckingham, from a side-box of the theatre, immediately exclaimed:—

“Then 't would be greater were it none at all.”

Almost all humour seems to rest upon the hyperbolical. Take a specimen from George Eliot. Bartle Massey is commenting upon Scotch tunes:—“They go on,” he says, “with the same thing over and over again, and never come to a reasonable end. Anybody 'ud think the Scotch tunes had always been asking a question of somebody as deaf as old Taft, and had never got an answer yet.” Hyperbole enters largely into parody, the essence of which is humorous exaggeration. Take, for instance, Arbuthnot's parody of the style of Cowley and the metaphysical poets:—

“The dust in smaller particles arose  
Than those which fluid bodies do compose.  
Contraries in extremes do often meet:  
It was so dry, that you might call it wet!”

It is an important element of satire, as in Pope's celebrated attack upon Mrs. Oldfield, the actress:—

“Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,  
To make a wash would hardly stew a child.”

And in Young's “Love of Fame:”—

“Zara resembles Etna crowned with snows;  
Without she freezes, and within she glows.  
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspired,  
From the vain converse of the world retired,  
She reads the psalms and chapters for the day  
In ‘Cleopatra’ or the last new play.  
Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,  
Deceives mankind and hides behind her face.”

Lastly, the extent to which the hyperbolical flavours the humorous may be seen in Falstaff's commentary on Bardolph's drunken nose:—“If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face. My oath should be, By this fire. But thou art altogether given over; and wert, indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ranst up Gad's Hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. Oh, thou art a perpetual triumph and everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches,

walking with thee in the night between tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years. Heaven reward me for it!" I need hardly say that when Shakespeare put these words into Falstaff's mouth he was probably unconscious that he was employing the figure of rhetoric called hyperbole. It is the business of genius to invent, of criticism to analyse.

10. *Irony* is employed both in grave and humorous composition; is hurled from the lips of passionate scorn as well as quietly dropped from the lips of contemptuous good-humour. To be perfect, the under-meaning must not be too clearly hinted, yet it must not be so completely veiled as to induce a belief that the writer or speaker is in earnest. Irony is sometimes carried on through a long composition, as in Swift's "Polite Conversation" and his "Gulliver's Travels;" is sometimes pressed into the service of logic, as in Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts Respecting Napoleon Bonaparte;" but generally it is confined within narrow limits and used for the purpose of emphasis or illustration. It includes the inuendo, the insinuation, and the retort or repartee, and in the hand of a master is one of the most powerful of weapons. It comes from the Greek *εἰρωνεία*—talk, that is, talk for the sake of deception, and may be briefly defined as "saying one thing and meaning another." Leigh Hunt says that the most agreeable form of irony, especially when carried to any length, is that which betrays the absurdity it treats of (or what it considers such) by an air of *bonté* and good faith, as if the thing ridiculed were the simplest matter of course, and not at all exposed by the pretensions with which it is artfully set on a level. It is that of Marot and La Fontaine, of Pulci, Berni, and Voltaire. In the elder of these Italians, and in the two eldest of the Frenchmen, it is best assumed, as far as regards simplicity; but in Berni and Voltaire it is most laughable, because by a certain excess and caricature of indifference it gives its cue to the reader and so makes him a party to the joke, as rich comic actors do with their audiences. Such is Voltaire's exquisite banter on "War," in which he says that a monarch picks up a parcel of men "who have nothing to do, dresses them in coarse blue cloth at *two shillings a yard*, binds their hats with coarse white worsted, turns them to the right and left, and *marches away with them to glory*."<sup>1</sup>

Irony sometimes assumes an antithetical form:—"The introducers of the now-established principles of political economy may fairly be considered to have made a great discovery—a discovery the more creditable from the circumstance that the facts on which it was founded had long been well known to all!"

<sup>1</sup> Dictionnaire Philosophique, art. Guerre.



Irony may assume a mock-heroic form :—

“Here thou, great Anna, whom these realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea.”

Or it may glide into the hyperbolical :—

“But oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectua,  
Inform us truly, haven't they henpecked you all ?”

It takes the shape of a retort :—A disagreeable person one day, when in Douglas Jerrold's company, hearing a well-known air mentioned, exclaimed, “That always carries me away when I hear it.” “Can nobody whistle it ?” said Jerrold.

Douglas Jerrold makes great use of irony in his dramatic works. Thus in “Bubbles of the Day” we find the following :—

“*Smoke*.—Sir, If you would speak well anywhere, there's nothing like first grinding your eloquence on a mixed meeting. Depend on't, if you can only manage a little humbug with a mob, it gives you great confidence for another place.

“*Lord Skindeep*.—Smoke, never say humbug ; it's coarse.

“*Sir Phoenix Clearcake*.—And not respectable.

“*Smoke*.—Pardon me, my lord, it *was* coarse. But the fact is, humbug has received such high patronage, that now it's quite classic.”

Among the minor figures, it is scarcely necessary for me to dwell upon *Interrogation*—which, indeed, is but a variation of the apostrophe—and *Exclamation*. Both are commonly used by the best writers and contribute greatly to energy of style. Of the former take an example from Carlyle :—“This Rome, this scene of false priests, clothed not in the beauty of holiness, but in far other vesture, is *false* : but what is it to Luther ? A mean man he, how shall he reform a world ? That was far from his thoughts. A humble, solitary man, why should he at all meddle with the world ? It was the task of quite higher men than he.” Of the latter I give an illustration from Kingsley :—“God ! I shudder at the fancy ! The brute that I might have been—that I should have been !”

*Vision* is the name applied to the employment of the present tense when we are speaking of past or future events or of remote objects and persons. A well-known instance occurs in Byron's “Childe Harold :”—

“I see before me the gladiator lie.”

And another in Macaulay's essay on Chatham :—“High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer and to hurl defiance at her foes.” In Bulwer Lytton's “Zanoni” we read :—“It seems to me as yesterday when I stood in the

streets of this city of the Gaul as they shone with plumed chivalry and the air rustled with silken braveries. Young Louis, the monarch and the lover, was victor of the tournament at the Carousel; and all France felt herself splendid in the splendour of her gorgeous chief. Now is there neither throne nor altar; and what is in their stead? I see it yonder—the guillotine!”

*Prolepsis*, or anticipation, is a figure by which future events are anticipated; as in Keat's remarkable expression in his “Isabel,” justly eulogised by Leigh Hunt:—

“So the two brothers with their murdered man  
Rode past fair Florence.”

There is a ghastly force in the epithet “murdered.”

*Metalepsis* is the use of the same word in different senses; in other words, punning. This form of humour is reserved nowadays for comic journals and burlesques and farcical comedies; but of old it was patronised by kings, orators, poets, and philosophers. Cæsar and Bacon recorded puns, and Cicero and Shakespeare made them. Bad punning is most offensive, but so is every kind of false humour, while good puns frequently embody both wit and wisdom, as the reader acquainted with Hood's writings will not fail to admit:—

“Ben Battle was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms;  
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms.”

I may quote an historical one, attributed to Charles I.'s jester; subject, Archbishop Laud:—“Great praise to God, and little laud to the devil!” And another of Thomas Hood's, which is pure wit. He was describing a friend's day's shooting:—“What he hit is history, and what he missed is mystery” (his story and my story). Sometimes a pun takes the shape of a riddle:—“Why are the birds unhappy in their nests in the early morning? Because their poor little bills are all over-due (dew)!”

We use the term *Asyndeton* to describe a rapid series of statements or assertions without the link of a conjunctive particle. Cæsar's well-known “Veni, vidi, vici,” is a felicitous example. In narrative it is often used with good effect, hurrying the reader over details which might otherwise be tedious.

*Aposiopesis* is a sudden pause or break of continuity in the middle of a sentence, the reader being left to imagine what has not been expressed. Thus:—“I wrote my friends a penitential, I might almost describe it as a pitiful letter, and gave a full and true account of what had happened. I threw myself on their mercy, but . . .” There is a fine example in Shakespeare's “Henry IV.,” pt. i. act v. sc. 4. Hotspur is wounded and falls:—

"*Hotspur*. Oh, I could prophesy,  
 But that the earthly and cold hand of Death  
 Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,  
 And food for— [Dies.  
*Prince*. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!"

Lastly, *Catachresis* is the misapplication of words to purposes for which their ordinary meaning does not adapt them; as in Tickell's humorous "Poem in Praise of the Horn-Book:"—

" 'Great B.,' the younker bawls. O heavenly breath!  
 What ghostly comfort in the hour of death!"

And in Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost":—

"Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,  
 Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire."

This figure is one that, except in humorous composition, no good writer will care to employ.

Figures, when well chosen and carefully introduced, help to make a style perspicuous and elegant. Energy is a quality to be gained in other ways; and hence it often happens that a clear and graceful style is found to be deficient in force, life, robustness. The primary requisite is the exclusion of all superfluous words; the sentence must not be loaded with a burden to make it totter and stagger and drag heavily along. "As when the rays of the sun," says Dr. Campbell,<sup>1</sup> employing an apt if not very novel comparison, "are collected into the focus of a burning-glass, the smaller the spot is which receives them, compared with the surface of the glass, the greater is the splendour; so, in exhibiting our sentiments by speech, the narrower the compass of words is wherein the thought is comprised the more energetic is the expression. Accordingly, we find that the very same sentiment expressed diffusely will be admitted barely to be just; expressed concisely, will be admired as spirited. Sir Thomas Browne is sometimes felicitously concise, and therefore impressively energetic. "There is no man alone, because every man is a microcosm, and carries the whole world about him." "I can cure vices by physic when they remain incurable by divinity, and they shall obey my pills when they condemn their precepts." "Reckon not upon long life, but live always beyond thy account." In these sentences not a word can be omitted, not a word is unnecessary. On the other hand, the following is verbose and diffuse:—"A severe and tyrannical exercise of power must become a matter of necessary policy with kings when their subjects are embued with such principles as justify and authorise rebellion." This can be more effectively said as:—"Kings will be tyrants from policy when

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Campbell, "Philosophy of Rhetoric."

subjects are rebels from principle.”<sup>1</sup> Diffuseness is a prevailing vice with modern writers; they seem to measure the quality of what they say by its quantity. Macaulay’s style has its faults, but this at least is not one of them. His sentences are double-shotted; no superfluous powder is expended upon the charge. Here is a passage from his description of the battle of Sedgemoor:—“The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot, in a long narrow column, passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor Rhine; but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected, but, in the confusion, a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines, and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm.” Here each sentence tells its tale with the utmost possible terseness.

Energy is gained not only by sacrificing superfluous words, but by a judicious arrangement of the different parts of the sentence. Thus beginning a sentence with a conditional or qualifying clause often gives to it an energetic character. “Stopped at once by this ready manœuvre, and the fire that it brought on their flank, the horsemen wheeled again to their left and retreated.” This form is much more energetic than the strict grammatical sequence—“The horsemen, stopped at once by this ready manœuvre and the fire that it brought on their flank, wheeled again to their left and retreated.” This instance I have borrowed from Mr. Kinglake, the historian. The next I take from Burke:—“I wish to see the Church of England great and powerful; I wish to see her foundations laid low and deep, that she may crush the giant powers of rebellious darkness. I would have her head raised up to that heaven to which she conducts me. I would have her open wide her hospitable gates by a noble and liberal comprehension, but I would have no breaches in her wall. I would have her cherish all those who are within, and pity all those who are without. I would have her a common blessing to the world; an example, if not an instructor, to those who have not the happiness to belong to her. I would have her give a lesson of peace to mankind, that a vexed and wandering generation might be taught to seek for repose and toleration in the maternal bosom of Christian charity, and not in the harlot lap of infidelity and indifference.” The arrangement here is perfect; every clause exceeds the preceding one in the importance of its meaning, and the reader is carried gradually up to a lofty and impressive climax.

I have spoken of figures as contributing chiefly to grace of style,

<sup>1</sup> Burke, “Reflections on the French Revolution,” in his Works, vol. v. p. 183.

but it must be admitted that their employment often inspires energy. To quote again from Burke. In his "Letter to a Noble Lord" he attacks the Duke of Bedford:—"The grants to the house of Russell (by Henry the Eighth) were so enormous as not only to outrage economy but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the Leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst 'he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers one all over with the spray—everything of him and about him is from the crown." Who can doubt that the figure here employed is much more effective than any matter-of-fact statement of pounds, shillings, and pence would be? The splendid eloquence of Chatham borrowed much of its ardour from metaphor and metonymy. When inveighing against the employment of the Indians in the North American struggle, he exclaimed:—"Who is the man that has dared to authorise and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilised alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods?" His famous comparison of the coalition between Henry Fox and the Duke of Newcastle to the junction of the Rhone and the Saône has always been admired:—"I, who am at a distance from that *sanctum sanctorum* whither the priest goes for inspiration—I, who travel through a desert, and am overwhelmed with mountains of obscurity, cannot so easily catch a gleam to direct me to the beauties of these negotiations. But there are parts of this address that do not seem to come from the same quarter with the rest. I cannot unravel this mystery.<sup>1</sup> Yes!—I, too, am inspired! Now it strikes me! I remember at Lyons to have seen the conflux of the Rhone and the Saône; the one a gentle, feeble, languid stream, and, though languid, of no depth; the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent. But they meet at last; and long may they continue united, to the comfort of each other, and to the glory, honour, and security of the nation!" The impression is still remembered which Mr. Bright produced in the House of Commons at the close of the Crimean War when he exclaimed:—"The Angel of Death has been abroad through the land; we may almost hear the beating of his wings!" No list of killed and wounded, widows and orphans, would have told with equal power on the imagination. The delicate use of metaphor in the following quotation from F. W. Robertson charms the ear:—"It is the solemn thought connected with middle age that life's last business is begun in earnest, and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to look back and marvel, with a kind of remorseful

<sup>1</sup> Observe the aposiopesis.

feeling, that he let the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling; it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the lights fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that Nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth."

Perspicuity of style may be secured by putting words in their right places; but this is not all. You must put the *right* words in the right places. Your adjectives must be carefully chosen; every epithet must have its propriety; auxiliaries, conjunctions, pronouns, must be rigorously weeded out, and repeated only when emphasis is needed. Certain constructions which are favourable to brevity are favourable also to energy, such as using appositions instead of connectives, adjectives for adjective clauses (as in Keats' phrase, already quoted, "the murdered man" for the man whom they intended to murder), the participle for the clause with a finite verb, nouns for adjectives, and the contracted and condensed sentence. It is essential also to avoid (a) tautology; (b) redundancy or pleonasm; and (c) circumlocution.

a. *Tautology* is useless repetition, whether of words or ideas. Mr. Bain gives an example from Tillotson:—"Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of *dissimulation* and *deceit*; it is much the *plainer* and *easier*, much the *safer* and *more secure* way of dealing with the world; it has less of *trouble* and *difficulty*, of *entanglement* and *perplexity*, of *danger* and *hazard* in it. The arts of *deceit* and *cunning* do continually grow weaker, and less *effectual* and *serviceable* to them that use them." Whately quotes an example from Dr. Johnson, which is illustrative of his partiality for balancing one clause against another:—"He (Prior) had infused into it much *knowledge* and much *thought*; had often *polished* it to *elegance*, often *dignified* it with *splendour*, and sometimes *heightened* it to *sublimity*; he perceived in it many excellences, and did not discover that it wanted that without which all others are of small avail—the power of *engaging attention* and *alluring curiosity*." A collocation of apparently similar substantives, however, is not necessarily tautological; the shades of meaning may be sufficiently distinct; as in this sentence of Burke's:—"To avoid, therefore, the evils of *inconstancy* and *versatility*, ten thousand times worse than those of *obstinacy* and the *blindest prejudice*, we have consecrated the State, that no man should approach to look into its *defects* or *corruptions* but with due caution; that he should never dream of beginning its reformation by its subversion; that he should approach to the faults of the State as to the wounds of a father, with pious *awe* and trembling *solicitude*." The expressions italicised are in no way tautological. What Whately says of Johnson's style is true of tautology generally:—"To string together *substantives* connected by

conjunctions, which is the characteristic of Johnson's style, is, in fact, the rudest and clumsiest mode of expressing our thoughts; we have only to find *names* for our ideas, and then put them together by connectives, instead of interweaving, or rather *fitting* them together by a due admixture of verbs, participles, prepositions, &c. So that this way of writing, as contrasted with the other, may be likened to the primitive rude carpentry, in which the materials were united by coarse external implements, pins, nails, and cramps, when compared with that art in its most improved state, after the invention of dovetail, joints, grooves, and mortices, when the junctions are effected by forming properly the extremities of the pieces to be joined, so as at once to consolidate and conceal the juncture."

*b. Redundancy or Pleonasm* consists of superfluous additions. This is a fault constantly committed by writers who aim at what is called a "flowery style." They pour out upon their pages an unmeasured supply of epithets and phrases. It is not enough for them to say that a thing is beautiful; it must be beautiful, and fair, and lovely. A mountain is not only grand, but sublime, magnificent, terrible, overpowering. So too, they are never content with expressing their meaning; they must add something for the sake of effect or for ornament; as, "Reason is the glory of human nature, and is one of the chief eminences whereby we are raised above our fellow-creatures the brutes." Here the writer should stop, but he cannot refrain from adding—"in this lower world." To energy of style redundancy is fatal. It is like loading a man with chains and then bidding him walk briskly. "By a multiplicity of words," says Dr. Campbell, "the sentiment is not set off and accommodated, but, like David in Saul's armour, it is encumbered and oppressed." Redundancy is to be observed in the following sentence from Swift, who, however, seldom erred in this respect:—"In the Celtic commonwealth it was the *privilege* and *birthright* of every citizen and poet to rail aloud and in public."

*c. Circumlocution* is such an excess of diffuseness that it can be remedied only by recasting the whole in more incisive language. Bain gives the following as an example:—"Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through the whole period of his existence with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration if a comparison be instituted between him and the man whose pupil he was." This sentence, properly pruned, will run as follows:—"Pope professed himself the pupil of Dryden, whom he lost no opportunity of praising; and his character is illustrated by a comparison with his master." In a passage from the late George Gilfillan the diffuse is unpleasantly displayed. He is describing his visit to the peak of Loch-nagar, celebrated by Byron:—"It was the grandest moment in

our lives. We had stood upon many hills—in sunshine and in shade, in mist and in thunder—but never had before, nor hope to have again, such a feeling of the grandeur of this lower universe—such a sense of horrible sublimity; nay, we question if there be a mountain in the empire which, though seen in similar circumstances, could awaken the same emotions in our minds. It is not its loftiness, though that be great, nor its bold outline, nor its savage loneliness, nor its mist-loving precipices, but the associations which crown its crags with a 'peculiar diadem;' its identification with the image of a poet, who, amid all his fearful errors, had, perhaps, more than any of the age's bards the power of investing all his career—yea, to every corner which his firm foot ever touched or which his genius ever sung—with profound and melancholy interest. We saw the name of Byron written in the cloud-characters above us. We saw his genius sadly smiling in those gleams of stray sunshine which gilded the darkness they could not dispel." And so on. This is verbosity of the emptiest kind; the shell has no kernel in it; there is absolutely no meaning to be got at in all this whirl of words. As a contrast, take a quotation from Canon Liddon. The style is rich and copious, but neither redundant nor tautological; the fulness is that of a deep clear stream:—"The wonderful world in which we now pass this stage of our existence, whether the higher world of faith be open to our gaze or not, is a very temple of many and august mysteries. You will walk, perhaps, to-morrow afternoon into the country; and here or there the swelling buds, or the first fresh green of the opening leaf, will remind you that already spring is about to re-enact before your eyes the beautiful spectacle of her yearly triumph. Everywhere around you are evidences of the existence and movement of a mysterious power which you can neither see, nor touch, nor define, nor measure, nor understand. This power lives speechless, noiseless, unseen, yet energetic, in every bough above your head, in every blade of grass beneath your feet."

Observe that both the tautology and the pleonasm may be sparingly employed in certain circumstances. Thus synonymous words and phrases are admissible when without them the full meaning cannot be expressed, or for the sake of emphasising prominent points of the exposition, or in order to bring out a strong emotion or absorbing thought. We say, for instance, "We have seen with our eyes," "The confusion was passing and transitory," "The vision and the faculty divine," "The head and front of his offending," "All is little and low and mean among us." In poetry a pleonastic form of expression is often very beautiful:—

"The world is too much with us: late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!"



"Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."

And in prose it is often impressive. Thus Ruskin says,—“The sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not ‘too bright nor good for human nature’s daily food;’ it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it, and purifying it from dross and dust. And yet we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensation; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.”

I come, in the last place, to speak of melody of style. It is obvious that we may write a style strong, perspicuous, and graceful, which may still be deficient in rhythmical force and cadence. I am not sanguine that the defect can be remedied by attention, however assiduous, to rules, however precise. It seems to me that to write musically one must have a feeling for musical harmonies, “an ear for music,” a sense of time and tune; and specially so in prose, where the writer gains no assistance from metre or rhyme. Professor Bain, however, in his book on “English Composition and Rhetoric” lays down certain data which the reader may be disposed to consider. Thus he says that the abrupt consonants are the hardest to pronounce (*p, t, k*, with their aspirated forms, *f, th* (as in *thin*), and *h*), and the vowels the easiest; that the abrupt consonants are made easier by taking them in alternation with vowels, and especially long vowels; that a sharp mute (*f, th, or h*) and a flat mute (*b, v; d, th*, as in *thine*; *z*) cannot be easily sounded together; that the cumulation of consonants increases difficulty of pronunciation; and that the alternation of vowel and consonant makes the succession of words more agreeable. He considers it desirable to avoid the clash of vowels, both in the middle of words (*ideas, hiatus*) and between one word and another (*reassume*), and that long vowels out of accent (as *u* in *contribute*, *a* in *reprobate*) are somewhat hard to pronounce. He is of opinion that it contributes to the melody of language to avoid the too frequent repetition of the same letters, whether consonants or vowels. This is not the belief of Mr. Swinburne and poets of the Alliterative School; and though excessive alliteration is as disagreeable as any other excess, and Mr. Swinburne employs the trick *ad nauseam*, yet the occasional use of it adds unquestionably to grace and melody of style. Take an example from Tennyson:—

“The splendour falls on castle walls,  
And snowy summits old in story:

The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;  
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."

Take an example from Shelley:—

"Higher still, and higher,  
 From the earth thou springest,  
 Like a cloud of fire;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

"Like a glowworm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its aerial hue

Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view."

It must be owned that the alliteration in these passages pleases the ear, like the occasional repetition of the tonic in a phrase of music. The grace is one that belongs to poetry rather than to prose, yet in prose may at times be advantageously introduced. Such expressions as "the light of love," "the march of mind," "the policy of prudence," are not unwelcome. In the following passage from Emerson the alliteration may have been unintentional, but it contributes to the effect:—"Be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things used; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice would make the heart bound, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent, for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; for the figures, the outlines, the words of the beloved object are not like other images written in water, but, as Plutarch said, 'enamelled in fire,' and make the study of midnight." But this use of alliteration is a very different thing to that ostentatious parade of it in which some living writers indulge, as if the subtlest melody of style were attained by the ingenious but unknown author of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper!"

To return to Professor Bain, he advises us not only to avoid the too frequent repetition of the same letters, but of the same syllables. A due alternation of long and short, of accented and unaccented syllables, is an essential condition of melody. "This

is one part of English versification ; and although prose allows a greater latitude, yet the principle has to be attended to." (A very unmusical sentence !) "The Shakesperian line, 'The pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' is a perfect alternation, besides being melodious through the variety of the letters and the nature of the closing syllable." All which is very true, but the fact remains that no rules can be formulated which will enable the young composer to attain "a due alternation of long and short syllables" or "variety of letters." His own taste, his own feeling, must be his guide, assisted by a close and critical study of the best writers. To another of Professor Bain's dicta, namely, that "the closing syllables of a sentence should allow the voice to fall by degrees," I entertain a strong objection. The *sense* must be studied as well as the *sound*, and it may be necessary oftentimes to close with an emphatic word or syllable, to which adequate importance must be given by the voice. A single example must suffice :—"People who know little about London know by heart the places in Jerusalem where those blessed feet trod which were nailed to the cross. Men who know nothing of the architecture of a Christian cathedral can yet tell you about the pattern of the Holy Temple." In each of these sentences the emphasis rises in the concluding clause. It is possible, however, to agree with the Professor in his final rule, which, indeed, sums up all that can be wisely said on the subject. "The principle of variety or alternation applies to clauses, to sentences, and to composition throughout." Variety is, in truth, the secret of melody ; as the analysis of the prose of any great writer will clearly prove. Let the reader study the following passage, and he will find it an example of almost every grace and gift by which language is lifted into eloquence.<sup>1</sup>

"The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn, but none without their use; none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend. The passions of which the end is the continuance of the race: the indignation which is to arm it against injustice or strengthen it to resist wanton injury; and the fear which lies at the root of prudence, reverence, and awe, are all honourable and beautiful, so long as man is regarded in his relations to the existing world. The religious purist, striving to conceive him withdrawn from those relations, effaces from the countenance the traces of all transitory passion, illumines it with holy hope and love, and seals it with the security of heavenly peace; he conceals the forms of the body by the deep-folded garment, or else represents them under severely chastened types, and would rather paint them emaciated by the fast or pale from the torture than strengthened by exertion or flushed by emotion. But the great naturalist takes the human

<sup>1</sup> Ruskin, *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. c. vi. a. 58.

being in its wholeness, in its mortal as well as its spiritual strength. Capable of sounding and sympathising with the whole range of its passions, he brings one majestic harmony out of them all ; he represents it fearlessly in all its acts and thoughts, in its haste, its anger, its sensuality, and its pride, as well as in its fortitude or faith, but makes it noble in them all ; he casts aside the veil from the body, and beholds the mysteries of its form like an angel looking down on an inferior creature ; there is nothing which he is reluctant to behold, nothing that he is ashamed to confess ; with all that lives, triumphing, falling, or suffering, he claims kindred, either in majesty or in mercy, yet standing, in a sort, afar off, unmoved even in the deepness of his sympathy ; for the spirit within him is too thoughtful to be grieved, too brave to be appalled, and too pure to be polluted."

Here the reader will discover antithesis and alliteration, metaphor and metonymy, elliptical constructions, inversions, alternation of vowels with consonants, perspicuity, elegance, strength ; all the arts and qualities on which the professors of the art of composition most insist. But let him not suppose that the author, in the process of writing, was conscious of his employment of any of these. A good style is not to be built up like a steam-engine, bit by bit and part and part, with a crank made to fit here and a valve made to work nicely there ; it is, in its essence, the spontaneous utterance of a full and ready mind. If you wish to write well you must begin at the beginning ; you must study the great writers and store your memory with an ample vocabulary of words. You must study Nature so as to have at your command a sufficiency of choice and appropriate illustrations. You must master the subject on which you propose to write, and arrange your thoughts in a natural and harmonious sequence. You must train your ear to appreciate the subtle harmonies of language. But when once you have begun to write, you must throw to the winds all considerations of rhetorical ornament, and address yourself to the one paramount object of bringing your reader into entire sympathy with you. To put your thought into the concisest, most intelligible, and gracefulest form ; that must be your single aim. You will learn in due time to get rid of crudities of expression, to avoid harsh and dissonant allocations of words, and to vary the structure of your periods. Constant intercourse with the works of the masters of English prose (nor must the poets be forgotten) will refine your taste and discipline your judgment. It will teach you to shun the slipshod costume adopted by so many writers of the present day ; their attempts at humour, their proneness to imitation, their fondness for trick and artifice.

To young writers it is often recommended that they should take a passage from some eminent author, read it carefully, draw up a summary of its arguments and an outline of their mode of statement, and, after a sufficient interval has elapsed, endeavour, from

that summary and that outline, to rewrite the passage. They will, of course, compare their effort with the original, and observe its defects. The plan is not a bad one, if care be taken to choose an author whose style is free from mannerisms. Otherwise it will lead to imitation, and imitation of the worst kind, that is, of defects. For instance, Addison is better adapted for this mode of treatment than Burke ; Defoe than Gibbon ; Washington Irving and Sir Arthur Helps than Carlyle. As a good narrative style is of high importance, the student may profit by writing out *in his own English* part of a chapter of Macaulay or Froude, Goldsmith or Dean Stanley, always subjecting his work to patient analysis and comparison. Or he may compose a description of some place or building with which he is familiar, and compare it with similar descriptions by writers of acknowledged eminence. For instance, Southey's prose may safely be taken as a model. Then, in epistolary composition, he may test himself against Lady Mary Wortley Montagu or Cowper ; in essay-writing he may study Lord Bacon, De Quincey, Hazlitt, Helps, Jeffrey, John Foster, William Smith (the author of "Thorndale"), Hayward. In each case let him observe how the subject is treated, how it is divided into certain main lines of thought, and how these are subdivided into subsidiary lines, and how all are taken up and fused together towards the close. Every essay (and you may take the word in its widest possible acceptation) consists of three main points—the introduction, in which the subject is brought forward and explained ; the exposition, in which the writer's view is supported by every possible reason and illustration, while the arguments of those upholding an opposite view are criticised and (presumably) demolished ; and the peroration, in which the writer rapidly sums up his case and appeals to his reader to approve of it. Let us glance at Foster's "Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance." In the introduction he comments on the unhappiness of mankind, and puts forward ignorance as the chief cause of that unhappiness. This is his position, which he illustrates by reference to the ignorance of the Jews and ancient heathens, and their consequent misery, and supports by a review of the ignorance prevailing in the ages subsequent to those of ancient history. In his exposition he dwells on the ignorance and debasement still manifest in various features of the popular character, on the dishonour to our country that such should be the case. He meets the objection that were this ignorance dispelled the people would be rendered unfit for their station and discontented with it ; crowds argument upon argument to invalidate it ; and demonstrates the advantage to a wise and upright Government of having intelligent subjects. The ignorance of the people causes an inaptitude to receive religious information, which is shown to be a serious evil. Having thus proved his position that popular ignorance is a source of wretchedness and disorder, he considers in what way that ignorance may best be

overcome, both by the action of the State and of individuals ; and in an eloquent peroration returns to his previous expressions of astonishment and regret at the actual condition of ignorance, degradation, and wretchedness, while he congratulates those humble individuals who, by their own strenuous and assiduous exertions, have raised themselves above it. Such is a brief analysis of Foster's celebrated essay ; but each of the main parts we have rapidly indicated is susceptible of a similar analysis, and in this way the student will arrive at the method of composition adopted by all thoughtful writers.





### Part III.

#### PHYSICAL SELF-CULTURE.

—*St. Chrysostom.*

“There is but one Shekinah in the universe, and that is the body of man.”

“Instead of vilifying the body, complaining that our nobler part is chained down to a base partner, it is worth recollecting that the body too is the gift of God, in its way divine, ‘the temple of the Holy Ghost;’ and that to keep a body in temperance, soberness, and chastity, to guard it from pernicious influences, and to obey the laws of health, are just as much religious as they are moral duties; just as much obligatory on the Christian as they are on a member of a sanitary committee.”—*F. W. Robertson.*

“You will begin to know what a serious matter our life is; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature one comes to be who does not as soon as possible bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task first lies before him.”—*John Sterling.*

“A man cannot be kept healthy merely by attending to his stomach. If the body, which is the support of the curiously complex fabric, acts with a sustaining influence on the mind, the mind, which is the impelling force of the machine, may, like steam in a steam-engine, for want of a controlling and regulative force, in a single fit of untempered expansion blow all the wheels and pegs and close-compacted plates of the machine into chaos. No function of the body can be safely performed for a continuance without the habitual strong control of a well-disciplined will. . . . Therefore, if you would be healthy, be good; and if you would be good, be wise; and if you would be wise, be devout and reverent; for the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.”—*Professor Blackie.*

“Life is not to live, but to be well.”—*Martial.*

"By the ancients, courage was regarded as practically the main part of virtue; by us, though I hope we are not less brave, purity is so regarded now. The former is evidently the animal excellence, a thing not to be left out when we are balancing the one against the other. But purity is inward, secret, self-sufficing, harmless, and, to crown all, thoroughly and intimately personal. It is, indeed, a nature, rather than a virtue; and, like other natures, when most perfect, is least conscious of itself and its perfection. In a word, courage, however kindled, is fanned by the breath of man; purity lives and derives its life solely from the Spirit of God."—*Augustus Hare*, "*Guesses at Truth*."

"I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."—*Milton*.







*"MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO."*

**DR** HERBERT SPENCER is of opinion that nothing will so much hasten the time when body and mind will both be adequately cared for as a diffusion of the belief that the preservation of health is a *duty*. "Few seem conscious," he adds, "that there is such a thing as physical morality. Men's habitual words and acts imply the idea that they are at liberty to treat their bodies as they please. Discreditors entailed by disobedience to Nature's dictates they regard simply as grievances, not as the effects of a conduct more or less flagitious. Though the evil consequences inflicted on their dependants and on future generations are often as great as those caused by crime, yet they do not think themselves in any degree criminal. It is true that, in the case of drunkenness, the viciousness of a bodily transgression is recognised ; but none appear to infer that, if this bodily transgression is vicious, so too is every bodily transgression. The fact is, that all breaches of the law of health are *physical sins*." This view of the subject is now accepted by all thoughtful men, and no self-culture would be considered complete which did not include the due training and discipline of the body. Among the sciences which form a regular portion of a well-considered educational curriculum, physiology, therefore, justly holds an important place. It is surely as essential to our well-being that we should know something of the wonderful mechanism by which the operation of "living" is carried on, as that we should master the propositions of Euclid or learn to conjugate *verbo*. When the body ails, mind and soul ail also ; a healthy body is the condition of a healthy intellect and a sound moral nature, and the preservation of physical health is not only our duty as men, but as Christians. We are responsible to our Creator for the right use of every faculty with which He has endowed us. We are responsible also to our fellow-men, as the welfare of the community depends upon the relative welfare of each member of it. We are responsible to ourselves, for we are clearly bound to inflict upon our nerves or energies no excessive or unendurable strain.

The great law of health may be put in this form: it is necessary to take proper measures for repairing the *waste* which the body is daily, nay, constantly, undergoing. It throws off heat and suffers a loss of substance, as we are reminded very urgently by the sensations of hunger and thirst. Like *Oliver Twist*, it cries out for "more;" it imperiously demands to be fed, or, as an alternative, threatens rebellion. The wise man prudently complies, as it is both his interest and pleasure to do; and accordingly furnishes fresh air, drink, and food. The organs by which the fresh air is utilised are called organs of respiration; those which receive the food and convert it into nutriment, organs of alimentation; those which diffuse the air and food over the body, organs of circulation; those which throw off the superfluous product, organs of excretion. To a great extent, under certain recognised vital conditions, it is in every man's power to keep these organs in a sound and satisfactory state, so that they can readily perform the work allotted to them. If he does not do so, the waste of the body will largely exceed in amount the sustenance it receives, and the consequences will be disease and death. The brain and the heart, which are the two pillars of life, its *Jachin* and its *Boaz*, will refuse, because unable, to perform their respective offices. But if he fulfil what is clearly his interest as well as his duty, he will then direct his attention to two great points—exercise and diet. Exercise assists the equable and regular action of the organs of circulation; diet controls the action of the organs of circulation and excretion. Of course, there are other considerations to be borne in mind; as, for instance, the supply of an adequate quantity of fresh air—an adult of eleven stone weight requires about 800 cubic feet of thoroughly ventilated space—suitable clothing, according to the seasons, and a prudent adjustment of the hours of sleep, work, and recreation; but, roughly speaking, a man may enjoy good health by a careful observance of the dictates of prudence in regard to exercise and diet. I am supposing, of course, that he lives a cleanly life, both physically and morally, and does not pursue any notoriously unhealthy calling.

Now as to diet, it is at least as necessary that you should not eat or drink too much as that you should not eat or drink too little. Indeed, the danger from excess is greater than the danger from parsimony. You must not throw upon the organs of alimentation and nutrition a work they cannot perform, a burden they cannot bear, or they will incontinently strike. "Temperance" should be the student's watchword; or, as the old adage puts it "Eat to live, not live to eat." Do not indulge, but simply satisfy, the appetite. For the proper nutriment of the body, however, it is requisite that the food we eat should contain certain elements, and these elements in adequate proportion. Thus all food may be divided into four classes:—

1. *Proteids*, of which the elements are carbon, hydrogen, nitro-

gen, and oxygen ; as in flour (*gluten*), flesh (*myosin*), white of egg (*albumen*), and cheese (*casein*).

2. *Fats*, of which the elements are carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen only ; as in fat of meat, butter, milk, and all vegetable and animal fatty matters and oils.

3. *Amyloids*, of which the elements are carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen only ; as in starch, dextrine, sugar, and gum (which are found in potatoes), sago, honey, cane sugar.

4. *Minerals*, as in water, common salt, and the salts of various alkalies, earths, and metals.

And it is not sufficient, as a health precaution, that we do not take too much of food as a *whole* ; we must not take too much of any kind of food. We must *mix our foods*, or, in other words, vary our diets, so that the body may receive a proportion of all the elements that contribute to its growth and activity. On this point Professor Huxley says :—"No substance can serve permanently for food—that is to say, can prevent loss of weight and change in the general composition of the body—unless it contains a certain amount of proteid matter in the shape of albumen, fibrin, syntonin, casein ; while, on the other hand, any substance which contains proteid matter in a readily assimilable shape, is competent to act as a permanent vital food-stuff. The human body contains a large quantity of proteid matter in one or other of the forms which have been enumerated ; and therefore it turns out to be an indispensable condition that every substance which is to serve permanently as food must contain a sufficient quantity of the most important and complex component of the body ready made. It must also contain a sufficient quantity of the mineral ingredients which are required. Whether it contains either fats or amyloids, or both, its essential power of supporting the life and maintaining the weight and composition of the body remains unchanged."

But while the proteids play so important a part in our food, they are both disadvantageous and uneconomical. A full-grown man needs about 4000 grains of carbon and 800 grains of nitrogen daily to supply the body's wants. In albumen, which we may take as the type of the proteids, there are about 53 parts of carbon to 15 parts of nitrogen. Hence, to secure 4000 grains of carbon, a man must eat 7500 grains of albumen ; the 7500 grains of albumen contain 1100 grains of nitrogen, or nearly four times more than is required.

It is evident that a man restricted to a purely albuminous diet must eat much more than is good for him, not only expending much physiological labour in comminuting the food, but power and time in dissolving and absorbing it, besides throwing a quantity of unprofitable work upon those organs (the kidneys) which have to get rid of the nitrogenous matter.

"Unproductive labour," says Huxley, "is as much to be avoided

in physiological as in political economy ; and it is quite possible that an animal fed with perfectly nutritious putrid matter should die of starvation, the loss of power in various operations required for its assimilation overbalancing the gain, or the time occupied in their performance being too great to check waste with sufficient rapidity. The body, under these circumstances, falls into the condition of a merchant who has abundant assets, but who cannot get in his debts in time to meet his creditors."

The fats contain about 80 per cent. of carbon, and the amyloids (starch) about 40 per cent., as compared with 53 per cent. in albuminous matter. It is evident, therefore, that by mixing fats with our food we may dispense with a considerable quantity of albumen ; and though the physiological action of the amyloids is not as yet exactly understood, there is no room to doubt that their admixture with our food is beneficial. Hence we come to the conclusion that the daily dietary of a healthy man, when engaged in moderately hard work, should consist of meat (one pound, uncooked), bread (twenty-four ounces), butter (one and an eighth ounce), potatoes (twelve ounces), sugar (one ounce), and milk (three ounces). Those whose occupations are sedentary may slightly reduce this quantity, and the proportions may be varied according to taste or the digestive energy.

To lay down rules for individuals is, however, impossible ; a man's own experience must determine what, and how much, he can eat. For example, many persons cannot eat the white of egg, others cannot eat the yolk, and others cannot eat either. I have known some persons to whom bacon meant dyspepsia and all its horrors. In short, as Leeuwenhoek says, we can much better judge for ourselves as to what agrees or disagrees with us than pretend to advise other people what is good diet or the contrary. I am concerned only to prove that health depends upon a judiciously mixed dietary, and a dietary regulated on the principle of moderation. A few general suggestions may, however, be added. Thus, a reasonable interval for digestion should be allowed between each meal. If you breakfast at eight, lunch at about twelve, then dine at five. You will want nothing more than a cup of coffee, a biscuit, and a little fruit, until next morning. Do not eat immediately after exercise ; let the body recover from the fatigue induced by muscular exertion before it undertakes the labour of assimilation and digestion. Take care that the meat which enters into your bill of fare is of the best quality, and let it be thoroughly cooked, either by broiling or roasting. Poultry is an excellent alternative with meat, and fish may be taken occasionally with great advantage, the best kinds being cod, haddock, plaice, whiting, flounder, and turbot, which are comparatively free from oil. Increase the proportion of fat in your food during very cold weather. And so let good digestion wait on appetite !

Having disposed of the solids, I turn for a moment to the fluids.

And here I begin by affirming, with the old Greek, that "water is best." A young and healthy man does not want alcohol. Tea or coffee, or by preference cocoa, he will find useful and agreeable for breakfast and at tea; for each of these fluids increases the activity and force of the organism while they diminish its waste. Tea, however, should not be drunk strong, nor late at night, nor in any considerable quantity, or it will give rise to serious dyspeptic symptoms. According to Dr. Chambers, coffee produces on the organism two chief effects which cannot easily be connected together; namely, it raises the activity of the circulating and nervous systems, and retards in a remarkable manner the decomposition of the tissues. Its stimulant effects originate in the reciprocal modifications of the empyreumatic oil and caffeine contained in the bean; and it is to the empyreumatic oil we must trace the diminution of the changes of decomposition which coffee causes in the body. Says Dr. Chambers:—"What an important effect is this! The tea and coffee drinker may have less to eat, and yet lose less weight—wear his body on less—than the water-drinker. At a comparatively small expense he may save some of the costly parts of his diet, those nitrogenous solids that entail so much thought, labour, and anxiety to obtain." But it must be remembered, that neither coffee nor tea can be drunk with so much freedom as water, and that water will suit almost every stomach, while many persons cannot partake of the other beverages. And the student must be warned against the pernicious habit of drinking strong coffee in order to keep himself awake when studying late at night, or of taking it during exercise. It is an admirable restorative after prolonged exertion or unusual fatigue; but if we feel thirsty when out for a walk or ride, a cup of milk or a glass of water is a safer drink. In short, we must apply to diet those principles of reasoning which we carry into our ordinary actions. We must avoid extremes of all kinds, we must accept the lessons taught by experience, and we must shun all empirical habits. To profess vegetarianism, or to use no other fluid than milk, or to turn fish-eater, or to proclaim water as a panacea for all the ills that human flesh is heir to, is the folly of the bigot; is but a phase of the intolerance which claims salvation as the sole appanage of some particular Church. The golden law which we have ever to bear in mind is simply that of moderation. "*Propter stomachum, homo est quod est,*" and a young man has himself to blame if he do not keep his "*stomachum*" in such excellent order as to ensure that he himself shall be a satisfactory specimen of the "*homo*." I do not know that on any other subject except religion is so much extravagant nonsense talked as on that of diet; and this because most of those who talk about it know nothing whatever of physiological laws. Now, if the student will but devote a little time to the acquisition of some small knowledge of physiology, he will not need to have an elaborate dietary constructed for him, and will be perfectly able

to determine for himself "what to eat, drink, and avoid." Be regular in your diet, be simple in your diet, and be temperate in your diet: this is a triad worth all the Welsh triads put together.

It may be interesting here to examine into the mode of living of one of the great thinkers and workers of the present age, Count Moltke, a master of the art of war, who gains victories by the elaborate calculations of a subtle intellect. His habits and his life-method generally are distinguished by an admirable simplicity and regularity, his time being strictly divided and utilised according to the rules he has prescribed for himself. During the winter half of the year, in his dressing-gown and with a little round smoking-cap on his head, he enters his study or working-room at seven o'clock every morning, and takes his early cup of coffee, over which he smokes a cigar. Then he commences the day's labours. He writes very rapidly and regularly in a flowing and legible style, the characters being uniform, clear, and firm. At nine he receives his official letters, and after reading them he dons his uniform and finishes his toilet for the day. At eleven he hears the daily reports of his adjutants, and then takes his luncheon, which is generally of a very simple character. After this he is usually engaged in his study until two o'clock. At the stroke of two the Divisional Chief of the General Staff appears, and makes his report for the day, the time he occupies varying according to circumstances. When this work is finished the Count takes a walk, and on returning home, dines with the members of his family. His favourite wine at dinner is Moselle. After the principal meal of the day he takes coffee and a cigar in his study, where the members of his household and his friends find him ready to engage in a cheerful conversation on the topics of the day. From five to seven in the evening, however, he is again at his books and papers, writing letters, and completing the day's official work. Between seven and eight he turns over the evening papers, and at eight tea is served in the family circle, after which Count Moltke is partial to a game of whist. The evening is wound up with a little music; and at ten the Count retires to rest, to rise at half-past six on the morrow for a similar routine. It is evident that the great general is one of those who eat to live, and not live to eat.

Why have not the biographers of all great men furnished us with such details as these? It would be useful to know how Bacon and Raleigh, how Milton and Locke, how Leibnitz and Laplace, ate and drank, when they rose, when they went to bed, how much exercise they took, and what were their favourite articles of food. We know that Dr. Johnson was excessively fond of tea; that Napoleon took strong coffee, which, by the way, ruined his digestion; that Byron drank too much soda-water; that Charles James Fox was partial to claret, and that William Pitt took his port very freely. Shakespeare, it is to be presumed, had a taste for venison, and at the "Mermaid" he probably indulged in

a glass of sack, which seems to have been a dry Spanish wine, like our modern sherry. Henry the First had an excessive liking for lampreys, as George the Third had a fancy for Sam Weller's "leg of mutton and trimmings." Perhaps if we could find out what articles of food had been most largely used by men who have risen above their fellows, we might be able to form a philosophy of diet of infinite value to the student, who might "eat" his way through literature or science as a young lawyer eats his terms! In the absence of the necessary data, we can conclude only that they acted upon Sir Matthew Hale's advice to his son:—"Be very moderate in eating and drinking."

A word or two must be said on the vexed question of "Alcohol or No Alcohol," which is but another form of the old problem, "Use *versus* Abuse." I am prepared to argue, as I have already hinted, that "water is best," at least for young men and students; and no one can feel a more intense horror of intemperance than I do, or be more conscious of its magnitude as a national evil. But I am not prepared, in the face of what seems to me incontrovertible evidence to the contrary, to admit the injurious effects of a moderate quantity of alcoholic stimulant. A man may take his two glasses of bitter beer or his two glasses of claret a day, and be, in many circumstances, the better for them. Unquestionably, if you have not yourself well in hand, if you cannot trust to your resolution and self-control, the only safe course (and again I say for young men it is the better course) is to refrain wholly and absolutely. But I cannot call alcohol, in small doses and diluted, a poison. I cannot predict that all the loathsome consequences of drunkenness will descend upon the unlucky head of the worn and weary worker who temperately supplies Nature with the gentle stimulus she requires. I am content to say that weak as well as strong men should "drink with harness on their throats." It is true that Milton censures the

"Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
Which many a famous warrior overturns;"

but he also promises to him who observes

"The rule of *not too much*,"

that he shall live and prosper until, like ripe fruit, he drops into the lap of Mother Earth, or be with care

"Gathered, not harshly plucked, in death mature."

"In compliance with the dictates of physiology," says George Henry Lewes, "and in compliance also with the custom of physiologists, we are forced to call alcohol food, and very efficient food too. If it be not food, then neither is sugar food, nor starch, nor any of those manifold substances employed by man which do not enter into the composition of his tissues. That it produces

poisonous effects when concentrated and taken in large doses is perfectly true; but that similar effects follow when *diluted* and taken in small doses is manifestly false, as proved by daily experience."

Having conceded so much on the side of alcohol, I feel bound to maintain, on the other side, that a healthy man with a sound constitution, able to supply himself with proper food, fresh air, and exercise, may reasonably do without it. The reader will be perplexed, perhaps, by this apparent see-saw of statement; but I am not indulging in paradoxes. The fact is, that a very large number of persons are not in the happy position I have indicated; and to them the moderate, very moderate, use of stimulants may be recommended. From the age of forty to sixty many people find them beneficial, for they assist in the digestion and assimilation of food, and quicken the organs of circulation when they are doing their work languidly. The quantity taken, however, even in these cases, must not exceed half an ounce of absolute alcohol daily, to be taken with or soon after meals. This would be represented by about two glasses of sherry or port, three glasses of the lighter clarets, half a pint of Burton ale, or a pint of ordinary ale. But for further information on this all-important subject I would refer the reader to Dr. Parkes "On Hygiene," Dr. W. B. Carpenter, "The Physiology of Temperance and Total Abstinence," and Dr. F. E. Austin, "On Stimulants and Narcotics."

The question of smoking I shall dismiss in a few words. That tobacco in any shape can benefit a healthy man, that it can facilitate the special work undertaken by the student, I am unable to perceive. It is to my mind an expensive and wholly needless form of self-indulgence, and a remarkably disagreeable one; the presence of a smoker contaminating God's pure air, and rendering it offensive to delicate nostrils. That *excessive* smoking is injurious I suppose no one disputes; that some constitutions can bear without apparent mischief *moderate* smoking seems tolerably well established, always provided that the smoker is over twenty-one. Dr. Todd, therefore, must be held to exaggerate when he asserts that "the habit of using tobacco in any shape will soon render you emaciated and consumptive, your nerves shattered, your spirits low and moody, your throat dry, and demanding stimulating drinks, your person filthy, and your habits those of a swine." When we know that Tennyson indulges in "the weed," and Thomas Carlyle, and Frederick Leighton, and Millais, we cannot endorse language of so much violence. But that "no youth can use it without decided and permanent injury to his appearance, health, and progress in study" we may readily agree.

I pass on to the subject of exercise, which is one that demands the student's greatest consideration. That health of body and health of mind, that elasticity of spirit and freshness of energy, that quickness of perception and power of close application



which render intellectual labour a pleasure and a profit, can be preserved only by regular and sufficient exercise. It is a part of our education, enters into our moral and mental discipline. We can as little do without it as without food or sleep. Only by exercise, physical exercise, can we maintain our muscles, organs, and nervous system in proper vigour. Only by exercise can we equalise the circulation and distribute the blood evenly over every part of the body; for during exercise the muscles press on the veins and help forward the currents by quickening every vessel into activity. Only by exercise can we continue to take a cheerful and wholesome view of life; for exercise assists the digestion, and a good digestion is the sovereign antidote for low spirits. Only by exercise can the brain be strengthened to perform the labour demanded of it. Most eminent men have provided themselves with the means of adequate physical exertion. Wordsworth in all weathers traversed the mountains and valleys of the Lake Country, and the vigour of frame he thus acquired gave strength and strenuousness to his poetry. Byron, as everybody knows, was a fine swimmer and rode boldly. Cæsar, too, swam with skill and courage, while he exposed himself freely to the open air. Mahomed made his own fires, swept his own house, milked his ewes, and mended his shoes and pantaloons with his own sacred hand. Washington laboured in his orchard zealously, and Gladstone fells trees. Sir Walter Scott was a vigorous horseman and a not less vigorous pedestrian; delighted in coursing and salmon-spearing, and outdoor pastimes generally. At Ashestiel he rose at five, lighting his own fire in winter, was seated at his desk by six o'clock, by breakfast at nine had "broken the neck of the day's work," toiled for two hours more after breakfast, and by one o'clock was out and on horseback. Sir Humphry Davy and John Bright have found their recreation in Izaak Walton's favourite pursuit, which was dear also to Sir Henry Wotton. The great Elizabethans gave up much of their time to exercise, hawking, hunting, riding, shooting with bow and arrow, so that the freshness of the country pervades their writings, and steals upon the reader like a breath of summer air through an open window. Boy or man, you will never be sound in brain or limb, never think clearly or judge fairly, unless you refresh yourself by hearty and regular exercise. To the "pale student" I would say: Join a cricket club or a volunteer corps, dig up your garden, buy a turner's lathe, make your own chairs and tables, only get exercise. Parodying the well-known satirical advice of Horace, I put my counsel in this form:—Exercise, readily and without trouble if you can, but *quocunque modo rem*, in any way or form get exercise. For myself, I believe walking to be the healthiest and pleasantest; but you are free to vary it with leaping, fishing, shooting, swimming, riding. Do not say that you have no time, that it interferes with your studies; of course it does—it *ought* to do so. Do not say

that you feel unfitted for it ; of course you do, and for that very reason you must take it. My good sir, instead of crushing your wits beneath an accumulation of "ancient classics," learn a little physiology (as I have already recommended) ; obtain an insight into the laws of health ; and then you will find that your days will not be long in the land if you sit for nine hours out of every twenty-four with your chin half buried in your breast and your back describing a bold curve, until the blood almost stagnates in your veins, and the lungs rebel against the labour imposed upon them.

But the reader may profess himself fully sensible of the advantages of regular exercise, and ask me simply to define the proper daily modicum for an ordinary adult. He is willing to walk, but wants to know "how far" and "how long." Here again I must reply that individual conditions vary to so great an extent as to render impossible the statement of a rule which shall apply equally to everybody. I have known young men suffer as much from *over* exercise as from the want of it. Generally speaking, all sudden exertion is prejudicial, even to danger ; a man who has been mewed up in his study for successive weeks cannot "right" himself by starting at once on a long and rapid pedestrian journey. If, from any cause, active exercise has been intermitted for a period, it must be resumed gradually and carefully, the amount being increased with a due regard to the sufferer's capabilities. For men in good health Professor Parkes thinks nine miles a day enough, but not too much ; he adds, however, that allowance must be made for such exercise as the ordinary business of life entails upon them, and this, in many cases, would involve a considerable reduction. But it is certain that few men engaged in intellectual labour could accomplish with ease or safety so large an amount of exercise *daily*. Nor do I believe it to be advantageous to insist upon a definite standard or measurement for every day. I should feel wretched if I knew that I *must* accomplish a given number of miles ; one would as lief work on the treadmill ! What *ought* to be a pleasure would, by this one condition, be converted into a drudgery. It seems wiser to say that every man should spend not less than two hours a day in the open air, and spend those two hours in some form of moderate exertion, varying the form as often as possible, and avoiding even the suspicion of monotony or calculation. According to Dr. Smith, the quantity of air inspired in a lying position is represented by the unit 1 ; in standing, the quantity of air inspired rises to 1.33 ; in walking at the rate of one mile an hour, to 1.9 ; and at the rate of four miles an hour, to 5.0 ; in swimming, to 4.33 ; in riding and trotting, to 4.05. These figures apparently show that in walking a speed of three miles an hour would be sufficient.

Dr. Rolfe particularises three kinds of exercise, according to the parts of the body chiefly employed in their performance. First,

*Exercise that brings into nearly equal action all the muscles of the body*—swimming, boxing, fencing, climbing. Second, *Exercise that gives considerable employment to the upper as well as the lower extremity*—cricket, rackets, tennis, fives, golf, shooting, football, rowing. Third, *Exercise which is chiefly performed by the lower limbs and trunk, and in which the muscles of the upper extremity are auxiliary*—leaping, running, riding, walking. At a hasty glance the reader would conclude, perhaps, that the first class must necessarily be the best, but it is to be remembered that there is no *real* necessity for that muscular development of the upper half of the body which both the first and second clauses are intended to secure. Again, we must consider what kind of exercise can be *continuously* enjoyed; what gives the greatest return at the least expenditure of brain power; what can be everywhere pursued and at the least cost. In all respects walking carries off the palm. But as a “diversion” the student may take up any kind of exercise that will not exhaust or fatigue him. I am not prepared, however, to recommend gymnastics; in the first place, because the exercise is artificial; and in the second, because it is excessive.

The hygienic value of baths and bathing is now so generally acknowledged that it seems unnecessary to offer any remarks concerning them, except by way of warning against excess. Some young men, when at the seaside, plunge into the water twice or thrice a day and remain in it too long at a time. This is a dangerous practice, and checks instead of stimulating a healthy action of the skin. No bath should be taken immediately after a meal, and cold baths should not be taken at all if they are not followed by an instant “reaction” in the system of the bather. Let me explain. The natural heat of the body is between 98° and 99° Fahr., and this temperature a healthy human body preserves under almost all circumstances, owing to that exquisite balance between the production and loss of heat which is produced by organic action. Should it rise to 100° or sink to 76°, death is the sure and certain result, and a sudden rise or fall of six or seven degrees means danger. Now the *cooling* of the body takes place through three chief and one minor processes: the evaporation from the lungs, the evaporation from the skin, and the radiation of heat from the body's surface, together with the absorption of heat by things that come in contact with the body.

The immediate effect of a cold bath is to chill the surface of the body, and this chill, influencing the brain and spinal cord, causes a slight tremulousness of the limbs, and a perceptible mental exhilaration. At the same time the temperature of the blood rises, owing to the acceleration of the usual processes of combustion. But after the bath has lasted a few minutes the temperature of the blood falls, the inspiration slackens, the pulse beats less rapidly, the mental excitement is succeeded by languor, the shivering by

a sense of weariness. Spring out of the bath, and immediately "reaction" occurs, or *should* occur; the vessels of the skin enlarge, the blood recovers its normal temperature, a feeling of warmth spreads over the body, and the bather is conscious of a sensation of general comfort. This reaction is quickened by a thorough rubbing of the body, and maintained by gentle exercise. Now the effect of a warm bath at first is decidedly the reverse of what we have described as following a cold bath; the temperature of the surface, as well as that of the blood, *rises*, the pulse and respiration are quickened in both cases; but after a warm bath, the blood-vessels of the skin dilate, and a redness is perceptible on the surface. On removal from the hot bath the skin is in a condition of intense susceptibility, and, to prevent a dangerous contraction of the vessels and internal congestion, it must be well protected, the bather retiring to bed or remaining in a warm room.

It will be seen, then, that a bath, to be beneficial, must be followed by "reaction." If, after a cold bath, the skin turns blue and the bather shivers, and is unable to conquer a sensation of chilliness, he must give it up, and perform his "matutinal ablutions" in tepid water, that is, with a temperature of from 85° to 92°, rising to the latter standard in winter. If he cannot take a full bath every day, the student should sponge himself freely, night and morning, in water "with the chill off," *down to the waist*, rubbing vigorously afterwards with a coarse towel. To a strong and healthy man the cold bath in the morning is a delightful stimulant, but to the delicate, the weary, or to those inclined to neuralgia or rheumatism, or sluggish circulation, it is a pregnant source of danger. "Tubbing" is a great institution; only, like other great institutions, it must be warily administered, or instead of promoting health, it will irretrievably ruin it. For all people an occasional tub bath or Turkish bath may be recommended, because it increases the activity of the skin. The student will, I think, find it advantageous to infuse a small quantity of "sea-salt" into the tepid baths which I strongly recommend to him. An energetic application of the flesh-brush may sometimes be substituted for these ablutions, or may follow them. I may add that Professor Hebra is of opinion that in the external application of water it is of no importance, hygienically, whether it be hot or cold; that it soon approximates in temperature to that of the body, and that the bather is at liberty to consult his own feelings and wishes; but he himself always advises *warm* baths, and I hold, upon good authority, that the temperature of the skin should regulate that of the bath.

I have now touched upon all the principal subjects connected with a wise care of our health except one, that of sleep. A man in thorough health does not know that he has a stomach, nor will he know that sleep, "tired Nature's sweet restorer," is to many a coy and uncertain visitant. He will not believe that it involves

any points of discussion. Unfortunately most brain-workers have to talk and think about sleep a good deal; like the spirits of the vasty deep, it will not always come when they do call for it. Jeremy Taylor may say to them, with characteristic eloquence—"Let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time beyond the needs and conveniences of nature." But what if they cannot sleep at all? What if they lie restless and disturbed, tossing from one side of the bed to the other, the head aching, the limbs weary, and yet the balm of sleep still denied to them? With what anguish of spirit they recall Leigh Hunt's delightful language:—"It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have just been tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labour of the day is gone. A gentle failure of the perceptions creeps over you; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself once more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of a sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it; like the eye—it is closed! The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds." To the restless victim of insomnia, invoking with anguish the sweet repose that still shuns his bed, this reads like bitter mockery. Seriously, when the student finds a difficulty in "getting to sleep," and finds that the slumber, when it comes, is uneasy and broken, it is high time for him to inquire into the cause. For it is during sleep that the brain recuperates the energies it has expended in the hours of wakefulness, and if the recuperation do not equal the expenditure, why, "that way madness lies." To the brain-worker it is even more needful, and more of it is needful, than to the man who lives by the sweat of his brow. *He*, indeed, seldom finds sleep a reluctant angel; it is to those who want her most she most frequently denies the serene shadow of her wings. What then is to be done? The sufferer must endeavour to find out the *cause* of his sleeplessness (*insomnia*), and meanwhile, as a remedy, he may try the effect of a warm bath before retiring to bed, or a brisk walk; even a change of bedroom is occasionally beneficial. What he must *not* do is—except under medical advice—to take narcotics. Every form and variety of opium, laudanum, morphia, chloral, he must resolutely avoid. Nor must he resort to stimulants or "nightcaps," such as toddy, or gin-and-water; for these, by increasing the pressure of blood towards the brain, *prevent* sleep. It is now known that sleep results from the emptying of the cerebral blood-vessels, and not, as was formerly supposed, from congestion. The object of the sleepless one, therefore, must be to refrain from any action which will quicken the circulation in the brain. Probably, if he persevere in tracing out the cause of his *malaise*, he will find that it is over-work, or want of sufficient exercise, or studying too late at night, or sitting in a close and confined room, where the atmosphere is

heavily charged with carbonic acid, or his bedroom may be ill ventilated. It will be easy, when the cause is known, to apply a remedy. On the other hand, if the sleeplessness assume considerable proportions, some functional derangement or even organic disease is to be apprehended, and medical skill must be immediately called in. I can here deal only with those common forms of insomnia to which young students are liable. They generally originate in a neglect of the most obvious hygienic rules. To work far into the night, and retire to bed with an excited brain and restless heart, is an ordinary though serious error. So, too, the student is often careless to culpability of the nature of the air he breathes. In winter, to secure warmth, he shuts door and window; and in a room lighted with gas and "stuffy" with minute particles of coal-dust undergoes a sure, if slow, process of blood-poisoning. He will obtain relief in such a case by admitting fresh air into his room in liberal quantities, and sleeping with his bedroom window open for about an inch and a half or two inches from the top. But if he would enjoy a sound and healthy sleep, he must not only ventilate his room, but put himself upon a sanitary régime. He must put aside his books half-an-hour before supper; after supper he may chat with a friend, glance at the day's papers, enjoy a little music, or take a short walk; then, on retiring, sponge his body freely, and, with devout prayer and meditation, commit himself to the care of his Almighty Father.

How many hours should be devoted to sleep? This is a question to which it is difficult to give an answer that will apply in the case of every individual. As some persons can undergo without injury a greater amount of labour than others, so can they be content with fewer hours of sleep. If Nature get fair-play, a man will not wake until he is thoroughly refreshed; but as soon as the process of recuperation is completed he will wake without an alarm. There is a well-known couplet by the great lawyer Sir Edward Coke:—

"Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,  
Four spent in prayer, the rest on Nature fix."

This was "capped" by Sir William Jones:—

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,  
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven."

I side with the Orientalist rather than with the lawyer, and venture to say that every student absolutely requires at least seven hours of sleep. These he may balance by seven hours of mental labour. If he retire to bed at eleven, he will, as a rule, be ready, and I hope willing, to rise at six. In winter he may take an extra half-hour's slumber without incurring the sluggard's reproach. We need more sleep in the dark months than in the bright, and

for my part I will not quarrel with the student if in mid-winter he do not begin his "tubbing" until seven. Early rising is an excellent institution, but better than early rising is health of mind and body, and this is not to be secured by stinting Nature of its needful rest. Remember it is not the number of hours we give to our work that will make us capable men, but the quantity and quality of the work we do ; and the worker who sits down to the day's task fresh and vigorous, with his brain cool and calm, his circulation equally ordered, his nervous system composed, and his whole frame full of energy, will quickly outstrip a weary and jaded competitor, though the latter may have started an hour or two in advance. The quantity and quality of mental work will govern fatigue and the necessity for rest :—go to bed when you are tired, and recover your lost power ; you are useless up ; and the effort to work when fatigue has commenced, results in utter prostration ; appetite for work is as necessary as appetite for food. Some people find in early rising the very secret of success ; it makes a man, they tell you, "healthy, wealthy, and wise." But ah ! you see, they forget the *opening* clause of the old-world saying. "Early to rise" has for its natural antithesis "early to bed,"—a bit of proverbial philosophy which deserves commendation. I have no objection to early rising ; on the contrary, I believe it to be a healthy and useful habit, if it be not made the excuse for an imprudent shortening of the hours of sleep. The student may rise at five if he will extinguish his lamp at ten. What I do not believe in—and I speak as a hard worker --is "early rising" combined with "burning the midnight oil." At the same time I wholly disagree with the poet when he proposes to "lengthen his days" by "stealing a few hours from the night ;" early retiring is for the student an indispensable condition of health. Granted that Falstaff could boast, "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow." Neither Falstaff nor Shallow knew anything of self-culture !









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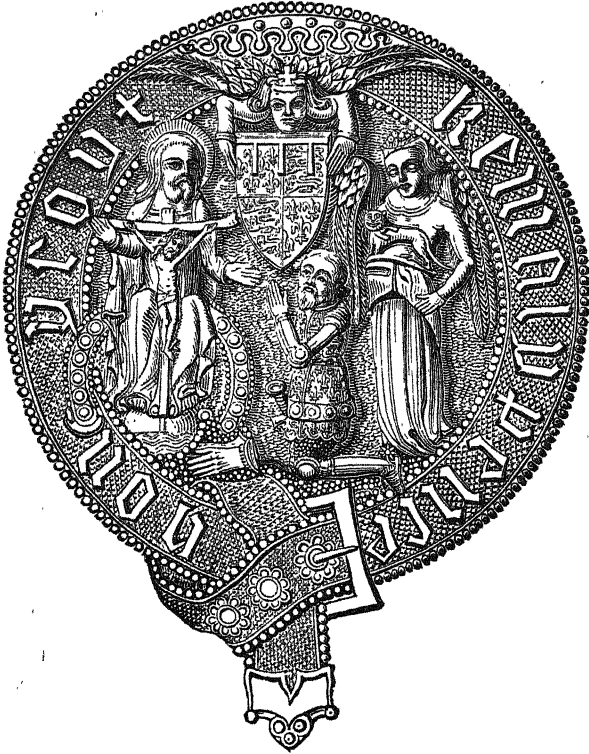
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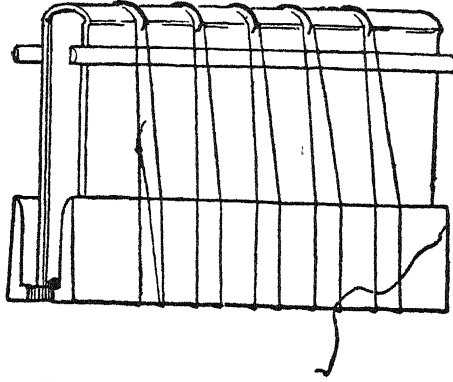
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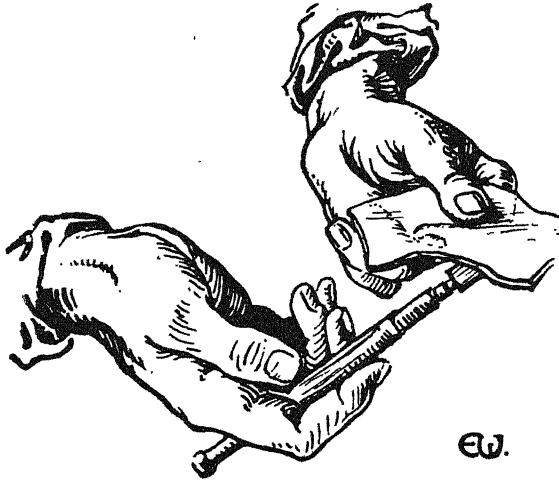
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And if I bestow all  
 my goods to feed  
 the poor, and if I  
 give my body that I  
 may glory, but have  
 not love, it profit-  
 eth me nothing †

Love suffereth long,  
 and is kind;  
 Love envieth not;  
 Love vaunteth not itself,  
 is not puffed up,

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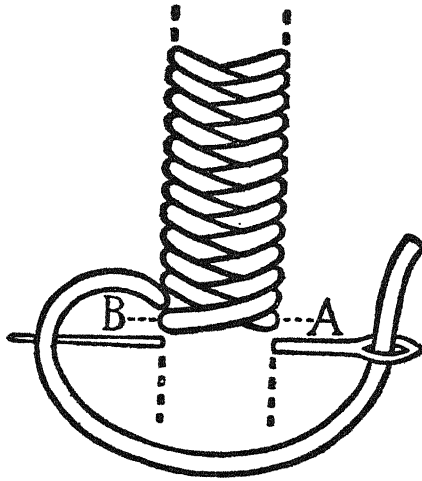
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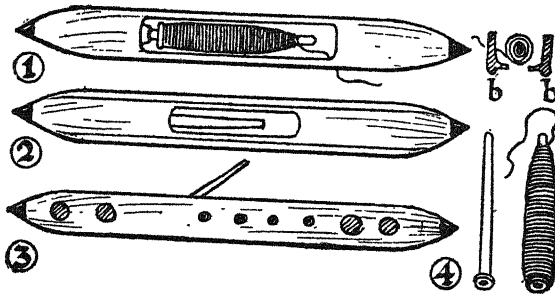
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